CHAPEL HILL PRESS SERIES

Cl... Bk...

Accession No. 3629

821
Sp3K

Clarendon Press Series

ENGLISH CLASSICS

SPENSER

KITCHIN

London

MACMILLAN AND CO.

PUBLISHERS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF

Oxford

Clarendon Press Series

SPENSER

BOOK I

OF

THE FAERY QUEENE

EDITED BY

G. W. KITCHIN, M.A.

Formerly Censor of Christ Church.

FIFTH EDITION

Oxford

AT THE CLARENDON PRESS

MDCCCLXXIII

1873

[*All rights reserved*]

SALEM COLLEGE LIBRARY

Winston-Salem North Carolina

PR
2358
A4
K6
1873

INTRODUCTION.

THE life of Edmund Spenser has few incidents and little certainty. He tells us he was born in London[a], near the Tower, and was connected, though not closely, with the house whose name he bears[b]. But the date of his birth can only be inferred approximately from his matriculation at Cambridge, and his second courtship. He entered as a sizar at Pembroke Hall in 1569, when he was not likely to be under fifteen or over twenty years of age. His birth, then, will fall between 1549 and 1554. But he tells us (in his 60th Sonnet) that he was forty years old when his second courtship began. The date of that courtship lies between 1591 and 1593, so that he must have been born between 1551 and 1553. If then we take 1552 for the year of his birth, we shall not be far wrong.

We may conjecture from his writings, especially from his Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, that, while at Cambridge, he studied Aristotle and Plato as well as the Greek and Latin poets. He became B.A. in 1573, M.A. in 1576. At the University he contracted a close friendship with Gabriel Harvey (the Hobbinol of his Shepheards Calender) the author of many ingenious poems. It was one of those college friendships the influence of which is felt through a man's whole life. For Harvey gave Spenser advice

[a] Prothalamium, ll. 128–131:

"To mery London, my most kyndly nourse,
That to me gave this lifes first native source;
Though from another place I take my name,
A house of auncient fame."

[b] Colin Clouts come back again, ll. 538, 539:

"The honor of the noble familie
Of which I meanest boast myself to be."

The Spensers of his day were wealthy landowners, not yet ennobled.

3629

and encouragement as to his writings—save that he did not admire the Faery Queene; he induced him to retrace his steps from the north; he also helped him forwards by introducing him to the notice of Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his turn, obtained for him the goodwill and patronage of his uncle Lord Leicester.

It is thought that some disappointment, or disagreement with his college authorities, led Spenser to leave Cambridge soon after taking his M.A. degree; and he went into the north of England. The Shepheards Calender bears some few traces of northern dialect. Thence, by the advice of Harvey [c], he came southwards again, and in the year 1578, or thereabout, settled in London. About the same time Harvey brought him and Sir Philip Sidney together. To Sidney he dedicated his first printed work, the Shepheards Calender, which was published in the year 1579. Next year, Arthur, Lord Grey de Wilton, took Spenser with him as his secretary to Ireland, in all probability through Lord Leicester's influence; for just before this time he had been staying at Penshurst, Lord Leicester's seat in Kent. On Lord Grey's recall, in 1582, Spenser returned with him to England. This brief period of active political life must have given Spenser much of that experience in Irish affairs which he afterwards embodied in his "View of the State of Ireland."

In 1586 his friends obtained for him from Queen Elizabeth a grant of a large estate, at Kilcolman, in the county Cork, part of the territories forfeited by the Earl of Desmond; and he appears to have gone at once to take possession of his new property.

The battle of Zutphen, in 1587, deprived him of his best friend, Sir Philip Sidney, whose untimely death he tenderly bewailed in an elegy entitled Astrophel.

And now Spenser seems to have passed a few years in literary

[c] In Eclogue vi. of the Shepheards Calender, Hobbinol (Harvey) prays Colin Clout (Spenser) to "forsake the soyle that thee doth so bewitch," and "to the dales resort." On this E. K. (Edward Kirke, the contemporary annotator of the Shepheards Calender) remarks, "This is no poeticall fiction, but unfeignedly spoken of the poet selfe, who for speciall occasion of private affaires (*as I have been partly by himselfe informed*) and for his more preferment, remooved out of the north partes, [and] came into the south."

ease and employment at Kilcolman Castle. There, on the shore of a pleasant lake, with fine distant views of mountains all round, he busied himself in the composition of the first three Books of the Faery Queene. These he shewed in manuscript to Sir W. Raleigh (whose friendship he had gained during his first visit to Ireland). Sir Walter, while banished from court, seems to have spent some time at Kilcolman, and his visit forms one chief topic of the poem headed "Colin Clouts come home again." To Raleigh, whose opinion of the Faery Queene was most favourable, is addressed the explanatory letter prefixed to the work; and as soon as the three Books were ready for the printer, Spenser went over to England in Raleigh's company, induced partly by the wish to publish the book, and still more tempted by Sir Walter's promise to present him to "his Cynthia," Queen Elizabeth [d]. The Queen "unto his oaten pipe enclined her eare, That she thenceforth therein gan take delight." She received the poet with high favour, and, soon after the publication of the first three Books of the Faery Queene in 1590, granted him a pension of fifty pounds a year, thus in fact making him her laureate.

He returned the same year to Ireland; and so much had his fame grown, that his bookseller eagerly gathered together a volume of his smaller poems, which came out in 1591. One of these pieces [e] may be briefly noticed here, as having given occasion to a groundless tale about Lord Burleigh's dislike to Spenser, and his endeavour to stop his pension. Spenser, who loved and admired Archbishop Grindal [f] (the good Algrind of the Shepheards Calender), must have disliked Burleigh, who treated the

[d] Colin Clout, ll. 184–196:

"The which to leave (sc. Kilcolman) thenceforth he counselled me,—
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see,
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.
So, what with hope of good and hate of ill,
He mee persuaded forth with him to fare.
So to the sea we came."—

And so on, describing his voyage and reception at Court.

[e] Mother Hubberd's Tale, 898.

[f] Shepheards Calender, Ecl. vii. 213–230.

rather of the past than of his own time. He couches his marvellous creations in a somewhat archaic language; not in an obsolete dialect, as some have said, but with a natural affinity for older forms and turns of idiom, which help to give the proper colouring to his pictures; while at the same time we can trace the real life of his age in every canto of his great work. His star set, wept by the unfortunate Earl of Essex, just as the other lights were rising in the firmament; he had but a glimpse of the coming splendour, when he was cut off in the midst of his days. But he had done enough to entitle him to his acknowledged place among English poets. Shakespeare stands alone; and who can stand by the side of Milton, if it be not Spenser?

Short curling hair, a full moustache, cut after the pattern of Lord Leicester's, close-clipped beard, heavy eyebrows, and under them thoughtful brown eyes, whose upper eyelids weigh them dreamily down; a long and straight nose, strongly developed, answering to a long and somewhat spare face, with a well-formed sensible-looking forehead; a mouth almost obscured by the moustache, but still shewing rather full lips denoting feeling, well set together, so that the warmth of feeling shall not run riot, with a touch of sadness in them;—such is the look of Spenser, as his portrait hands it down to us. A refined, thoughtful, warm-hearted, pure-souled Englishman. The face is of a type still current among us; and we may read in it loyalty, ability, and simplicity. Its look is more modern in character than that of most of the portraits of the period,—more modern, but not the Stuart gaiety, or Hanoverian heaviness, but rather, like the best type of our own age in its return to religious feeling, truthfulness, and nobility of thought and character.

We have ample opportunities for studying the poet's mind and education. At Cambridge his love for poetry grew strong, though vitiated at first by the bad taste of his friends, who worshipped the English hexameter, in a rude form, as a new revelation of poetic power and promise: but the strength of the poet was not likely to be held in such bands as these, and the Shepheards Calender, published some three years after he left Cambridge,

proves how entirely he had freed himself from these unnatural trammels. His studies, by natural affinity, led him to those sources in which the highest poetry was to be found. He was full of Biblical knowledge and feeling: we can trace the influence of the Hebrew poets, and of the more unconscious poetry of the New Testament, in all he wrote. He knew and understood the Homeric epics; was conversant with the chief Latin poets; studied, and was master of Italian, in order that he might enjoy the free fancy of Ariosto and the more classical and colder muse of the Gierusalemme Liberata. Drawing deep draughts of poetical life from the freshest of English poets, he delighted in all ways to proclaim himself the disciple of the ancient 'Tityrus,' the father of English poetry, Dan Chaucer himself.

Nor did he neglect stricter studies. Fascinated by Plato, as we see by his 'Four Hymns on Love and Beauty,' he was no less filled with respect for the great "Master of them that know[n]," and we see traces of the influence of Aristotle throughout the Faery Queene. But it is Aristotle idealized. We have the Twelve Moral Virtues, with their crowning chief, Magnanimity; but they take the forms of knights and heroes, and Arthur, mysterious type of man's perfection, is their Prince.

Fortunate in his studies, he was not less fortunate in his friends. He moved among the noblest of the youth of England. No wonder that high dreams of gentle life filled his mind. He lived among those who reproduced in England the chivalrous hopes and proud endeavours which had, just half a century before, gilded the last moments of the German Ritterdom—the knight-estate, with its dream of a world to be regenerated by the Gospel and the knightly sword. We think of Ulrich von Hütten, and Franz von Sickingen, crushed by the joint weight of lay and ecclesiastical nobility in arms against that revolution, almost as terrible to them as a peasant war, which would have destroyed their grand feudal privilege, and set up in its room a knightly aristocracy and an emancipated people, governed by the Bible

[n] "Maestro di color che sanno." Dante, Inf. iv. 131.

and the sense of honour! Spenser's whole character felt the influence of the refinement and nobility of mind which he saw around him: Sidney, Raleigh, and Lord Grey, and at greater distance, Walsingham, Leicester, and Essex, taught him that loyalty and sensitiveness, which marked him in both his life and his writings.

Add to these a pure and deep sense of religion, and an acquaintance with the subtilties of that Calvinism which was the aristocratic form of Protestantism at that time in both France and England, and we shall obtain a fair conception of the elements of that genius which produced the Faery Queene.

The First Book of the Faery Queene is in reality a complete work, taken by itself. Hallam tells us that "it is generally admitted to be the finest of the six. In no other is the allegory so clearly conceived by the poet or so steadily preserved.... That the Red Cross Knight designates the militant Christian, whom Una, the true Church, loves, whom Duessa, the type of Popery, seduces, who is reduced almost to despair, but rescued by the intervention of Una and the assistance of Faith, Hope, and Charity, is what no one feels any difficulty in acknowledging, but what every one may easily read the poem without perceiving or remembering. In an allegory conducted with such propriety, and concealed or revealed with so much art, there can surely be nothing to repel our taste: and those who read the First Book of the Faery Queene without pleasure, must seek (what others perhaps will be at no loss to discover for them) a different cause for their insensibility than the tediousness or insipidity of allegorical poetry. Every canto of this book teems with the choicest beauties of imagination; he came to it in the freshness of his genius, which shines throughout[o]."

The general bearings of the poem are marked out with sufficient distinctness by the poet himself in his Letter to Sir W. Raleigh, to which we call the reader's attention. It will be found printed as a kind of preface to this little volume. From it we learn

[o] Hallam, Literature of Europe, Part II. ch. ii. § 80.

that Prince Arthur is the centrepiece of the whole work; that lesser knights will be introduced, Book by Book, endeavouring their best, each for the virtue which he represents; but that the help of Arthur, or Magnificence[P], who was "perfected in the twelve private moral virtues," is always needed to bring each adventure through. So in the First Book, the hero, the Red Cross Knight, after sundry slips and failings, is rescued by Arthur out of the Giant's Castle in which he lies a helpless thrall.

Taking the story as such, and setting allegory aside, we must be struck with the rapid movement of the tale, its completeness of structure, the great variety of scenes, the beauty of the descriptive passages, and the numerous types of character, all distinctly and freely touched off. The whole book is full of graphic power, of pictures bright or dark, vivid personification, marked character; nor do either the moral or the religious sentiments fall below the poetic level. It is the highest poetic fancy combined with most complete truthfulness.

But if we undertake also to interpret the allegorical bearings of the poem—for such we may fairly call this single Book—we shall find ourselves in the presence of another series of phenomena full of real interest.

Two allegories underlie the tale: one of abstract virtues and religious qualities, the other of the concrete presentations of the same. The first is the struggle of the human soul after holiness and purity, under the guidance of 'gospel truth;' the second sets before us the chief personages of Spenser's day, each playing a part, according to the character of each, in this 'life's drama.'

If we study the more abstract side of the allegory, we shall be aware of the Christian warrior, prototype of Bunyan's Pilgrim (and the resemblance is not merely fortuitous), who, with many failures and some downfalls, wins his heavenward way over the vanquished bodies of sins and temptations. Clad (as the poet says) in the armour spoken of by St. Paul, and guided by snow-

[P] Spenser thus translates that virtue of Magnanimity, which seemed to Aristotle to contain in itself all the moral virtues. It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that Spenser's twelve virtues are not the same as Aristotle's.

white Truth, he goes forth to fight against the Dragon, the 'old Serpent,' who has wrought man's ruin and holds him beleaguered, having blasted the land which ought to be a paradise.

But on his way he meets with abundant 'lets and hindrances.' No sooner is the light of heaven obscured by a passing storm, than the warrior and his guide lose their way in the wood of Error; but at last encountering Error herself, the Knight, with the aid of his heavenly armour, overcomes and destroys her. By this Spenser wished to indicate the doubts and dangers which beset the soul of him who has just embraced the truth of the Gospel—the 'variations of Protestantism,' in fact, and the risks of private judgment. When this danger has been safely passed, we find the Knight a prey to what may be called 'a Roman Catholic reaction.' Any student of history will know how naturally this risk would suggest itself to a writer's mind at the end of the sixteenth century. Archimago, or Hypocrisy, with his friend and companion, Duessa, double-faced witch, false and frivolous, fair and foul, now encounter him; and he, whom Error could not overcome, falls a victim to flattery and dissimulation. The artifices of the Jesuits, which had met with so great success, and had already stopped the progress of the Reformation in most European countries, were felt in the form of underhand plots and deceits in England; and there can be no doubt that it is at these that Spenser points. Duessa is the Roman Church herself. She is described as dressed in scarlet, riding on the monster of the Apocalypse, which all reformed England regarded as the Rome of the Papacy. The guile of the magician misleads the hero, till he thinks that truth is false, and falsehood true. This is the guiding-line to all his subsequent troubles. He gives way to self-indulgence, falls into pride, and though he overcomes the Paynim Unbelief, he presently grows enervated through the false comrade who has taken Truth's place; he lays aside his sacred armour, is captured by Orgoglio, Antichrist, proud giant, and is wellnigh cast away. At this point Una, who has gone through many troubles (so truth is tried) in the search after her Knight, meets with Prince Arthur, in whom we may

recognise that spiritual help which succours man in his worst straits, when he can no longer help himself. Arthur slays the giant, and delivers the Knight from his dungeon. After this spiritual deliverance, he falls into the gloomiest state of despondency, into the "Cave of Despair," and nearly ends his own life through consciousness of his failure and sinfulness. But Una saves him again, and carries him to the "House of Mercy," where after due spiritual discipline, all remnants of pride, all earthly tendencies, all stains contracted by his contact with the false one, are washed or burnt away; and after a glimpse of a better world, he comes forth pure and chastened, and restored to his spiritual health, wearing once more the heavenly armour. Thus prepared and equipped, he encounters the grim Dragon, at last destroys the last enemy, and triumphs gloriously. Thus has he overcome the world, the flesh, and the devil; and with his betrothal to Una the book ends.

This is the allegory of the human soul, winning its way by God's help to heaven, and in the power of the Gospel overcoming every spiritual foe. Let us now turn to the lower, or more concrete side of the tale, and we shall find that under the personages of the story Spenser signified certain living men and women, who were to him typical of the characteristics that have been drawn out above.

The Red Cross Knight, St. George, is the pattern Englishman; he cannot be called by any one name; nor is Una more than an abstract quality; but the Faery Queene is Queen Elizabeth, as Spenser takes no small pains to let us know; Duessa is Mary Queen of Scots, as we learn from a later Book; by the giant Orgoglio is probably intended Philip II, King of Spain; Prince Arthur is Lord Leicester [9]. No doubt other names have their own meanings; but these are all as to which we can feel any certainty, and conjecture is useless. Indeed those characters whose inten-

[9] Holinshed, iii. p. 1426, describes the following scene, at the reception of Lord Leicester, so as to leave no doubt on this point. "Over the entrance of the court gate was placed aloft upon a scaffold, as it had beene in a cloud or skie, *Arthur of Britaine*, whom they compared to the Earle."

tion we do know scarcely encourage us to search any further. There is a sad incongruity between Lord Leicester and Prince Arthur which discourages any inquiry into the remaining personages. This personal side to allegory must be a failure, and in the sixteenth century was little more than a vehicle for flattery. It adds something to the interest of the poem; nothing to its excellence.

But not only in hidden meanings does the poet shew us the constructive and imaginative elements of his character, but in the manner and language in which he lays his thoughts before us. Now Spenser lived in a world of romance; he had studied with delight the literature of chivalry and adventure, and was also living in the midst of that courtly tendency towards the romantic which characterized the latter years of Elizabeth's reign. It was one of the different reactions for which the period is noted. It was a reaction from the severity of the Queen's earlier years, and from the more primitive simplicity of the first age of the Reformation. Naturally, then, Spenser threw his tale into an ancient form suitable to what Bishop Hurd calls his "Gothick style." He had an affinity for those older turns of expression, those more curious inflexions, which give the Faery Queene at first sight the appearance of having been written in an obsolete dialect. He chose the language which was dying out; and without any intention of writing in old English, looked always backwards, never forwards, in his choice of words and phrases. Nor should it be forgotten that he was protesting against the transition then going on in language, and against the affectations which were taking the place of thought and feeling. But, escaping from one form of 'Euphuism,' he fell into another; until his archaisms became an affectation. Even to men of his own age his style seemed to be too antique. Daniel (Sonnet cxi.) says of him—

> "Let others sing of knights and palladines
> In aged accents and untimely words."

A little later, Ben Jonson declares that "Spenser writ no language." In the eighteenth century the classical writers could scarcely endure the uncouth forms. They looked in vain for the wigs

and powder of their own time. Warton feels it to be a great drawback to the poem. Hughes published an edition much modernized: but it was reserved for 'A Person of Quality' to publish a 'Spenser redivivus,' in which he succeeds in freeing the poet entirely from what he calls 'the Saxon dialect.' To the ingenious activity of such persons we probably owe the indifference to Spenser which has since prevailed.

A few examples will suffice to shew the sort of archaism to be met with in the Faery Queene. In constructions, we may mention the use of the impersonal verb without the usual pronoun before it:—"sits not" = 'it sits not,' "seemed" = 'it seemed,' and the like, occur very frequently:—or again, the use of the double negative, "ne can no man:"—or "should" for 'would have,' as "should beare" for 'would have borne.' As to forms or inflexions, we may notice among parts of verbs the p. p. *ydrad* = dreaded, *ycladd* = clad, *troden* = trodden, *woxen*, p. p. of 'to wax;' the pret. *lad* = led; *wot*, pret. of 'to weet;' *raft* of 'to reave' = to bereave; *can* = gan = began; *raught* = reached; *brast* = burst. Again we find *bene*, *been*, for the modern 'are;' *mote* = might; and a variety of similar forms. *Trenchand*, *glitterand*, are pres. participles. There are also old plurals of nouns, as *fone* = foes, *eyne* or *eyen* = eyes. For ancient words, now obsolete, though not perhaps lost from the language in Spenser's time, the Glossary at the end of this volume may be consulted.

It would be an interesting task to trace the gradual assimilation of French words into our language; and the Faery Queene provides a large number of instances of transition. Thus in ed. 1590 we have 'ferse,' in 1596 'fierce;' 'perse,' 'persaunt' are nearer the French origin than 'pierce,' 'piercing;' 'richesse,' 'noblesse,' 'humblesse,' are words not yet digested by our language; 'renverst,' 'esloyne,' 'covetise,' 'pourtrahed,' 'journall' (for 'daily'), are all French forms; 'insúpportable,' 'envý,' 'spirituall.' 'the tigré cruél,' are all in pronunciation nearer the French than the English. The language had thrown open its doors, and these are some of the guests not yet naturalized.

While on this subject we must not omit to notice the Latinisms,

and imitations of the Italian, which meet us in every page. It was impossible that a writer of such keen sympathies as Spenser should avoid the influences of those books which he regarded as his models. The more marked instances will be pointed out in the Notes.

Another characteristic which tends to give an archaic feeling to the poem, is the use of alliteration, of which Spenser was particularly fond. It is a great feature of Early English poetry, as we see, for example, in the Vision of Piers Ploughman, or in the alliterative poems of the fourteenth century.

We cannot leave this part of the subject without noticing the Spenserian stanza. It is said to be a modification of the 'ottava rime' of Ariosto. But although this may be partly true, the long nine-lined stanza, ending with an Alexandrine, has an entirely independent character. Ariosto's verse runs rapidly on, answering to the lively style of the poet, and his quick transitions: but Spenser's stanza, with occasional weaknesses, arising from its greater length, has a melody, a dignity, and weight, which suit his manner of handling his subject and the gravity of his mind. It may be fairly said to be all his own, and to have been accepted at his hands by poets ever since. How many English poets of name have written, often written their best, in the Spenserian stanza!

We have mentioned Ariosto; it is time we took brief notice of the sources whence Spenser drew the materials which he worked up into the Faery Queene. Homer and Virgil, whose influence can often be seen in the turn of expression and in the illustrations employed, we will pass over. From Chaucer he drew largely; though, as has been said, Chaucer painted persons, Spenser qualities. Still we see the influence of the Father of English poetry, which Spenser himself willingly acknowledged, in every part of his writings. He was also well read in the old romances. We can trace the Morte d'Arthur in the description of Prince Arthur; the twelve Knights of the Faery Queene are modelled after the Seven Champions of Christendom; and from Sir Bevis of Hampton he has drawn a great part of his

account of the contest between the Red Cross Knight and the Dragon. It is from these romances that what we may term the 'properties' of the poem are taken: the lion, the enchanted horn, the diamond shield, the sacred well, are all to be found in them. He may sometimes take a scene from the classical poets, as, for example, the bleeding trees; and he may draw upon the classical mythologies for his furniture of illustration; but he treats these subjects in an independent and romantic, rather than in a classical manner. There is nothing, however, so striking as the relation in which the Faery Queene stands to the two great Italian poets of the time, Ariosto and Tasso. Although Spenser borrowed very largely from the latter, to the extent of almost translating whole scenes, still there can be no doubt that he owed more to the former; for he was drawn towards the natural and fresh mind of Ariosto. The "poet of conduct and decorum," the semi-classical Tasso, the delight of the eighteenth-century critics, could not have so much real influence over him. It has been rightly remarked that Spenser drew literal imitations from Chaucer, artificial fictions from Ariosto: that is, forms of expression may be found in abundance which are to be traced to the English poet, while such creations as Archimago and Duessa come from the Italian.

When the Faery Queene first appeared, the whole of England seems to have been moved by it. No such poet had arisen in this country for nearly two hundred years. Since Chaucer and the author of Piers Ploughman there had been no great poem. The fifteenth century had been almost a blank, the darkest period of our literary annals; the earlier part of the sixteenth had been occupied with great theological questions, which had engrossed men's minds till the long reign of Elizabeth gave stability to the Reformation in England, and the first fervour of the Church writers subsided. The tone of society was favourable to a work which, with a strong theological element in it, still dealt with feats of chivalry and heroes of romance. The English mind was filled with a sense of poetry yet unexpressed. Great deeds, great discoveries, and men of capacity moving among them, had roused the spirit of the nation. The people were proud of

their Queen and their freedom; the new aristocracy was just feeling its strength; it was a time of most varied life. Nothing was wanted but a great poem to express the universal desire; and Spenser first and then Shakespeare appeared, to fulfil the national instinct. Drayton, Fletcher (in his "Purple Island"), Milton, and perhaps Bunyan, shew in their writings the effect of our poet's genius. After the Restoration his influence cannot be so easily traced. Between 1650 and 1750 there are but few notices of him, and very few editions of his works. After 1750 there was a revived interest in his poetry; and between 1751 and 1758 no fewer than four different editions appeared. The classicists of the period treated Spenser as an ancient to be handled according to the then popular principles of classical criticism. Warton, Church, Hughes, Spence, and the like, found innumerable faults. They tried him by their own standard, and, as a classic, he was sorely deficient. Bishop Hurd at last appeared as his champion, and pointed out to an astonished age that the 'Gothick' poet could not be judged upon classical principles. And so the attack upon him for his inaccurate use of allegories, of mythologies, of metaphors, for his 'strong writing,' which offended the taste of a fastidious and dissolute age, came at last to an end,—and Spenser returned into comparative oblivion. His position was assured, but his works have had little attention paid to them during the last century. Of late years there have been symptoms of a revived interest, which it is hoped that the present little volume may help forward.

This specimen of his works, the First Book of the Faery Queene, is intended to give students in English literature some notion of the style and manner of the poet. The text is printed from a new collation of the editions of 1590 and 1596, the latter being chiefly followed. Where however in these two editions, both published under the author's eye, a difference in orthography occurs, that spelling is usually followed which is the more modern of the two: for this volume only aims at a text useful to the student of English literature. For the same reason the punctuation of the edition of 1596 is departed from, wherever

it is wrong. Here and there a few stanzas have been omitted, as not suitable for an edition intended for purposes of education; the omissions are marked with asterisks. After the text of the volume will be found Notes, explaining the historical and other allusions, or pointing out grammatical peculiarities, or giving references to the passages which Spenser seems to have imitated. And at the end of all is a Glossary, in which most philological questions arising from our author's language are discussed. The student is requested to look for the solution of any difficulty or obscurity that may arise from the use of obsolete words, or of words employed in senses not now current, in the Glossary, not in the Notes; from which all philological matter has been as far as possible excluded.

If it be asked, How should this little volume be studied, so as to obtain the greatest amount of good from a familiarity with Spenser's masterpiece? I reply that the teacher, who sets the book before the young, will remember that his pupil may benefit by it in four ways at least.

1. By obtaining an insight into the genius of a great poet, and thereby purifying and ennobling his taste, as well as exercising his imagination. This is the first lesson to be learnt—the training of the poetic faculty.

2. Next, the teacher will find in it plentiful texts on which to hang historical instruction; and what period of the history of England is so likely to arouse a boy's sympathies and interest as the latter half of the sixteenth century?

3. Then, from the peculiarities of its language, it is well suited to teach learners to look carefully into the meaning of words, the forms of inflexion, and the construction of sentences in their mother-tongue.

4. Lastly, from the singularly clear and vivid descriptions of human qualities contained in the book, from the pictures of true nobility of soul in man and woman, and from the opposite views of the intrinsic baseness and misery of selfishness and vice, the student may learn lessons of religious and moral truth, of no small value at that time of life at which education ought to

set before the young and fervent imagination the beauty and chivalrous elevation of what is good, and the degradation of evil. Let us welcome whatever tends to turn into right channels the boy's sense of honour, and instinctive preferences for what is gallant and truthful.

In speaking of Spenser, Milton did not hesitate to call him "a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas[r]"—a better philosopher, a purer moralist, than either one or other of the leaders of scholastic lore;—and we may re-echo his words without offence, when we say that a young student is as likely to gain a vivid conception of duty and virtue from his pages as from those works which deal in a more exact manner with the moral constitution of man's nature. Here the qualities and actions of man are set before us in their living forms; the genius of the poet carries us along with him, we personify with him, we enact the scenes which paint the victory of Good over the monster Dragon of Evil.

And so we commend to our readers the allegory of Morality and Faith, the epic of the struggles and triumph of Truth.

G. W. K.

Oxford, 1867.

In this Second Edition the text has had the great advantage of the oversight of the Rev. W. H. Bliss, M.A. I hope we have thus secured as near an agreement, in spelling, &c., between the two Books, as, in the nature of the case, could be attained to. A few errors have also been corrected, and the Glossary considerably strengthened.

[r] In his Areopagitica, or Speech on Unlicensed Printing.

TABLE OF HISTORICAL EVENTS.

AT HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
Edmund Spenser born (about)	1552		
Edward VI dies; Mary crowned	1553		
		Charles V transfers his kingdoms to his son Philip II	1556
		Charles V resigns the Imperial Crown; Ferdinand I Emperor	1558
Mary dies; Elizabeth crowned	1558		
		Charles IX King of France	1560
		Council of Trent closes	1563
		Maximilian II Emperor	1564
		Capture of Brill by the Netherland patriots	1572
		Gregory XIII Pope	„
		The St. Bartholomew Massacre	„
		Charles IX dies; Henry III crowned	1574
		Rodolph II Emperor	1576
Elizabeth helps the Netherlands	1578		
Spenser publishes his first work, the Shepheards Calender	1579		
Spenser goes to Ireland	1580		
		Tasso's Gierusalemme Liberata published	1581
		William the Silent assassinated	1584
Drake sails round the world	1585	Sixtus V Pope	1585
Lord Leicester goes to the Netherlands	„		
Death of Sir P. Sidney	1586		
Mary Queen of Scots executed	1587		
Defeat of the Spanish Armada	1588		
Lord Leicester dies	„		

AT HOME.	A.D.	ABROAD.	A.D.
		Henry III assassinated; Henry IV succeeds . .	1589
Sir W. Raleigh in Ireland .	1589		
Spenser publishes the Faery Queene, Books I–III .	1590		
Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis . . .	1593		
Hooker publishes the Ecclesiastical Polity, Books I–IV	,,		
Spenser's Faery Queene, 2nd ed., containing Books I–VI	1596		
Shakespeare's earlier plays brought out by . . .	1597		
Bacon publishes his Essays	,,		
		Edict of Nantes . .	1598
		Philip III . . .	,,
Spenser dies in Westminster	1599		

A LETTER OF THE AUTHORS

Expounding his whole intention in the course of this worke: which, for that it giveth great light to the reader, for the better understanding is hereunto annexed.

To the Right Noble and Valorous

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNIGHT,

LO: WARDEIN OF THE STANNERIES, AND HER MAIESTIES LIEUTENAUNT OF THE COUNTIE OF CORNEWAYLL.

SIR,

KNOWING how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I have entituled *The Faery Queene*, being a continued Allegorie, or darke conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoyding of jealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discover unto you the generall intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I have fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents therein occasioned. The generall end therefore of all the booke, is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline. Which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, beeing coloured with an historicall fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for varietie of matter than for profit of the ensample: I chose the historie of king Arthure, as most fit for the excellencie of his person, beeing made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the danger of envie, and suspicion of present

time. In which I have followed all the antique poets historicall: first Homer, who in the persons of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good governour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysseis: then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas: after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando: and lately Tasso dissevered them againe, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo: the other named *Politice*, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a brave knight, perfected in the twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle hath devised; the which is the purpose of these first twelve bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encoraged to frame the other part of pollitike vertues in his person, after he came to bee king.

To some I know this Methode will seem displeasant, which had rather have good discipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegoricall devises. But such, mee seeme, should be satisfied with the use of these dayes, seeing all things accounted by their showes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delightfull and pleasing to common sense. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his judgement, formed a Commune-wealth, such as it should be; but the other, in the person of Cyrus and the Persians, fashioned a government, such as might best be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample then by rule. So have I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whom I conceive, after his long education by Timon (to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne) to have seene in a dreame or vision the Faerie Queene, with whose excellent beautie ravished, hee awaking, resolved to seeke her out: and so, being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery land. In that Faery Queene I meane *Glory*

in my generall intention: but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery land. And yet, in some places else, I doe otherwise shadow her. For considering shee beareth two persons, the one of a most royall Queene or Empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphoebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia, (Phoebe and Cynthia being both names of Diana.) So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth Magnificence in particular, which vertue, for that (according to Aristotle and the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure appliable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the twelve other vertues I make xii. other knights the patrons, for the more varietie of the historie: Of which these three bookes containe three. The first, of the Knight of the Redcrosse, in whom I expresse Holinesse: the second of Sir Guyon, in whome I set foorth Temperance: the third of Britomartis, a Lady knight, in whom I picture Chastitie. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupt and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that yee know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the Methode of a Poet historicall is not such as of an Historiographer. For an Historiographer discourseth of affaires orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recoursing to the things forepast, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all. The beginning therefore of my historie, if it were to be told by an Historiographer, should be the twelfth booke, which is the last; where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annuall feast twelve daies; uppon which twelve severall dayes, the occasions of the twelve severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii. severall knights, are in these twelve books severally handled and discoursed.

The first was this. In the beginning of the feast, there pre-

sented him selfe a tall clownish younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feast she might not refuse: which was that hee might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feast should happen; that being granted, he rested him selfe on the floore, unfit through his rusticitie for a better place. Soone after entred a faire Ladie in mourning weedes, riding on a white Asse, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike steed, that bore the Armes of a knight, and his speare in the dwarfes hand. She falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queene, had bene by an huge dragon many yeers shut up in a brazen Castle, who thence suffered them not to issew: and therefore besought the Faery Queene to assigne her some one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Presently that clownish person upstarting, desired that adventure; whereat the Queene much wondering, and the Lady much gaine-saying, yet he earnestly importuned his desire. In the end the Lady told him, that unlesse that armour which she brought would serve him (that is, the armour of a Christian man specified by Saint Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not succeed in that enterprise: which being forth-with put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he seemed the goodliest man in al that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftesoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge Courser, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whose Parents he complained to have bene slaine by an enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craved of the Faery Queene, to appoint him some knight to performe that adventure, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went foorth with that same Palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke and the whole subject thereof. The third day there came in a Groome, who complained before the Faery

Queene, that a vile Enchaunter, called Busirane, had in hand a most faire Lady, called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grievous torment. Whereupon Sir Scudamour, the lover of that Lady, presently tooke on him that adventure. But beeing unable to performe it by reason of the hard Enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But by occasion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled; but rather as accidents then intendments. As the love of Britomart, the overthrow of Marinell, the miserie of Florimell, the vertuousnesse of Belphoebe; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I have briefly over-run to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the History, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the discourse, which otherwise may happely seem tedious and confused. So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leave.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

EDM. SPENSER.

23 Ianuarie, 1589.

To the Right Noble and Valorous Knight,

SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieftenaunt of Cornewaile.

To thee that art the sommers Nightingale,
Thy soveraigne Goddesses most deare delight,
Why doe I send this rustick Madrigale,
That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
Thou onely fit this argument to write
In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,
And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unsavory and sowre,
To taste the streames, that, like a golden showre,
Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy Loves praise;
Fitter perhaps to thunder martiall stowre,
When so thee list thy loftie Muse to raise:
Yet, till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthias praises be thus rudely showne.

E. S.

TO

THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT

EMPERESSE

RENOWNED FOR PIETIE, VERTVE, AND ALL GRATIOVS GOVERNMENT

ELIZABETH

BY THE GRACE OF GOD

Queene of England, Frabnce, and Ireland, and of Virginia

Defender of the Faith etc.

HER MOST HUMBLE SERVAUNT

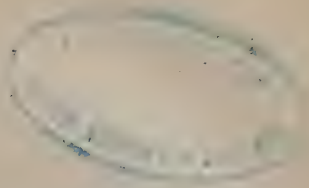
EDMVND SPENSER

DOTH IN ALL HUMILITIE

DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME.



THE FIRST BOOKE OF

THE FAERY QUEENE

CONTAYNING

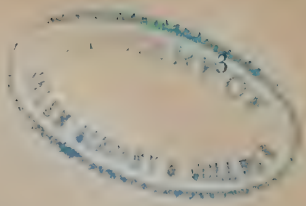
The Legend of the Knight of the Red Crosse, or of Holinesse.

1 Lo I the man, whose Muse whilome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepheards weeds,
Am now enforst, a far unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

2 Helpe then, O holy virgin chiefe of nine,
Thy weaker novice to performe thy will;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fairest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong:
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong.

3 And thou most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bow apart,
And with thy mother milde come to mine ayde;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arrayd,
After his murdrous spoiles and bloudy rage allayd.

4 And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great Lady of the greatest isle, whose light
Like Phoebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughts, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile:
The which to heare, vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a while.



CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
foule Errour doth defeate;
Hypocrisie him to entrappe
doth to his home entreate.

1 A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe wounds did remaine,
The cruel markes of many a bloudy fielde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

2 And on his brest a bloudie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead as living ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had:
Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

3 Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
That greatest glorious Queene of Faerie lond,
To winne him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

4 A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a blacke stole she did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heavie sat upon her palfrey slow:
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milke white lambe she lad.

5 So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient Kings and Queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld;
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compeld.

6 Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

7 Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand:
Whose loftie trees yclad with sommers pride
Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starre:
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seems; so in they entred arre.

8 And foorth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elme, the poplar never dry,
The builder oake, sole king of forrests all,
The aspine good for staves, the cypresse funerall,

9 The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The willow worne of forlorne paramours,
The eugh obedient to the benders will,
The birch for shaftes, the sallow for the mill,
The mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple seeldom inward sound.

10 Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustring storme is overblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in wayes unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neerest weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been.

11 At last resolving forward still to fare,
Till that some end they finde or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten seemd most bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow cave
Amid the thickest woods. The champion stout
Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the dwarfe awhile his needlesse spere he gave.

12 Be well aware, quoth then that ladie milde,
Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
Breedes dreadfull doubts: Oft fire is without smoke,
And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
Sir knight, with-hold, till further triall made.
Ah ladie, (said he) shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade:
Vertue gives her selfe light, through darkenesse for to wade.

13 Yea but (quoth she) the perill of this place
I better wot then you, though now too late
To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
Yet wisedome warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this Errours den,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore I read beware. Fly fly (quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe) this is no place for living men.

14 But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th' other halfe did womans shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

15 And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisnous dugs, eachone
Of sundry shapes, yet all ill favored:
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

16 Their dam upstart, out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
She lookt about, and seing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

17 Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he lept
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay:
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angry sting, him to dismay:
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

18 Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage, her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly body raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to stirre he strove in vaine:
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine.

19 His lady sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, Now now Sir knight, shew what ye bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, else she sure will strangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for griefe and high disdaine,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

20 Therewith she spewd out of her filthy maw
A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
Her filthy parbreake all the place defiled has.

21 As when old father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves do fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale:
But, when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly female, of his fruitful seed;
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

22 The same so sore annoyed has the knight,
That welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceiv'd to shrinke,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

23 As gentle shepheard in sweete even-tide,
When ruddy Phoebus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best,
A cloud of combrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24 Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
Resolv'd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body full of filthie sin
He raft her hatefull head without remorse:
A streame of cole black bloud forth gushed from her corse.

25 Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but being there withstood
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26 That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloudy thurst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such, as drunke her life, the which them nurst;
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should contend.

27 His lady seeing all that chaunst from farre
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, Faire knight, borne under happy starre,
Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye:
Well worthie be you of that armory,
Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
Your first adventure: many such I pray,
And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may.

28 Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward sought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure sought;
Long way he traveiled, before he heard of ought.

29 At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed, as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

30 He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
Ah my dear sonne (quoth he) how should, alas,
Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.

31 But if of daunger which hereby doth dwell,
And homebred evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrey farre and neare.
Of such (said he) I chiefly do inquere;
And shall you well reward to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare:
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space.

32 Far hence (quoth he) in wastfull wildernesse
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse.
Now (sayd the lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
But wanting rest will also want of might?
The sunne that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves emong.

33 Then with the sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin:
Untroubled night they say gives counsell best.
Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,
(Quoth then that aged man) the way to win
Is wisely to advise: now day is spent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night. The knight was well content
So with that godly father to his home they went.

34 A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
Far from resort of people, that did pas
In travell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde:
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

35 Arrived there, the little house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainement, where none was:
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas:
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas,
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

SALEM COLLEGE LIBRARY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

36 The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
And the sad humour loading their eye liddes,
As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleepe them biddes.
Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes:
Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
He to this studie goes, and there amiddes
His magick bookes, and artes of sundry kindes,
He seeks out mighty charmes, to trouble sleepy mindes.

37 Then choosing out few words most horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
With which and other spelles like terrible,
He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly dame,
And cursed heaven, and spake reprochfull shame
Of highest God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night,
At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

38 And forth he cald out of deepe darknesse dred
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flyes,
Fluttring about his ever damned hed,
Awaite whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friends, or fray his enimies:
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by himselfe staide other worke to doo.

39 He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe
In silver deaw his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad night over him her mantle black doth spred.

40 Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre do lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes: of nothing he takes keepe.

41 And more, to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne:
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard: but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

42 The messenger approching to him spake,
But his wast wordes returnd to him in vaine:
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch: but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

43 The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate: whereat he gan to quake,
And, lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Halfe angry asked him, for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me Archimago sent,
He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
He bids thee to him send for his intent
A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

44 The God obayde, and, calling forth straightway
A diverse dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heavie head, devoide of careful carke,
Whose sences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull larke;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore.

45 Who all this while with charmes and hidden artes
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes
So lively and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The makers selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

46 Now when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy;
In sort as he him schooled privily.
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guile, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

* * * * * *

CANTO II.

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
the Redcrosse Knight from Truth:
Into whose stead faire Falshood steps,
and workes him woefull ruth.

1 By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
To all that in the wide deepe wandring arre:
And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that night so long his roome did fill.

2 When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine
And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright.
But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bookes againe.

* * * * * *

7 Now when the rosy-fingred morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hils Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drowsy-hed;
And, rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to waite each houre:
Then gan she waile and weepe to see that woefull stowre.

8 And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slow beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine;
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest,
But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

9 But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
Th' end of his drift, he praisd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning harts:
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10 He then devisde himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make:
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell,
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden power of herbes, and might of magicke spell?

11 But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield, upon his coward brest
A bloudy crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of haires discolourd diversly.
Full jolly knight he seemde, and well addrest,
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint George himself ye would have deemed him to be.

12 But he the knight, whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and griefe led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans foy: full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13 Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bels and bosses brave.

14 With faire disport and courting dalliaunce,
She intertainde her lover all the way:
But when she saw the knight his speare advaunce,
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He prickt with pride
And hope to winne his ladies hearte that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red bloud trickling staind the way, as he did ride.

15 The knight of the Redcrosse when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride:
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious,
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebut, and each to other yeeldeth land.

16 As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meete, that with the terror of the shocke
Astonied both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17 The Sarazin sore daunted with the buffe
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissaunce envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce; repining courage yields
No foote to foe. The flashing fier flies,
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple bloud new dies the verdant fields.

18 Curse on that Crosse, (quoth then the Sarazin,)
That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygoe I wote thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing down his shield from blame him fairly blest.

19 Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughtie helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloudy mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the soules do fly of men, that live amis.

20 The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

21 Shee turning backe with ruefull countenaunce
Cride, Mercy mercy Sir vouchsafe to show
On silly dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
And to your mighty will. Her humblesse low
In so ritch weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroicke heart;
And said, Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
And tel, both who ye be, and who that tooke your part.

22 Melting in teares, then gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
And fortune false betraide me to your powre,
Was, (O what now availeth that I was!)
Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where Tiberis doth pas.

23 He in the first flowre of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the onely haire
Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire;
But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours staire
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

24 His blessed body spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convaid
And fro me hid; of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me unhappy maid,
O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid.
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish as the striken hind.

25 At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win;
There lies he now with foule dishonour dead,
Who whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sans loy.

26 In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I Fidessa dwell,
Craving of you in pitty of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quicke eyes, her face to view,
Then his dull eares, to heare what she did tell;
And said, Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

27 Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest:
Better new friend then an old foe is said.
With chaunge of cheare the seeming simple maid
Let fal her eyen, as shamefast, to the earth,
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said;
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And she coy lookes: so dainty they say maketh derth.

28 Long time they thus together traveiled,
Til weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spred
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;
And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadow far in compasse round:
The fearfull shepheard often there aghast
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

29 But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the cool shade him thither hastly got:
For golden Phoebus now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheeles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30 Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight, that lived yit;
Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit,
And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rift there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

31 Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to teare
My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for feare
Least to you hap, that happened to me heare,
And to this wretched lady, my deare love,
O too deare love, love bought with death too deare.
Astond he stood, and up his haire did hove;
And with that suddein horror could no member move.

32 At last whenas the dreadfull passion
Was overpast, and manhood well awake;
Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
Sends to my doubtful eares these speaches rare,
And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse bloud to spare?

33 Then, groning deep, Nor damned ghost (quoth he)
Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake;
But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree,
Wretched man, wretched tree; whose nature weake
A cruell witch her cursed will to wreake,
Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines;
For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me paines.

34 Say on Fradubio then, or man, or tree,
Quoth then the knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine, who his griefe imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppresse.
The author then (said he) of all my smarts
Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

35 In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest, it was my lot
To love this gentle lady, whome ye see,
Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanyde,
Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
That had a like faire lady by his syde;
Like a faire lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

36 Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
All other dames to have exceeded farre;
I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre.
So both to battell fierce arraunged arre,
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my speare: such is the dye of warre:
His lady, left as a prise martiall,
Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

37 So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare
Whether in beauties glorie did exceede;
A rosy girlond was the victors meede:
Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee,
So hard the discord was to be agreede.
Fraelissa was as faire, as faire mote bee,
And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

38 The wicked witch now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science raisd streightway
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
Then was she faire alone, when none was faire in place.

39 Then cride she out, Fye, fye, deformed wight
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight;
O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such, as she me told,
And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

40 Then forth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same:
Till on a day (that day is every prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

* * * * * *

42 The hatefull hag by chaunges of my cheare
Perceiv'd my thought, and, drownd in sleepie night,
With wicked herbes and ointments did besmeare
My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert waste,
And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
Where now enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
Banisht from living wights, our wearie dayes we waste.

43 But how long time, said then the Elfin knight,
Are you in this misformed house to dwell?
We may not chaunge (quoth he) this evil plight,
Till we be bathed in a living well;
That is the terme prescribed by the spell.
O how, said he, mote I that well out find,
That may restore you to your wonted well?
Time and suffised fates to former kynd
Shall us restore, none else from hence may us unbynd.

44 The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good knight,
Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
When all this speech the living tree had spent,
The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
That from the bloud he might be innocent,
And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound:
Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her found.

45 Her seeming dead he found with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew;
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew
And dimmed sight with pale and deadly hew
At last she gan up lift: with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, too simple and too trew,
And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III.

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
and makes the Lyon mylde,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
in hand of treachour vylde.

1 NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t' unworthy wretchednesse
Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnesse blind,
Or through alleageance and fast fealtie,
Which I do owe unto all woman kind,
Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pitty I could die.

2 And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my fraile eyes these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guilefull handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was faire,
Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despaire,
And her dew loves deriv'd to that vile witches share.

3 Yet she most faithfull ladie all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who subtily betrayd
Through that late vision, which th' enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnesse wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

4 One day nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight,
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
In secret shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her faire head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shadie place;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

5 It fortuned out of the thickest wood
A ramping lyon rushed suddainly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood;
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse:
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious forse.

6 In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

7 The lyon lord of everie beast in field,
Quoth she, his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
But he my lyon, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruell hart to hate,
Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8 Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood.
At last in close hart shutting up her paine,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got againe
To seeke her strayed champion, if she might attaine.

9 The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faithfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard:
From her faire eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

10 Long she thus traveiled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde;
Till that at length she found the troden gras,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzell spyde slow footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore.

11 To whom approaching she to her gan call,
To weet, if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her answerd nought at all;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand;
Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddaine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of faire lady she before did vew,
And that dread lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

12 Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay,
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But, suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare:
Who full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere.

13 Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darkesome corner pent:
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred Pater nosters every day,
And thrise nine hundred Aves she was wont to say.

14 And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes she did sit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrise three times did fast from any bit:
But now for feare her beads she did forget.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fit:
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

15 The day is spent, and commeth drowsie night,
When every creature shrowded is in sleepe;
Sad Una downe her laies in wearie plight,
And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe;
In stead of rest, she does lament, and weepe
For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

16 Now when Aldeboran was mounted hie
Above the shinie Casseiopeias chaire,
And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lie,
One knocked at the dore, and in would fare;
He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware,
That readie entraunce was not at his call:
For on his backe a heavy load he bare
Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
Which he had got abroad by purchase criminall.

17 He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents;
The holy saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept;
And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

18 And all that he by right or wrong could find
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
And fed her fat with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings:
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

19 Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bet;
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
The lyon frayed them, him in to let:
He would no longer stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize,
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

20 Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Drunke up his life; his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the woful night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heavie hap, which on them is alight;
Affraid, least to themselves the like mishappen might.

21 Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward pas,
In wayes unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
That for his love refused deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him, that from her still did flye;
Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nye.

22 Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twaine,
That blind old woman, and her daughter deare,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slaine,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare.
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23 Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray
That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

24 But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
She backe retourned with some labour lost;
And in the way as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her met in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
By traynes into new troubles to have tost:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a ladie she could tellen ought.

25 Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying, that woman she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare:
And so forth told the story of her feare:
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that ladie did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

26 Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde:
Whom seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like seeming shield, her knight by name
She weend it was, and towards him gan ryde;
Approching nigh she wist it was the same,
And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came:

27 And weeping said, Ah my long lacked lord,
Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my deare heart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did mis,
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of blis.

28 He thereto meeting said, My dearest dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave, that have me loved still,
And chose in Faery court of meere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth:
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternall derth,
Then I leave you, my liefe, yborn of heavenly berth.

29 And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in strange place;
Where Archimago said a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
But knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas
Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint appease.

30 His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre:
Shee has forgot how many a woful stowre
For him she late endurd; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

31 Much like, as when the beaten marinere,
That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
Oft soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound,
Soone as the port from far he has espide,
His chearfull whistle merrily doth sound,
And Nereus crownes with cups; his mates him pledg around.

32 Such joy made Una, when her knight she found;
And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemd no lesse
Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;
He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
In which he askt her, what the lyon ment;
Who told her all that fell in journey as she went.

33 They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
That through his fiercenesse fomed all with sweat,
And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side;
His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde;
And on his shield Sans loy in bloody lines was dyde.

34 When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
And saw the Red crosse, which the knight did beare,
He burnt in fire, and gan eftsoones prepare
Himselfe to battell with his couched speare.
Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele;
But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feele;
So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

35 But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare,
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did pierce;
And had his staggering steede not shronke for feare,
Through shield and bodie eke he should him beare:
Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his saddle quite he did him beare:
He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

36 Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said, Lo there the worthie meed
Of him, that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife;
Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
When mourning altars purgd with enemies life,
The black infernall Furies doen aslake:
Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee take.

37 Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, O hold that heavie hand,
Deare sir, what ever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy not withstand:
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
And whilest him fortune favourd, faire did thrive
In bloudy field: therefore of life him not deprive.

38 Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slaine him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might;
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight;

39 And said, Why, Archimago, lucklésse syre,
What doe I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine yre?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
Instead of foe to wound my friend amis?
He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay:

40 But to the virgin comes, who all this while
Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

41 But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
So rudely handled by her foe he sawe,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and yre did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he drawes.

42 O then too weake and feeble was the forse
Of salvage beast, his puissance to withstand:
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eftsoones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death opprest
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne brest.

43 Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill.
He now lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineful spight
Her vildly entertaines, and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

44 And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes she filleth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way she wets with flowing teares:
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe,
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV.

To sinfull house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithfull knight,
Where brother's death to wreak, Sansjoy
doth chalenge him to fight.

1 YOUNG knight whatever that dost armes professe.
And through long labours huntest after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
In choice and change of thy deare loved dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening doe thy hart remove:
For unto knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love;
That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

2 Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
Through light misdeeming of her loialtie,
And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
Called Fidess', and so supposed to be;
Long with her traveild, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished;
The house of mightie prince it seemd to be:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither traveiled.

3 Great troupes of people traveild thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With balefull beggery, or foule disgrace;
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither Duessa bad him bend his pace:
For she is wearie of the toilesome way;
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4 A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid:
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres;
And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

5 It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sit:
For on a sandie hill, that still did flit
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6 Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide:
Yet charge of them was to a porter hight,
Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide:
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the lady of the pallace bright.

7 By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of lordes and ladies stood on every side,
Which with their presence faire the place much beautifide.

8 High above all a cloth of state was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate, most brave embellished
With royall robes and gorgeous array,
A mayden Queene that shone, as Titans ray,
In glistring gold and peerelesse pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone.

9 Exceeding shone, like Phoebus fairest childe,
That did presume his fathers firie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement vaine,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plaine,
And, rapt with whirling wheeles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but fairely for to shyne.

10 So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven; for earth she did disdayne:
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo underneath her scornefull feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance tooke delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

11 Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre;
Or if that any else did Jove excell:
For to the highest she did still aspyre;
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

12 And proud Lucifera men did her call,
That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be,
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter, which she now did hold:
Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of six wizards old,
That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

13 Soone as the elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming lady faire,
A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepaire:
So goodly brought them to the lowest staire
Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great majestee.

14 With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so low,
She thanked them in her disdainefull wise;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of princesse worthy, scarse them bad arise.
Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
Some frounce their curled haire in courtly guise,
Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15 Goodly they all that knight do entertaine,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to Duess' each one himselfe did paine
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew;
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faerie mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great Princesse too exceeding prowd,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

16 Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The royall dame, and for her coche did call:
All hurtlen forth; and she, with princely pace,
As fairé Aurora in her purple pall,
Out of the east the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes; her brightnesse brode doth blaze;
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Do ride each other, upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17 So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold, and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in royall rich array,
Great Junoes golden chaire, the which they say
The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride
To Joves high house through heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of faire pecocks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus eyes their tailes dispredden wide.

18 But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds applyde:
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
Like to an holy monck, the service to begin.

19 And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little red;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his dayes ded;
Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hed,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evill led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

20 From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From every worke he chalenged essoyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually:
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

21 And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was up-blowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne,
And like a crane his neck was long and fyne,
With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

22 In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hande did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarse upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster, then a man.

23 Unfit he was for any wordly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go,
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his friend he seldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew:
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

* * * * * *

27 And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold:
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold;
Accursed usurie was all his trade;
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

28 His life was nigh unto deaths doore yplast,
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes he ware;
Ne scarse good morsell all his life did tast;
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare;
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose, his owne,
He led a wretched life unto him selfe unknowne.

29 Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffise,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store,
Whose need had end, but no end covetise,
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore,
Who had enough, yet wished ever more;
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor stand:
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

30 And next to him malicious Envie rode
Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
That all the poison ran about his chaw;
But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad;
For death it was, when any good he saw,
And wept, that cause of weeping none he had,
But when he heard of harme, he wexed wondrous glad.

31 All in a kirtle of discolourd say
He clothed was, ypaynted full of eyes;
And in his bosome secretly there lay
An hatefull snake, the which his taile uptyes
In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
Those heapes of gold with griple covetyse;
And grudged at the great felicitie
Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companie.

32 He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
And him no lesse, that any like did use;
And who with gratious bread the hungry feeds,
His almes for want of faith he doth accuse:
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poets witt
He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
From leprous mouth on all, that ever writt:
Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did sitt.

33 And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his hed:
His eyes did hurle forth sparkles fiery red,
And stared sterne on all, that him beheld;
As ashes pale of hew and seeming ded;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage, when choler in him sweld.

34 His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
Through unadvized rashnesse woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no governement,
Ne car'd for bloud in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was overpast,
His cruell facts he often would repent;
Yet wilfull man he never would forecast,
How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

35 Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath;
Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife;
And fretting griefe the enemy of life;
All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rife,
The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire:
Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

36 And, after all, upon the wagon beame
Rode Satan with a smarting whip in hand,
With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy; and still before their way
A foggy mist had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet all scattered lay
Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

37 So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
To take the solace of the open aire,
And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport;
Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
Of proud Lucifera, as one of the traine:
But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
Whose fellowship seemd far unfit for warlike swaine.

38 So, having solaced themselves a space
With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
They backe retourned to the princely place;
Whereas an errant knight in armes ycled,
And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
Was writt Sans joy they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy-hed,
He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
And nourish bloudy vengeaunce in his bitter mind.

39 Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sans foy
He spide with that same Faery champions page,
Bewraying him, that did of late destroy
His eldest brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that same envious gage
Of victors glory from him snatcht away:
But th' elfin knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
And him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray.

40 Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
And clash their shields, and shake their swords on hy,
That with their sturre they troubled all the traine;
Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
Commaunded them their fury to refraine,
And if that either to that shield had right,
In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight.

41 Ah dearest dame, (quoth then the Paynim bold,)
Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whom great griefe made forget the raines to hold
Of reasons rule, to see this recreant knight,
No knight, but treachour full of false despight
And shamefull treason, who through guile hath slayn
The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
Even stout Sans foy, (O, who can then refrayn?)
Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap disdayn.

42 And to augment the glorie of his guile,
His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe
Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
Who reapes the harvest sowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloudy field, and bought with woe:
That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
So be, O Queene, you equall favour showe.
Him litle answerd th' angry elfin knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his right:

43 But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edge
To be aveng'd each on his enimy.
That night they pas in joy and jollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For steward was excessive Gluttonie,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest them call.

44 Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Up-rose Duessa from her resting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

45 Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fit,
Forecasting, how his foe he might annoy;
And him amoves with speaches seeming fit:
Ah, deare Sans joy, next dearest to Sans foy,
Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new joy,
Joyous, to see his ymage in mine eye,
And greev'd, to thinke how foe did him destroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
Lo his Fidessa to thy secret faith I flye.

46 With gentle wordes he can her fairely greet,
And bad say on the secret of her hart.
Then sighing soft, I learne that little sweet
Oft tempred is (quoth she) with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
Of deare Sans foy I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heavie stowre.

47 At last when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthy ware
His worthy shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave.
Me silly maid away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksome cave;
For that I would not yeeld, that to Sans foy I gave.

48 But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longs his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse move.

49 Thereto said he, Faire dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their griefe is with them gone:
Ne yet of present perill be affraid;
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is Sans foy, his vitall paines are past,
Though greeved ghost for vengeance deepe do grone:
He lives, that shall him pay his dewties last,
And guiltie elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast.

50 O but I feare the fickle freakes (quoth shee)
Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what oddes can ever bee
Where both do fight alike, to win or yield?
Yea but (quoth she) he beares a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
Ne none can wound the man, that does them wield.
Charmd or enchaunted (answerd he then ferce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to reherce.

51 But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdew,
And with Sans foyes dead dowry you endew.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew:
Where ever yet I be, my secret aid
Shall follow you. So passing forth she him obaid.

CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Duessa saves, and for
his cure to hell does goe.

1 The noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing, how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour be atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

2 At last the golden orientall gate
Of greatest heaven gan to open faire,
And Phoebus fresh, as bridegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie haire;
And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy aire.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streightway
He started up, and did him selfe prepaire
In sunbright armes, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

3 And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly;
And many chroniclers that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

4 Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetcht from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T' observe the sacred lawes of armes, that are assynd.

5 At last forth comes that far renowmed Queene,
With royall pomp and princely majestie;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sans foy his shield is hangd with bloudy hew:
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

6 A shrilling trompet sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

7 The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after bloud and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And helmets hewen deepe shew marks of eithers might.

8 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon, seized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so sore, that they the heavens affray:
The wise soothsayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th' amazed vulgar tels of warres and mortall fight.

9 So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right;
And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
The cruell steele so greedily doth bight
In tender flesh, that streames of bloud down flow;
With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
Into a pure vermillion now are dyde;
Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
That victory they dare not wish to either side.

10 At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
His suddein eye, flaming with wrathful fyre,
Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
And said, Ah wretched sonne of wofull syre,
Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
Whilest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre,
And sluggish german doest thy forces slake
To after-send his foe, that him may overtake?

11 Goe caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
And soone redeeme from his longwandring woe:
Goe guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
That I his shield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
That twise he reeled, readie twise to fall:
End of the doubtfull battell deemed tho'
The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
The false Duessa, Thine the shield, and I, and all.

12 Soone as the Faerie heard his lady speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake;
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with so' exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee:
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

13 And to him said, Goe now proud miscreant,
Thyselfe thy message do to german deare;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare.
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine; when lo a darkesome clowd
Upon him fell; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives: the darknes him does shrowd.

14 In haste Duessa from her place arose,
And to him running said, O prowest knight,
That ever ladie to her love did chose,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious despight
And bloudie vengeance; lo th' infernall powres,
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres.
The conquest yours, I yours, the shield and glory yours.

15 Not all so satisfide, with greedie eye
He sought, all round about, his thirstie blade
To bathe in bloud of faithlesse enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie;
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

16 Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service seene;
Which she accepts with thankes and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his great chevalree.
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the aire it fils, and flyes to heaven bright.

17 Home is he brought, and laid in sumptuous bed:
Where many skilfull leaches him abide,
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan embalme on everie side.
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of griefe and agony:
And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

18 As when a wearie traveller that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which in false griefe hyding his harmefull guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares;
The foolish man, that pitties all this while
His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes anothers cares.

19 So wept Duessa untill eventide,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light:
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide;
But comes unto the place, where th' hethen knight,
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way.

20 Where griesly night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phœbus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

21 Who when she saw Duessa sunny bright,
Adornd with gold and jewels shining cleare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare;
(For never did such brightnes there appeare;)
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speech she gan to heare,
Saying, Yet, O thou dreaded dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

22 She stayd, and foorth Duessa gan proceede,
O thou most auncient grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of gods cælestiall;
Which wast begot in Daemogorgons hall,
And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy nephewes deare to fall
With elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
Lo where the stout Sans joy doth sleepe in deadly shade.

23 And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sans foy shrinke underneath his speare;
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O what of Gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare?
Or who shall not great nightes children scorne,
When two of three her nephews are so fowle forlorne?

24 Up then, up dreary dame, of darknesse Queene;
Go gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
That dreaded night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of faire light deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face:
Yet pitty in her hart was never prov'd
Till then: for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

25 And said, Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes, which their foes ensew:
But who can turne the streame of destinee,
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat?
The sonnes of day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

26 Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he, the man that made Sans foy to fall,
Shall with his owne bloud price that he has spilt.
But what art thou, that telst of nephews kilt?
I that do seeme not I, Duessa am,
(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt
And gorgeous gold arayd I to thee came;
Duessa I, the daughter of deceipt and shame.

27 Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying; In that faire face
The false resemblance of deceipt I wist
Did closely lurke; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarse in darkesome place
Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
Of falshood, and roote of Duessaes race.
O welcome, child, whom I have longd to see,
And now have seene unwares. Lo now I goe with thee.

28 Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle welfavourd witch:
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes.
Her twyfold teme, of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich,
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch;
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

29 So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place, whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward sense, and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day
And sight of men, since his late luckelesse fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald:
So lay him in her charet, close in night conceald.

30 And, all the while she stood upon the ground
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her yron wheeles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay:
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

31 Thence turning backe in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entrance dark and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past,
That backe returned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull Furies, which their chaines have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men aghast.

32 By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charet, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive:
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their yron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eyes; and all the hellish brood
Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the night durst ride.

33 They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully;
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

34 Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venomous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill dayes enemy
Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passen quietly:
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

35 There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin;
And Tityus fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhoeus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law;
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

36 They all beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
Till they be come unto the furthest part;
Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
In which sad Aesculapius far apart
Emprisond was in chaines remedilesse;
For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

* * * * *

40 Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Jove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore:
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And slake the heavenly fire, that raged evermore.

41 There auncient night arriving, did alight
From her nigh weary waine, and in her armes
To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
Whom having softly disarayd of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer, and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

42 Ah Dame (quoth he) thou temptest me in vaine
To dare the thing, which daily yet I rew,
And the old cause of my continued paine
With like attempt to like end to renew.
Is not enough, that thrust from heaven dew
Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddest me to eeke? can night defray
The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and day?

43 Not so (quoth she) but sith that heavens king
From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing;
And fearest not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
Goe to then, O thou far renowmed sonne
Of great Apollo, shew thy famous might
In medicine, that else hath to thee wonne
Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne.

44 Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things else, the which his art did teach:
Which having seene, from thence arose away
The mother of dread darknesse, and let stay
Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
And backe returning tooke her wonted way
To runne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

45 The false Duessa leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pride;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence, albe, his woundes wide
Not throughly heald, unready were to ride.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spide
Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day.

46 A ruefull sight, as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in secret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How mortgaging their lives to covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with wrath and envies false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in woe, and die in wretchednesse.

47 There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transform'd of yore.
There also was king Croesus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altars daunst.

48 And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd;
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

49 All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carkases of beasts in butchers stall.
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
Great Romulus, the grandsyre of them all,
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus,
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball,
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius,
High Caesar, great Pompey, and fierce Antonius.

50 Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke;
Faire Sthenoboea, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon fill;

51 Besides the endlesse routs of wretched thralles,
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles
Through wicked pride and wasted wealthes decay.
But most of all which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courts, or ladies bowres;
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods, and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

52 Whose case when as the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde:
For doubtlesse death ensewd, if any him descryde.

53 Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdred men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse, or decent funerall:
Which all through that great princesse Pride did fall
And came to shamefull end. And them beside
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carkases he spide;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pride.

CANTO VI.

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
fayre Una is releast;
Whom salvage nation does adore,
and learnes her wise behoast.

1 As when a ship, that flyes faire under saile,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool happie oversight:
So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
The dreadlesse courage of this elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

2 Yet sad he was that his too hastie speede
The faire Duess' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad, that Una his deare dreed
Her truth had staind with treason so unkind:
Yet crime in her could never creature find;
But for his love, and for her owne selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sans loy did overtake.

* * * * * *

6 The pitteous maiden carefull comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of womens greate distresse,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes;
And Phoebus flying so most shameful sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for shame. What wit of mortall wight
Can now devise to quit a thrall from such a plight?

7 Eternall providence exceeding thought,
Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
From lyons clawes to pluck the griped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrickes so loud did bray,
That all the woodes and forestes did resownd:
A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber sownd:

8 Who when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
In haste forsooke their rurall merriment,
And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
To weet, what wight so loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin espide,
A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
Whose like he never saw, he durst not bide,
But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ride.

9 The wyld wood gods arrived in the place,
There find the virgin dolefull desolate,
With ruffled rayments, and faire blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late;
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

10 She, more amaz'd, in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
A seely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake;
Which quitt from death yet quakes in every lim
With chaunge of feare, to see the lyon looke so grim.

11 Such fearefull fit assaid her trembling hart;
Ne worde to speake, ne joynt to move she had:
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
Their frowning forheads with rough hornes yclad
And rustick horror all a side doe lay;
And gently grenning, show a semblance glad
To comfort her, and, feare to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

12 The doubtfull damzell dare not yet commit
Her single person to their barbarous truth;
But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sit,
Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th:
They in compassion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beautie soveraine,
Are wonne with pitty and unwonted ruth,
And, all prostrate upon the lowly plaine,
Do kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance faine.

13 Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
And yieldes her to extremitie of time;
So from the ground she fearlesse doth arise,
And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
They all as glad, as birdes of joyous prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme,
And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
Do worship her, as queene, with olive girlond cround.

14 And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
That all the woods with double eccho ring,
And with their horned feet do weare the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring.
So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
Who with the noyse awaked commeth out
To weet the cause, his weake steps governing
And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout;
And with an yvie twyne his wast is girt about.

15 Far off he wonders, what them makes so glad,
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They drawing nigh, unto their god present
That flowre of faith and beautie excellent.
The god himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne faire Dryope now he thinkes not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

16 The woodborne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddesse of the wood;
And old Sylvanus selfe bethinkes not, what
To thinke of wight so faire, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood:
Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
But Venus never had so sober mood:
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be;
But misseth bow, and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

17 By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How faire he was, and yet not faire to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For griefe whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

18 The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thither runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
Flocke all about to see her lovely face:
But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malitious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace:
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire, but her, on earth they find.

19 Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky maid
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people staid,
To gather breath in many miseries.
During which time her gentle wit she plyes,
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' image of idolatryes:
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restraine
From her own worship, they her asse would worship fayn.

20 It fortuned a noble warlike knight
By just occasion to that forrest came
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his well deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
And fild far lands with glorie of his might;
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right:
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

21 A satyres sonne yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a lady myld,
Faire Thyamis the daughter of Labryde;
That was in sacred bands of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
Then serve his ladies love, and wast in pleasures vayne.

* * * * * *

24 For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare;
And from the she beares teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roaring buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes not made to beare;
And the robuckes in flight to overtake:
That every beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

25 Thereby so fearlesse, and so fell he grew,
That his owne sire and maister of his guise
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard,) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

26 And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beasts in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The antelope and wolfe, both fierce and fell;
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared, as a tyrans law.

27 His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes, and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage, did lowd requere
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne:
The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes, withouten childish feare.

28 The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe, gan fast to fly away,
Untill with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:
Ah Satyrane, my dearling, and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
To dally thus with death, is no fit toy:
Go find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy.

29 In these and like delights of bloudy game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that forest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force: and then his courage haught
Desird of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne;
But through all Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

30 Yet evermore it was his manner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and offspring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31 He wondred at her wisedome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make proofe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse, and so trew.
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

32 But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight,
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

33 So on a day, when satyres all were gone
To do their service to Sylvanus old,
The gentle virgin, left behind alone
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was, to satyres to be told,
Or ever hope recover her againe:
In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the plaine.

34 The better part now of the lingring day
They traveild had, whenas they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way,
And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
To weete of newes, that did abroad betide,
Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse:
But he them spying, gan to turne aside
For feare as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
More greedy they of newes, fast towards him do crosse.

35 A silly man, in simple weedes forworne,
And soild with dust of the long dried way;
His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had traveild many a sommers day
Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde;
And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
His weary limbs upon: and eke behind
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36 The knight approaching nigh, of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres, nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew
Or heard abroad of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red.
Ay me, Deare dame (quoth he) well may I rew
To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red:
These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded.

37 That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
That suddein cold did runne through every vaine,
And stony horrour all her sences fild
With dying fit, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe:
Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden griefe:
The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the chief.

38 Then gan the pilgrim thus; I chaunst this day,
This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
To see two knights, in travell on my way,
(A sory sight) arraung'd in battell new,
Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew;
My fearefull flesh did tremble at their strife,
To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
That drunke with blood, yet thristed after life: [knife.
What more? the Redcrosse knight was slaine with Paynim

39 Ah dearest lord (quoth she) how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight, that ever wonne?
Ah dearest dame (quoth he) how might I see
The thing, that might not be, and yet was donne?
Where is (said Satyrane) that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy hath reft?
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left [cleft.
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the steele were

40 Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that pagan proud him selfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
Even he it was, that earst would have supprest
Faire Una: whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide;

41 And said, Arise, thou cursed miscreaunt,
That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain:
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
And catching up in hast his three-square shield,
And shining helmet, soone him bucked to the field.

42 And, drawing nigh him, said, Ah misborne elfe,
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:
That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
But had he beene, where earst his arms were lent,
Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew:
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew.

43 Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile
Each other bent his enimy to quell;
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pitty any living eie.
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win, or die.

44 So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That fainting each, themselves to breathen let;
And oft refreshed, battell oft renue:
As when two bores with rancling malice met,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely fret,
Til breathlesse both them selves aside retire,
Where foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire;
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

45 So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight returne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before;
That with their drery woundes and bloody gore,
They both deformed, scarsely could be known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

46 Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he lefte the battell hastily,
* * * * *
To catch her, newly offred to his eie:
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted maid:
Wherewith he all enrag'd these bitter speaches said,

47 O foolish faeries sonne, what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate?
Were it not better I that lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate
To love another. Lo then for thine ayd
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royall mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

48 But that false pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow, all this to behold;
And much rejoiced in their bloody fray:
But when he saw the damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
by gyaunt proud oppresť:
Prince Arthur meets with Una great-
ly with those newes distrest.

1 WHAT man so wise, what earthly wit so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
By which deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her colours dyed deep in graine,
To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame;
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

2 Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous house of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
Her hoped pray; she would no lenger bide,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine side,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

3 He feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kind
Do chaunt sweet musick, to delight his mind:
The witch approching gan him fairely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnesse unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony [sweet.

4 Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And, with greene boughes decking a gloomy shade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

5 The cause was this: One day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Sat downe to rest in middest of the race:
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And bad the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow;
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

6 Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was;
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Drunke of the streame, as cleare as cristall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to faile,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble fraile.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt,
Till crudled cold his corage gan assaile,
And cheareful bloud in faintnesse chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his body swelt.

7 Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
Upstarted lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8 But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his shield, his monstrous enimy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous geant, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

* * * * * *

10 So growen great through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent, whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

11 That when the knight he spide, he gan advance
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towardes him with dreadfull fury praunce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgrast, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every joynt and vaine,
Through that fraile fountaine, which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

12 The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And were not heavenly grace, that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow:
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stound, that still he lay full low.

13 As when that divelish yron engin wrought
In deepest hell, and framd by Furies skill,
With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bullet round, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the stroke.

14 So daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
His heavie hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye;
O great Orgoglio, greatest under skye,
O hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake,
Hold for my sake, and do him not to dye,
But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy leman take.

15 He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon, as she spake:
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his new found make.
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

16 From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye.
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hye,
And her endowd with royall majestye:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples harts with awfull terror tye,
A monstrous beast ybred in filthy fen
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

17 Such one it was, as that renowmed snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake;
Whose many heads out budding ever new
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew:
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heads out of his body grew:
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in bloud his eyes did shine as glas.

18 His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the house of heavenly gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred things, and holy heasts foretaught.
Upon this dreadfull beast with sevenfold head
He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

19 The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed,
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavinesse,
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

20 He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una met
Fast flying from that paynims greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let:
Who when her eyes she on the dwarfe had set,
And saw the signes, that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake,
Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

21 The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne:
Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne.

22 Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
Why do ye lenger feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
The which my life and love together tyde?
Now let the stony dart of senselesse cold
Perce to my hart, and pas through every side;
And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hide.

23 O lightsome day, the lampe of highest Jove,
First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
When darkenesse he in deepest dongeon drove;
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde:
For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed,
But seeled up with death, shall have their deadly meed.

24 Then downe againe she fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up againe:
Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine,
At last when life recover'd had the raine,
And over-wrestled his strong enemie,
With foltring tong, and trembling every vaine,
Tell on (quoth she) the wofull tragedie,
The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

25 Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart;
Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight
Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can beare each part.
If death it be, it is not the first wound,
That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found.

26 Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
The subtile traines of Archimago old;
The wanton loves of false Fidessa faire,
Bought with the blood of vanquisht paynim bold;
The wretched payre transformed to treen mould;
The house of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat, which he with Sans joy did hould;
The lucklesse conflict with the gyant stout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

27 She heard with patience all unto the end;
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew, the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay:
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day
Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse;
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

28 At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead: and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She fed her wound with fresh renewed bale:
Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

29 At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phoebus brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware, [rare:
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pretious

30 And, in the midst thereof, one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus emongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights;
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother pearle, and buckled with a golden tong.

31 His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bred;
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spred
His golden wings: his dreadfull hideous hed
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery red,
That suddeine horrour to fainte hartes did show,
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

32 Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bunch of haires discolourd diversly,
With sprincled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath, that under heaven is blowne.

33 His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene;
But all of diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

34 The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phoebus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

35 No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call;
But all that was not such, as seemd in sight,
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall:
And, when him list the raskall routes appall,
Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all:
And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

36 Ne let it seeme, that credence this exceeds;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But, when he dyde, the Faerie Queene it brought
To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought.

37 A gentle youth, his dearely loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square:
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bit,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chauft, that any on his backe should sit
The yron rowels into frothy fome he bit.

38 Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
But when he heard her answers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine:
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray;
Wherewith enmov'd, these bleeding words she gan to say;

39 What worlds delight, or joy of living speach
Can hart, so plung'd in sea of sorrowes deep
And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale:
Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
Then rip up griefe, where it may not availe,
My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile.

40 Ah lady deare, quoth then the gentle knight,
Well may I ween your griefe is wondrous great;
For wondrous great griefe groneth in my spright,
Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
But woefull lady, let me you intrete
For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
And counsell mitigates the greatest smart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.

41 O but (quoth she) great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought then said.
Right so; (quoth he) but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greatest aid.
But griefe (quoth she) does greater grow displaid,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire.
Despair breeds not (quoth he) where faith is staid.
No faith so fast (quoth she) but flesh does paire.
Flesh may empaire (quoth he) but reason can repaire.

42 His goodly reason, and well guided speach,
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach,
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said; Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the secrets of my griefe,
Or that your wisedome will direct my thought,
Or that your prowesse can me yield reliefe:
Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you briefe.

43 The forlorne maiden, whom your eyes have seene
The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries,
Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
Whose parents deare, whilest equal destinies
Did runne about, and their felicities
The favourable heavens did not envy,
Did spred their rule through all the territories,
Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually.

44 Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might,
Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight,
Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
He has them now foure years besiegd to make them thrall.

45 Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
Have enterpriz'd that monster to subdew:
From every coast that heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble martial crew,
That famous hard atchievements still pursew;
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
The pitteous pray of his fierce cruelty have bin.

46 At last yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red,
There to obtaine some such redoubted knight
That parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

47 It was my chance (my chance was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his prowesse proofe he since hath made
(I witnesse am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

48 And ye the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
And well could rule: now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare:
O heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have you left your lord, that could so well you tosse?

49 Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme,
Till all unweeting an enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
That rather death desire, then such despight.
Be judge ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50 Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
To wander, where wilde fortune would me lead,
And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not backe the balefull body dead;
In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

51 At last by subtill sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall,
Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold;
And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedilesse, for aie he doth him hold;
This is my cause of griefe, more great then may be told.

52 Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted, and faire bespake;
Certes, madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
The stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake.
But be of cheare, and comfort to you take;
For till I have acquit your captive knight,
Assure your selfe, I will you not forsake.
His chearefull words reviv'd her chearlesse spright.
So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
brings Arthur to the fight:
Who slayes that Gyant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa quight.

1 Ay me, how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his own foolish pride
Or weaknesse is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thither guide.

2 They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie:
Then cryde the dwarfe, Lo yonder is the same,
In which my lord, my liege, doth lucklesse lie,
Thrall to that gyants hatefull tyranny:
Therefore, deare sir, your mightie powres assay.
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steede, and bad the ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

3 So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To ward the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that squire an horne of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tassels gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

4 Was never wight, that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine;
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three answerd it selfe againe:
No false enchauntment, nor deceiptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was voide and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

5 The same before the geants gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the ground,
And every dore of free will open flew.
The gyant selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Duessa dalliance fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded [powre.

6 And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast;
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone addrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with courage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

7 Therewith the gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornefull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
But wise and wary was that noble pere;
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did faire avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

8 Ne shame he thought to shunne so hideous might:
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight
Did fall to ground, and with his heavie sway
So deepely dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow, [show.
And, trembling with strange feare, did like an earthquake

9 As when almightie Jove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The fierce threeforked engin making way
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay.

10 His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the knight him at advantage found;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his 'left arme, which like a blocke
Did fall to ground depriv'd of native might;
Large streames of bloud out of the truncked stocke
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

11 Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted paine,
He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fields rebellowed againe:
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An herd of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing:
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur ring.

12 That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
The evil stownd, that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast, who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumpteous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brands.
But him the squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fierce with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

13 The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fierce disdaine, to be affronted so,
Enforst her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthroe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe:
But nathemore would that courageous swayne
To her yeeld passage, gainst his lord to goe;
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

14 Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inner parts,
Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts:
Which after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdie courage soone was quayd,
And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

15 So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe, with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squire into such thraldom brought.

16 And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

17 Thereat he roared for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long traine,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trod in durty myre,
Had not the gyant soone her succoured;
Who all enrag'd with smart and franticke yre,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forst the knight retyre.

18 The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
In one alone left hand he now unites,
Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour smites,
That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow:
The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low:
What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow?

19 And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew;
The light whereof, that heavens light did pas,
Such blazing brightnesse through the aier threw,
That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

20 And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
Became starke blind, and all his sences dazd,
That downe he tumbled on the durtie field,
And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
Unto the gyant loudly she gan call;
O helpe, Orgoglio, helpe, or else we perish all.

21 At her so pitteous cry was much amoov'd
Her champion stout, and for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon proov'd:
But all in vaine: for he has read his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the senses quight.

22 Whom when the prince, to battell new addrest
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart strings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck halfe rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

23 Or as a castle reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malitious slight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles; and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might:
Such was this gyants fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

24 The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But soone as breath out of his breast did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyant bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie bladder was.

25 Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spide,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw aside:
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull stound;
But leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot squire her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

26 The royall virgin which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie,
With sober gladnesse, and myld modestie;
And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake:
Faire braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How shall I quite the paines ye suffer for my sake?

27 And you fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
What hath poore virgin for such perill past
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My simple selfe, and service evermore;
And he that high does sit, and all things see
With equall eyes their merites to restore,
Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
And, what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

28 But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
Have made you master of the field this day,
Your fortune maister eke with governing,
And well begun end all so well, I pray.
Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my lord bethrall,
My dearest lord, and deepe in dongeon lay;
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call.

29 Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squire,
That scarlot witch to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himselfe with greedie great desire
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call:
But no man car'd to answere to his crye.
There raignd a solemne silence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or hall.

30 At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his wearie gate both too and fro;
For his eye sight him failed long ygo:
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

31 But very uncouth sight was to behold,
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrincled face:
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the gyant dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

32 His reverend haires and holy gravitie
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people bee,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell.
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Again he askt, where that same knight was layd,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall; againe he sayde,
He could not tell: ne ever other answere made.

33 Then asked he, which way he in might pas:
He could not tell, againe he answered.
Thereat the curteous knight displeased was,
And said, Old sire, it seemes thou hast not red
How ill it sits with that same silver hed,
In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee.

34 His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance.
Then to him stepping, from his arme did reach
Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
Each dore he opened without any breach;
There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

35 There all within full rich arayd he found,
With royall arras and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest princes presence might behold.
But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltlesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

36 And there beside a marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning imagery;
On which true Christians bloud was often spilt,
And holy martyrs often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone;
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

37 Through every rowme he sought, and every bowr,
But no where could he find that woful thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

38 Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaints and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound?
For now three moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the heavens chearfull face did vew:
O welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings trew.

39 Which when that champion heard, with percing point
Of pitty deare his hart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horrour ran through every joynt
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

40 But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale, and courage bold,
After long paines and labours manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare;
Whose feeble thighes, unhable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarse to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly drere.

41 His sad dull eyes deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were cleane consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and all his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

42 Whom when his lady saw, to him she ran
With hasty joy: to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
She said, Ah dearest lord, what evill starre
On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre?

43 But welcome now my lord, in wele or woe,
Whose presence I have lackt too long a day;
And fie on fortune mine avowed foe,
Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay;
And for these wrongs shall treble penaunce pay
Of treble good: good growes of evils priefe.
The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
Had no delight to treaten of his griefe;
His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

44 Faire lady, then said that victorious knight,
The things, that grievous were to do, or beare,
Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight;
Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare:
But th' only good, that growes of passed feare,
Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
This dayes ensample hath this lesson deare
Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

45 Henceforth sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
And maister these mishaps with patient might;
Loe where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length,
And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live, or die.
To do her die (quoth Una) were despight,
And shame t'avenge so weake an enimy;
But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly.

46 So as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of royall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then when they had despoiled her tire and call,
Such as she was, their eyes might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall;
A loathy, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

* * * * * *

49 Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
Such then (said Una) as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of falsehood, such the sight
Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander wayes unknowne.

She flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eyes her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they found of all that dainty was and rare.

3629

CANTO IX.

His loves and lignage Arthur tells:
the knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Trevisan flies from Despayre,
whom Redcrosse knight withstands.

1 O GOODLY golden chaine, wherewith yfere
The vertues linked are in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuit of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him, in need that stands,
But friendly each did others praise devize,
How to advaunce with favourable hands, [bands.
As this good prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from

2 Who when their powres, empaird through labour long,
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now wexed strong;
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare, as their adventures fell:
But ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thanklesse thought.

3 Faire virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compas of my wit:
For both the lignage and the certain sire,
From which I sprong, from me are hidden yit.
For all so soone as life did me admit
Into this world, and shewed heavens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfit,
And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

4 Unto old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive,
And is the wisest now on earth I weene;
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes roll with gentle rore;
There all my dayes he traind me up in vertuous lore.

5 Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visit me:
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And tutors nouriture to oversee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loines and what lignage I did spring,
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring.

6 Well worthy impe, said then the lady gent,
And pupill fit for such a tutors hand.
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthur, crowne of martiall band?
Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might, [wight.
That rules mens wayes, and rules the thoughts of living

7 For whether he through fatall deepe foresight
Me hither sent, for cause to me unghest,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rancle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found;
You to have helpt I hold myself yet blest.
Ah curteous knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground?

8 Deare dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted life do lye in ashes low.
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But told it flames, and hidden it does glow;
I will revele what ye so much desire:
Ah love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

9 It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When courage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the coale of kindly heat appeares
To kindle love in every living brest;
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers used to rew,
Which still wex old in woe, whiles woe still wexeth new.

10 That idle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enimy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In middest of their mournfull tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire, which them to ashes brent:
Their god himselfe, griev'd at my libertie,
Shot many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government.

11 But all in vaine: no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sound,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found:
Nothing is sure, that growes on earthly ground:
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauties chaine not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

12 Ensample make of him your haplesse joy,
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertie.
For on a day, prickt forth with jollitie
Of looser life, and heat of hardiment,
Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent
Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13 For-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet faire displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14 Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
She to me made, and bad me love her deare;
For dearely sure her love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appeare.
But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
Ne living man like words did ever heare,
As she to me delivered all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

15 When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
And nought but pressed gras, where she had lyen,
I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
And washed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I cast in carefull mind
To seek her out with labour and long tyne,
And never vowd to rest till her I find:
Nine monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbind.

16 Thus as he spake, his visage wexed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yet still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display;
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say;
O happy Queene of Faeries, that hast found,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on ground.

17 Thine, O then, said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
Next to that ladies love, shall be the place,
O fairest virgin, full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in mine extremest case.
And you, my lord, the patrone of my life,
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthy grace;
For onely worthy you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be, to be her liefe.

18 So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew:
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew,
Gave goodly gifts, the signes of gratefull mynd,
And eke as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

19 Prince Arthur gave a boxe of diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.
Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A booke, wherein his Saveours testament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A worke of wondrous grace, and able soules to save.

20 Thus beene they parted, Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew:
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew.

21 So as they traveild, lo they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing, that him aghast.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behind:
Als flew his steed, as he his bands had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wind,
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kind.

22 Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismayd with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe: and to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoods faire degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

23 The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
To weet what mister wight was so dismayd:
There him he finds all sencelesse and aghast,
That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
Till he these wordes to him deliver might;
Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight?
For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight.

24 He answerd nought at all, but adding new
Feare to his first amazment, staring wide
With stony eyes, and hartlesse hollow hew,
Astonisht stood, as one that had aspide
Infernall furies with their chaines untide.
Him yet againe, and yet againe, bespake
The gentle knight, who nought to him replide,
But trembling every joint did inly quake,
And foltring tongue at last these words seemd forth to shake.

25 For Gods deare love, sir knight, do me not stay;
For loe he comes, he comes fast after mee.
Eft looking back would faine have runne away;
But he him forst to stay, and tellen free
The secrete cause of his perplexitie:
Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
Could his bloud-frosen heart emboldned bee,
But through his boldnesse rather feare did reach;
Yet, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

26 And am I now in safetie sure (quoth he)
From him, that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
That I may tell this haplesse history?
Fear nought (quoth he) no daunger now is nye.
Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace,
(Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld; and, had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

27 I lately chaunst (would I had never chaunst)
With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
In all affaires, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy bee:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a lady gent,
That him againe lov'd in the least degree:
For she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her lover languish and lament.

28 From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that villen (God from him me blesse)
That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
A man of hell, that calls himselfe Despaire:
Who first us greets, and after faire areedes
Of tydings straunge, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as snake in hidden weedes,
Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

29 Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting griefe,
Which love had launched with his deadly darts;
With wounding words, and termes of foule repriefe,
He pluckt from us all hope of due reliefe,
That earst us held in love of lingring life:
Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
Perswade us die, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

30 With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fled fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare:
But God you never let his charmed speeches heare.

31 How may a man (said he) with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom triall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
His subtill tongue like dropping honny, mealt'h
Into the hart, and searcheth every vaine;
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft and weaknesse doth remaine.
O never, sir, desire to try his guilefull traine.

32 Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,
'Till I that treachours art have heard and tride:
And you, sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guide.
I that hight Trevisan (quoth he) will ride,
Against my liking backe to do you grace:
But not for gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die, then see his deadly face.

33 Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave,
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypight,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the ghastly owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle;
And all about it wandring ghostes did waile and howle.

34 And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare;
But th' other forst him stay, and comforted in feare.

35 That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind:
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound,
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dine.

36 His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas,
All wallowed in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas;
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37 Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
The wofull tale, that Trevisan had told,
Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
Him to avenge, before his blood were cold;
And to the villein said, Thou damned wight,
The author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against thee right, [sight.
With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in

38 What franticke fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should die, who merites not to live?
None else to death this man despayring drive
But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him die, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?

39 Who travels by the wearie wandring way,
To come unto his wished home in haste,
And meetes a flood, that doth his passage stay;
Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast;
Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood
Upon the banke, yet wilt thy selfe not passe the flood?

40 He there does now enjoy eternall rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest:
What if some little paine the passage have,
That makes fraile flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short paine well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life does greatly please.

41 The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd, The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong nor shorten it:
The souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand, untill his captaine bed.
Who life did limit by almightie doome
(Quoth he) knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome.

42 Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne
In heaven and earth? did not he all create
To die againe? all ends that was begonne.
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certaine date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state;
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor why.

43 The lenger life, I wote the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment:
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent:
For life must life, and blood must blood repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

SALEM COLLEGE LIBRARY
Winston-Salem North Carolina

44 Then do no further goe, no further stray;
But here lie downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may.
For what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Paine, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife;
All which, and thousands mo do make a loathsome life.

45 Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballance thou wilt weigh thy state:
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More lucklesse disaventures did amate:
Witnesse the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shut up for death so oft did call;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maiest happen fall.

46 Why then doest thou, O man of sin, desire
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitie,
Against the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjurie,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in all abuse thou hast thy self defild?

47 Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heaven, and beares an equall eye?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie?
Is not his law, Let every sinner die:
Die shall all flesh? what then must needs be donne,
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne.

48 The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse,
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49 In which amazement when the miscreant
Perceived him to waver weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience dant,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaile,
He shew'd him painted in a table plaine
The damned ghosts, that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends, that doe them endlesse paine
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

50 The sight whereof so throughly him dismaid,
That nought but death before his eyes he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almighties law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would desire:
For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

51 But when as none of them he saw him take,
He to him raught a dagger sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leafe of aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a running messenger had beene.
At last resolv'd to worke his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

52 Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swoone: but soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; Fie, fie, faint harted knight,
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battell, which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed dragon, horrible and bright?

53 Come, come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart,
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright.
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, sir knight, arise, and leave this cursed place.

54 So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtill sleight,
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hung him selfe, unbid, unblest.
But death he could not worke himselfe thereby;
For thousand times he so himselfe had drest,
Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
Till he should die his last, that is eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
to house of Holinesse,
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to heavenly blesse.

1 WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
And vaine assurance of mortality,
Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2 By that, which lately hapned, Una saw
That this her knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his sinews woxen weake and raw,
Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
Which he endured in his late restraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cherish him with diets daint,
She cast to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

3 There was an auncient house not far away,
Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore,
And pure unspotted life: so well, they say
It governd was, and guided evermore,
Through wisedome of a matrone grave and hore;
Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore:
All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

4 Dame Caelia men did her call, as thought
From heaven to come, or thither to arise;
The mother of three daughters, well upbrought
In goodly thewes, and godly exercise:
The eldest two, most sober, chast, and wise,
Fidelia and Speranza virgins were
Though spousd, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize;
But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dere.

5 Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For feare of many foes: but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them streight way.
He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,
Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
Hight Humiltà. They passe in, stouping low;
For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

6 Each goodly thing is hardest to begin;
But, entred in, a spacious court they see,
Both plaine, and pleasaunt to be walked in;
Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
And entertaines with comely courteous glee;
His name was Zele, that him right well became;
For in his speeches and behaviour hee
Did labour lively to expresse the same,
And gladly did them guide, till to the hall they came.

7 There fairely them receives a gentle squire,
Of milde demeanure and rare courtesie,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attire;
In word and deede that shew'd great modestie,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speeches meet
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetie,
But simple true, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a squire so great persons to greet.

8 And afterwards them to his dame he leades,
That aged dame, the lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades:
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9 And her embracing said, O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread,
Most vertuous virgin borne of heavenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
Yet ceasest not thy weary soles to lead;
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray?

10 Strange thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:
All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
With many rather for to go astray,
And be partakers of their evill plight,
Then with a few to walke the rightest way;
O foolish men, why haste ye to your owne decay?

11 Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
O matrone sage (quoth she) I hither came;
And this good knight his way with me addrest,
Led with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
That up to heaven is blowne. The auncient dame
Him goodly greeted in her modest guise,
And entertaynd them both, as best became,
With all the court'sies that she could devise,
Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

12 Thus as they gan of sundry things devise,
Loe two most goodly virgins came in place,
Alinked arme in arme in lovely wise,
With countenance demure, and modest grace,
They numbred even steps and equall pace:
Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
Like sunny beames threw from her christall face
That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
And round about her head did shine like heavens light.

13 She was araied all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of gold,
With wine and water fild up to the hight,
In which a serpent did himselfe enfold,
That horrour made to all that did behold;
But she no whit did chaunge her constant mood:
And in her other hand she fast did hold
A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood:
Wherein darke things were writ, hard to be understood.

14 Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight,
As was her sister; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell:
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

15 They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesie;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly joy each other well to see:
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

16 Then Una thus; But she your sister deare,
The deare Charissa where is she become?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere?
Ah no, sáid they, but forth she may not come;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe,
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome.
Indeed (quoth she) that should be trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore.

17 Then said the aged Caelia, Deare dame,
And you good sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a whyle
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle.
Then called she a groome, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bed:
His name was meeke Obedience rightfully ared.

18 Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
And bodies were refresht with due repast,
Faire Una gan Fidelia faire request,
To have her knight into her schoolehouse plaste,
That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
And heare the wisedom of her words divine.
She graunted, and that knight so much agraste
That she him taught celestiall discipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

19 And that her sacred booke, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except she did them teach,
She unto him disclosed every whit,
And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach;
Of God, of grace, of justice, of free will;
That wonder was to heare her goodly speach:
For she was able with her words to kill,
And raise againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

20 And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
She would commaund the hasty sunne to stay,
Or backward turne his course from heavens hight;
Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
[Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;]
And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
She would commaund themselves to beare away,
And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
Almightie God her gave such powre, and puissaunce great.

21 The faithfull knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all heavenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes:
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

22 But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Else had his sinnes so great and manifold
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to die,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity;

23 And came to Caelia to declare her smart;
Who well acquainted with that commune plight,
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could curé the same; his name was Patience.

24 Who, comming to that soule-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;
And thereto added wordes of wondrous might:
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25 But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darkesome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

26 In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late:
And ever as superfluous flesh did rot
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt
To pluck it out with pincers firie whot,
That soone in him was left no one corrupted jot.

27 And bitter Penance, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharpe Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad Repentance used to embay
His bodie in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

28 In which his torment often was so great,
That like a lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his own synewes eat.
His owne deare Una hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments, and her golden heare,
For pitty of his paine and anguish sore;
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare;
For well she wist his crime could else be never cleare.

29 Whom thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce they to Una brought:
Who joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fairely eke besought,
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitfull nest;
To her faire Una brought this unacquainted guest.

30 She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated, chaste in worke and will;
Her necke and breasts were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still.

31 A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports, that joyd her to behold,
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adornd with gemmes and owches wondrous faire,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told:
And by her side there sate a gentle paire
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chaire.

32 The knight and Una entring faire her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaines with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penaunce, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell, and long enduring night.

33 She was right joyous of her just request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne,
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousnesse, and well to donne,
And wrath, and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred, and his wrath,
And many soules in dolours had fordonne:
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

34 Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisedome well descride:
Her name was Mercy, well knowne over all
To be both gratious, and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his wayes through this wide worldes wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

35 The godly matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrinke, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmely did upbeare;
As carefull nourse her child from falling oft does reare.

36 Eftsoones unto an holy hospitall,
That was fore by the way, she did him bring;
In which seven bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens king,
Did spend their dayes in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were traveiling;
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers by, that needy were and pore.

37 The first of them, that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and governement,
As guardian and steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainement
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such, as could him feast againe,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such, as want of harbour did constraine:
Those for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

38 The second was as almner of the place,
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thristy give to drinke, a worke of grace:
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:
The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give to the pore.

39 The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keep keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare clothes to give he had,
His owne coate he would cut, and it distribute glad.

40 The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gratious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd;
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that, why they in bands were layd;
And he that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly bowre.

41 The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those, in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away,
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

42 The sixt had charge of them now being dead,
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God me graunt, I dead be not defould.

43 The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender orphans of the dead
And widowes ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of judgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

44 There when the elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chiefest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towardes him did pas:
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
And alwayes led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare:
For of their order she was patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chiefest founderesse.

45 There she awhile him stayes, him selfe to rest,
That to the rest more able he might bee:
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of almes and charitee,
She him instructed with great industree.
Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

46 Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill, that was both steepe and hy;
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a little hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie,
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply;
His name was heavenly Contemplation;
Of God and goodnesse was his meditation.

47 Great grace that old man to him given had;
For God he often saw from heavens hight:
All were his earthly eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persant was his spright,
As eagles eye, that can behold the sunne:
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes nigh weary and fordonne
Gan faile, but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

48 There they do finde that godly aged sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed;
His mind was full of spirituall repast,
And pyn'd his flesh, to keepe his body low and chast.

49 Who when these two approching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside;
And had he not that dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked, to what end they clomb that tedious height.

50 What end (quoth she) should cause us take such paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke, high heaven to attaine?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keyes are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia? She doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire.

51 Thrise happy man, said then the father grave,
Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save.
Who better can the way to heaven aread,
Then thou thy selfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand angels shine?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

52 Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne.
Then come thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne,
That never leads the traveiler astray,
But after labors long, and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.

53 That done, he leads him to the highest mount;
Such one, as that same mighty man of God,
That blood-red billowes like a walled front
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty dayes upon; where, writ in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone.

54 Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasaunt mount, that is for ay
Through famous poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

55 From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A litle path, that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly citie led his vew;
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my simple song:
The citie of the great king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

56 As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed angels to and fro descend
From highest heaven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that citie wend,
As commonly as friend does with his frend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquere,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknowen nation there empeopled were.

57 Faire knight (quoth he) Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in, that are chosen his,
His chosen people purg'd from sinfull guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt:
Now are they saints all in that citie sam,
More dear unto their God than younglings to their dam.

58 Till now, said then the knight, I weened well,
That great Cleopolis where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faerie Queene doth dwell,
The fairest citie was, that might be seene;
And that bright towre all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was:
But now by proofe all otherwise I weene;
For this great citie that does far surpas,
And this bright angels towre quite dims that towre of glas.

59 Most trew, then said the holy aged man;
Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eye beholden can;
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,
That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
To be eternized, that same to haunt,
And doen their service to that soveraigne dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon graunt:
For she is heavenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

60 And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
How ever now accompted elfins sonne,
Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
To aide a virgin desolate fordonne.
But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
Thenceforth the suit of earthly conquest shonne,
And wash thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows yield.

61 Then seek this path, that I to thee presage,
Which after all to heaven shall thee send;
Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
To yonder same Hierusalem do bend,
Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end:
For thou emongst those saints, whom thou doest see
Shall be a saint, and thine owne nations frend
And patrone: thou Saint George shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery England, the signe of victoree.

62 Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of so great grace,
How dare I thinke such glory to attaine?
These that have it attaind, were in like cace,
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like paine.
But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
And ladies love to leave, so dearely bought?
What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,
(Said he,) and battailes none are to be fought?
As for loose loves, they'are vaine, and vanish into nought.

63 O let me not (quoth he) then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are;
But let me here for aye in peace remaine,
Or streight way on that last long voyage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare.
That may not be, (said he) ne maist thou yit
Forgo that royall maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand commit,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quit.

64 Then shall I soone (quoth he) so God me grace,
Abet that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place,
To walke this way in pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate?
That word shall I (said he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

65 For well I wote thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kings, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in place,
High reard their royall throne in Britane land,
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand:
From thence a Faerie thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base elfin brood there for thee left.
Such men do chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft.

66 Thence she thee brought into this Faerie lond.
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde,
Where thee a ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,
And brought thee up in ploughmans state to byde,
Whereof Georges he gave thee to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faerie court thou cam'st to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissaunt armes, as seemes thee best became.

67 O holy Sire (quoth he) how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have found,
That hast my name and nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bound?
This said, adowne he looked to the ground
To have returnd, but dazed were his eyne
Through passing brightnesse, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly things compard to things divine.

68 At last whenas himselfe he gan to find,
To Una back he cast him to retire;
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
Great thankes and goodly meed to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paines hyre.
So came to Una, who him joyd to see,
And after little rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure mindfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Caelia, and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The knight with that old Dragon fights
two dayes incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
most glorious victory.

1 High time now gan it wex for Una faire
To thinke of those her captive parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdome to repaire:
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take.

2 Now are we come unto my native soyle,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The sparke of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowmed make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake.

3 [And pointing forth, Lo, yonder is (said she)
The brasen towre, in which my parents deare
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare:
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare,
That O my parents might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.]

4 With that they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the ayre with terror filled wide,
And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoones that dreadful dragon they espyde,
Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill.
But all so soone as he from far descride
Those glistring armes that heaven with light did fill,
He rousd himselfe full blith, and hastned them untill.

5 Then bad the knight his lady yede aloof,
And to an hill her selfe withdraw aside:
From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
And eke be safe from daunger far descryde:
She him obayd, and turnd a little wyde.
Now O thou sacred muse, most learned dame,
Faire ympe of Phoebus and his aged bride,
The nourse of time and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortall name;

6 O gently come into my feeble brest,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
And harts of great heroës doest enrage,
That nought their kindled courage may aswage:
Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
The god of warre with his fiers equipage
Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd;
And scared nations doest with horrour sterne astownd.

7 Faire Goddesse, lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars do sing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin bloud bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene, and Paynim king,
That with their horror heaven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long and endlesse prayse:
But now a while let downe that haughtie string
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

8 By this, the dreadfull beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying, and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge wast,
As mountaine doth the valley overcast.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast;
Which to increase his wondrous greatnesse more,
Was swoln with wrath, and poyson, and with bloody gore;

9 And over, all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated coate of steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce, ne might his corse be harmd
With dint of sword, nor push of pointed speare;
Which, as an eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horrour was to heare:
For, as the clashing of an armour bright,
Such noyse his rouzed scales did send unto the knight.

10 His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yards with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The cloudes before him fled for terror great,
And all the heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

11 His huge long tayle wound up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughts when ever he unfoldes,
And thicke entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shields of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke;
And at the point two stings in-fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest steele exceeden farre.

12 But stings and sharpest steele did far exceed
The sharpnesse of his cruell rending clawes;
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble: for his deepe devouring jawes
Wide gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysse all ravin fell.

13 And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were,
In which yet trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bred cold congealed feare:
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smoothering smoke and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

14 His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shields,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre:
As two broad beacons, set in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,
And warning give, that enemies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre:
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were set, that made a dreadfull shade.

15 So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest.
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed bore his bristles doth upreare,
And shoke his scales to battell ready drest;
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defiance to his foeman neare.

16 The knight gan fairely couch his steady speare,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hide would neither perce, nor bight,
But glauncing by forth passed forward right;
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did rush.

17 Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towardes him addrest:
But th' idle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious beast,
To be avenged of so great despight;
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

18 Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
And with strong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding aire, which nigh too feeble found
Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
To beare so great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad sayles, about him soared round:
At last low stouping with unweldy sway,
Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite away.

19 Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
So far as ewghen bow a shaft may send;
Till struggling strong did him at last constraine
To let them downe before his flightes end:
As hagard hauke, presuming to contend
With hardy fowle above his hable might,
His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight;
Which comming down to ground, does free itselfe by fight.

20 He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
The knight his thrillant speare again assayd
In his bras-plated body to embosse,
And three mens strength unto the stroke he layd;
Wherewith the stiffe beame quaked, as affrayd,
And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
The percing steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
That with the uncouth smart the monster lowdly cryde.

21 He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore,
When wintry storme his wrathfull wreck does threat;
The rolling billowes beat the ragged shore,
As they the earth would shoulder from her seat,
And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustring brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battell make, each other to avenge.

22 The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh,
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land, whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe-rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosethrill.

23 His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knot that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his rider: who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd:

24 And fiercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But, when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25 The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
And smote againe with more outrageous might;
But backe againe the sparckling steele recoyld,
And left not any marke, where it did light,
As if in adamant rocke it had beene pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to stye above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26 Then full of griefe and anguish vehement,
He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring oven sent
A flake of fire, that, flashing in his beard,
Him all amazd, and almost made afeard:
The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
And through his armour all his body seard,
That he could not endure so cruell cace,
But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

27 Not that great champion of the antique world,
Whom famous poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
When him the poysond garment did enchaunt,
With Centaures blood and bloody verses charm'd;
As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
Whom fyrie steele now burnt, that erst him arm'd;
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28 Faint, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent
With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
That never man such mischiefes did torment;
Death better were, death did he oft desire,
But death will never come, when needes require.
Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

29 It fortuned, (as faire it then befell,)
Behind his backe unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whylome, before that cursed dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot.

30 For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure, and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well:
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell.

31 Now gan the golden Phoebus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest,
When that infernall monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Can high advance his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings, as victor he did dwell.

32 Which when his pensive lady saw from farre,
Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
As weening that the sad end of the warre,
And gan to highest God entirely pray
That feared chance from her to turne away;
With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
All night she watcht, ne once adowne would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33 The morrow next gan early to appeare,
That Titan rose to runne his daily race;
But early, ere the morrow next gan reare
Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
And looked all about, if she might spy
Her loved knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34 At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay:
As eagle fresh out of the ocean wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay,
Like eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marveiles at himselfe, still as he flies:
So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

35 Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
And doubted whether his late enemy
It were, or other new supplied knight.
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

36 I wote not, whether the revenging steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other secret vertue did ensew;
Else never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall in his blood embrew:
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

37 The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelded for exceeding paine;
As hundred ramping lions seem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraine:
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore,
That to his force to yielden it was faine;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

38 The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smot,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behot:
The mortall sting his angry needle shot
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would there out be got:
The griefe thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his ranckling paine with patience be appeasd.

39 But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
Then of the grievous smart, which him did wring,
From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
And strove to loose the far infixed sting:
Which when in vaine he tryde with struggeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he heft,
And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
Of his huge taile he quite a sunder cleft;
Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him left.

40 Hart cannot thinke, what outrage, and what cries,
With foule enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
That all was covered with darkenesse dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He cast at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himselfe out of the mire
With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gript it fast withall.

41 Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
Ne wist yet, how his talants to unfold;
For harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
To reave by strength the griped gage away:
Thrise he assayd it from his foot to draw,
And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay,
It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

42 Tho when he saw no power might prevaile,
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,
That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid;
As sparckles from the andvile used to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid;
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

43 The other foot, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smot thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine;
Upon the joint the lucky steele did light,
And made such way, that hewd it quite in twaine;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

44 For griefe thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall fournace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the heavens light,
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew:
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clouds and filthy smoke,
That all the land with stench, and heaven with horror choke.

45 The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire,
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst (eternall God that chaunce did guide,)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

46 There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
Loaden with fruit and apples rosy red,
As they in pure vermilion had beene dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red:
For happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlasting did befall:
Great God it planted in that blessed sted
With his Almighty hand, and did it call
The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

47 In all the world like was not to be found,
Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprong out of the fruitfull ground,
As incorrupted nature did them sow,
Till that dread dragon all did overthrow.
Another like faire tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
Both good and ill: O mournfull memory;
That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

48 From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
A trickling streame of balme, most soveraine
And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
As it had deawed bene with timely raine;
Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe
The senselesse corse appointed for the grave.
Into that same he fell: which did from death him save.

49 For nigh thereto the ever damned beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preserved did detest:
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his roome to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth, and wayes of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

50 When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through losse of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his wounds, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

51 The joyous day gan early to appeare;
And faire Aurora from the deawy bed
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heaven high to chace the chearelesse darke;
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting larke.

52 Then freshly up arose the doughty knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battell ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismayd, and gan his fate to feare;
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

53 And in his first encounter, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outragious pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksome hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

54 So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And, rolling downe, great Neptune doth dismay;
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

55 The knight himselfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd:
And his deare lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread, which she misdeem'd;
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievd so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII.

Faire Una to the Redcrosse knight
betrouthed is with joy:
Though false Duessa it to barre
her false sleights doe imploy.

1 BEHOLD I see the haven nigh at hand,
To which I meane my wearie course to bend;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fairely to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms, that may offend:
There this faire virgin wearie of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeyes end:
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2 Scarsely had Phoebus in the glooming east
Yet harnessed his firie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast;
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle wall,
Who thereby dead that balefull beast did deeme,
And to his lord and lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the dragons fatall fall.

3 Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged sire, the lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand;
Which whenas true by tryall he out found,
He bad to open wyde his brazen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

4 Then gan triumphant trompets sound on hie,
That sent to heaven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victory
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

5 Forth came that auncient lord, and aged queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the ground,
And sad habiliments right well beseene:
A noble crew about them waited round
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd,
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand;
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

6 Unto that doughtie conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their lord and patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their laurell boughes did throw.
Soone after them all dauncing on a row,
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in medow greene do grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;
And in their hands sweet timbrels all upheld on hight.

7 And, them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the maydens sounding tymbrels song,
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came, where that faire virgin stood:
As faire Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood:

8 So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heaven her everlasting fame:
Then on her head they set a girland greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game:
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden queene.

9 And after, all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man;
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But when they came where that dead dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with idle feare did them dismay,
Ne durst approch him nigh, to touch, or once assay.

10 Some, feard, and fled; some feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many dragonets, his fruitfull seed;
Another said, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fire, and bad thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed.

11 One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did comè too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossips gan in counsell say;
How can I tell, but that his talents may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?
So diversly themselves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some, more bold, to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spread of land.

12 Thus flocked all the folke him round about;
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasance did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and faire does entertaine
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thankes him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
He dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

13 And after to his pallace he them brings,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people singes,
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they find purveyaunce meet
Of all, that royall princes court became;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespred with costly scarlot of great name,
On which they lowly sit, and fitting purpose frame.

14 What needs me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devize,
Of comely services, or courtly trayne,
My narrow leaves cannot in them containe
The large discourse of royall princes state.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plaine;
For th' antique world excesse and pride did hate:
Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

15 Then when with meates and drinkes of every kinde
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That auncient lord gan fit occasion finde,
Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad
Which in his travell him befallen had,
For to demaund of his renowmed guest:
Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before exprest,
Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

16 Great pleasures, mixt with pittiful regard,
That godly king and queene did passionate,
Whiles they his pittifull adventures heard;
That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
And often blame the too importune fate
That heaped on him so many wrathfull wreakes:
For never gentle knight, as he of late,
So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes;
And all the while salt teares bedeawd the hearers cheaks.

17 Then sayd that royall pere in sober wise;
Deare sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
From first to last in your late enterprise,
That I note, whether praise, or pitty more:
For never living man, I weene, so sore
In sea of deadly daungers was distrest;
But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
And well arrived are (high God be blest)
Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest.

18 Ah, dearest lord, said then that doughty knight,
Of ease or rest I may not yet devize;
For by the faith, which I to armes have plight,
I bounden am streight after this emprize,
As that your daughter can ye well advize,
Backe to returne to that great Faerie Queene,
And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize,
Gainst that proud paynim king that works her teene:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene.

19 Unhappy falls that hard necessity,
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace,
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I against the same can justly preace:
But since that band ye cannot now release,
Nor doen undo; (for vowes may not be vaine,)
Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
Ye then shall hither backe returne againe,
The marriage to accomplish vowd betwixt you twain:

20 Which for my part I covet to performe,
In sort as through the world I did proclame,
That whoso kild that monster most deforme,
And him in hardy battaile overcame,
Should have mine onely daughter to his dame,
And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee:
Therefore since now to thee perteines the same,
By dew desert of noble chevalree,
Both daughter and eke kingdome, lo I yield to thee.

21 Then forth he called that his daughter faire,
The fairest Un' his onely daughter deare,
His onely daughter, and his onely heyre;
Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,
As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the east, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long wished light:
So faire and fresh that lady shewd her selfe in sight:

22 So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May;
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare,
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

23 The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face,
To tell, were as to strive against the streame:
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she dayly with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestiall sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

24 So fairely dight, when she in presence came,
She to her sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wisedome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say. But eare he thus had said,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismaid,
A messenger with letters, which his message said.

25 All in the open hall amazed stood
At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood:
But he for nought would stay his passage right,
Till fast before the king he did alight;
Where falling flat, great humblesse he did make,
And kist the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake,
Which he disclosing, read thus, as the paper spake;

26 To thee, most mighty king of Eden faire,
Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
The wofull daughter, and forsaken heire
Of that great emperour of all the West;
And bids thee be advized for the best,
Ere thou thy daughter linck in holy band
Of wedlocke to that new unknowen guest:
For he already plighted his right hand
Unto another love, and to another land.

27 To me sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
He was affiaunced long time before,
And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore:
Witnesse the burning altars, which he swore,
And guilty heavens of his bold perjury,
Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
Yet I to them for judgment just do fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this shamefull injury.

28 Therefore since mine he is, or free or bond,
Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
Withhold, O soveraine prince, your hasty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
Through weaknesse of my widowhed, or woe;
For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead,
And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor foe,
Fidessa.

29 When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
That still he sate long time astonished,
As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
At last his solemne silence thus he brake,
With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest;
Redoubted knight, that for mine onely sake
Thy life and honour late adventurest,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be exprest.

30 What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
Throwne out from womanish impatient mind?
What heavens? what altars? what enraged heates,
Here heaped up with termes of love unkind,
My conscience cleare with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witnesse, that I guiltlesse ame.
But if yourselfe, sir knight, ye faulty find,
Or wrapped be in loves of former dame,
With crime doe not it cover, but disclose the same.

31 To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent;
My lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me upbrayd
With breach of love and loyalty betrayd.
It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard;
That day should faile me, ere I had them all declard.

32 There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this false woman, that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest dame on ground,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was to inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd, when least I feared ill.

33 Then stepped forth the goodly royall mayd,
And on the ground her selfe prostrating low,
With sober countenaunce thus to him sayd;
O pardon me, my soveraine lord, to show
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse.
She, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in dayly wretchednesse.

34 And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and unprovided scath,
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whom if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive; who tries, shall find no lesse.

35 The King was greatly moved at her speach,
And, all with suddein indignation fraight,
Bad on that messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the gard, which on his state did wait,
Attacht that faitor false, and bound him strait:
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare, whom cruell dogs do bait,
With idle force did faine them to withstand:
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

36 But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains:
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke, that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains?
Thus when that princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter dear he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

37 His owne two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fit,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinckled wide;
At which the bushy teade a groome did light,
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evill fates, but burnen ever bright.

38 Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day;
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete musicke did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

39 During the which there was an heavenly noise
Heard sound through all the pallace pleasantly,
Like as it had bene many an angels voice
Singing before th' eternall Majesty,
In their trinall triplicities on hye;
Yet wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
Proceeded, yet eachone felt secretly
Himselfe thereby reft of his sences meet,
And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

40 Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And solemne feast proclaimd throughout the land,
That their exceeding merth may not be told:
Suffice it heare by signes to understand
The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
Possessed of his ladies hart and hand;
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold.

41 Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
In full content he there did long enjoy;
Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
His deare delights were able to annoy:
Yet swimming in that sea of blissfull joy,
He nought forgot how he whilome had sworne,
In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
Unto his Faerie Queene backe to returne;
The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

42 Now strike your sailes ye jolly Mariners,
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we must land some of our passengers,
And light this weary vessell of her lode.
Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide. And then againe abroad
On the long voyage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent.

LIST OF ABBREVIATIONS.

adj.	= adjective.
adv.	= adverb.
A. S.	= Anglo-Saxon.
c.	= canto.
Celt.	= Celtic.
ch.	= chapter.
cp.	= compare.
comp.	= comparative.
Dan.	= Danish.
dat.	= dative.
Dict.	= Dictionary.
dimin.	= diminutive.
Du.	= Dutch.
ed.	= edition.
edd.	= editions.
E. E.	= Early English.
Eng.	= English.
Fr.	= French.
Ger.	= German.
Gr.	= Greek.
Gloss.	= Glossary.
Gloss. II.	= Glossary to Book II.
Gloss. M. et I. Lat.	= Glossarium Mediae et Infimae Latinitatis (Du Cange).
Goth.	= Gothic.
Icel.	= Icelandic.
It.	= Italian.
L. Gr.	= Late Greek.
L. Lat.	= Late Latin.
l.	= line.
ll.	= lines.
lit.	= literally.
n.	= noun.
neg.	= negative.
nom.	= nominative.
N. Eng.	= North English.
N. Lat.	= North Latitude.
O. Du.	= Old Dutch.
O. Eng.	= Old English.
O. Fr.	= Old French.
O. H. Ger.	= Old High German.
O. N.	= Old Norse.
O. Norm. Fr.	= Old Norman French.
p.	= page.
part.	= participle.
p. p.	= past participle.
pl.	= plural.
pret.	= preterite.
pron.	= pronoun.
Scot.	= Scottish.
st.	= stanza.
subst.	= substantive.
superl.	= superlative.
Teut.	= Teutonic.
v.	= verb.

NOTES.

1, 1. *Lo I the man;*—imitated from the lines placed at the beginning of Virgil's Aeneid:

"Ille ego, qui quondam" &c.

did maske in lowly Shepheards weeds;—alludes to the Shepheards Calender, first published by Spenser A.D. 1579.

5. *of knights and ladies gentle deeds;*—This is imitated from the opening lines of Ariosto's Orl. Fur. 1. 1:

"Le donne, i cavalier, l'arme, gli amori
Le cortesíe, l'audaci imprese io canto."

6. *Whose praises having slept*, &c.;—a very involved construction. In the natural order it would run thus: 'And now that their praises have slept in long silence, the Muse areeds (commands) me, (though I be altogether too mean) to blazon [them] abroad amongst her learned throng (of poets, sages, &c.).' In this passage are still to be seen traces of the pedantic Latinisms, and involved uneasy English hexameters, for which Spenser in early life had shewn no little liking.

2, 1. *O holy virgin, chiefe of nine;*—Clio, first of the nine Muses.

2. *Thy weaker novice;*—'thy too-weak novice,' a Latinism not uncommon in Spenser. He uses the comp. where we should use 'too' before the positive: 'too weak for such a task.'

5. *Tanaquill;*—a British Princess, by whom Spenser means Queen Elizabeth, as appears from Bk. II. x. 76:

"He dying, left the fairest Tanaquill, ...
Therefore they Glorian call that glorious flowre:
Long mayst thou, Glorian, live in glory and great powre."

6. *Briton prince;*—Prince Arthur.

7. *and suffered so much ill;*—elliptical, for 'and [for whom he] suffered.'

3, 1. *impe of highest Jove;*—Cupid, or Love; who in the mythologies is son of Jove and Venus. The appellative 'impe' simply means child, and has nothing grotesque in it. See Gloss. *Impe.*

7. *Mart;*—Mars, god of war. So Chaucer writes the word with a *t*, in Troilus and Cresside, 2. 988, "for the love of *Marte*."

4, 3. *Great Lady*, &c.;—Queen Elizabeth; who in the year 1590, two years after the defeat of the Armada, certainly had a right to this title; though scarcely (at the age of 56) to that of "goddesse heavenly bright," &c., save that such language was required by the degraded courtesy of the age.

5. *eyne;*—older pl. of 'eye.' Spenser also spells it 'eyen;' (as in c. x. 47. 3,) in which case it answers exactly to the old pl. *-en*, which still survives in brethren, children. (So Ger. *Auge*, pl. *Augen;* Dan. pl. *oiene;* A.S. *eage*, pl. *eagan*.) In East Anglia the people still say nesen, housen, &c. as pl. of nest, house, &c.

7. *type of thine;*—Una, or Truth.

8. *The argument of mine afflicted stile;*—'the subject-matter of my lowly pen.'

9. *O dearest dread;*—Spenser uses the same phrase of Una, as Queen Elizabeth's type, in c. ii. 2, "Una, his dear dread." "Most dread Prince" was formerly a common salutation of royalty.

CANTO I.

The Red Cross Knight and Una on her milk-white ass are driven by storm into the wood of Error. There they discover Error's cave, and the Knight slays the monster. Escaped thence, false Archimago beguiles them, and persuades the Knight, by his magical arts, that Una is false to him.

1, 1. *A gentle Knight;*—The Red Cross Knight, by whom is meant reformed England, (see c. x. 61, where he is called "St. George of merry England,") has just been equipped with the "armour which Una brought (that is, the armour of a Christian man, specified by St. Paul, v. [vi.] Ephes.)" as Spenser tells Sir W. Raleigh in his Letter. The armour "wherein old dints &c.," though new to the Knight, is old as Christendom. Thus equipped, and guided by truth, he goes forth to fight against error and temptation; and above all to combat that spirit of falsehood, concerning which the England of 1588 had learnt so much from Philip II of Spain and Alexander of Parma. The diplomatic lying which preceded the Armada contrasted with the simple truthfulness of the English and Dutch statesmen, and had taught Englishmen to couple the name of Spain with all that was false, as well as with all that was cruel.

2. *silver shielde;*—Church quotes from Hardyng, very appositely:

> "A *shilde* of *silver white*,
> A crosse endlong and overthwart full perfecte;
> These armes were used through all Britain
> For a common signe eche man to know his nacion
> From enemies; which now we call certain
> *Sainct Georges* armes."

5. *Yet armes*, &c.;—see Letter to Sir W. Raleigh. He had been hitherto but "a tall clownishe young man."

2, 4. *And dead*, &c.;—'adored Him (who was) dead, as being ever living.' Some edd. punctuate 'and, dead as living, ever him adore.' But this misses the sense, and the obvious allusion to Rev. i. 18.

6. *For soveraine hope, which*, &c.;—the shield was 'scored' with a cross, as a sign of the 'sovereign hope' which he had in the help to be given him by our Lord's death for him.

7. *Right faithfull true;*—edd. 1590, 1596, have no commas, so making 'right' an adv., and giving the meaning 'right faithfull and true.' The reading 'right, faithfull, true,' is unlike Spenser; he would scarcely use 'right' for 'righteous;' and 'right' as an adv. is common with him; as 'right courteous,' 'right jolly.' So he also uses 'full,' 'full soon,' &c. This form of the adverb (as in st. 4. l. 1, below) comes from the Old Engl. adverbial form which ends in *e-*, 'faire,' 'righte,' the *-e* being dropped in modern spelling. See Morris, E. E. Specimens, Grammat. Introd. p. lv.

8. *of his cheere*, &c.;—'in countenance and bearing seemed too solemnly grave.'

9. *ydrad;*—p.p. of to dread, as yclad of to clothe, &c. Spenser has been blamed for coining forms to suit his rhymes. But this is not so. He uses old, not new forms.

3, 2. *greatest Gloriana;*—Queen Elizabeth. So in the Letter to Sir W. Raleigh we read, "In that Faery Queene I mean *Glory* in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our soveraine the Queene." It was court fashion to address the Virgin Queen under such names as Gloriana, Oriana, Diana, &c. Spenser also calls her Belphoebe, and Britomart; Raleigh styled her his Cynthia.

9. *his foe, a dragon;*—first the Devil, father of lies; then the powers of Spain and Rome, as the earthly exponents of falsehood.

4, 1. *A lovely ladie;*—Una, or Truth. "Truth is one, error manifold" must have been the thought in Spenser's mind when he fixed on this name. Church says, "Mr. Llwyd (in his Irish Dict.) says that Una is a Danish proper name of women; and that one of that name was daughter to a king of Denmark. He adds that Una is still a proper name in Ireland"—where probably Spenser first found it in use, and thence adopted it.

rode him faire beside;—'rode fairly beside him.' For this adverbial form 'faire,' see above, note on st. 2. l. 7.

3. *Yet she much whiter;*—Hallam, Lit. of Eur. II. v. § 88, objects to this as strained. The "asse more white than snow" is extravagant; but there is an excuse for Una's whiteness, because Spenser wished to give the impression of the surpassing purity and spotlessness of Truth.

4. *Under a vele, that wimpled*, &c.;—'Her veil was plaited in folds, falling so as to cover her face.' See Gloss. *Wimple.*

6. *so was she sad;*—'so grave she was.'

8. *Seemed;*—impers. for 'it seemed.' Spenser very commonly omits the pronoun before impers. verbs.

9. *lad;*—'led.' An old form.

5, 3. *from royall lynage;*—an allusion to Isaiah 49. 23. Spenser's meaning is that Una, Truth, or the Reformed Church, derives her lineage from the Church Universal, not from the Papacy.

6, 1. *a dwarfe;*—the dwarf is probably intended to represent common sense, or common prudence of humble life. "Such an one as might be attendant on Truth—cautious, nay timid, yet not afraid—feeble, but faithful,

and in all his dangers devoted to his Lady and his Lord." (Blackwood's Mag., Nov. 1834.)

7, 2. *A shadie grove;*—the wood of Error, which is at first enchanting, but soon leads those astray who wander in it. By it Spenser shadows forth the dangers surrounding the mind that escapes from the bondage of Roman authority, and thinks for itself; and also the ultimate triumph of the man who, with help of God's armour, tracks Error to its den, and slays it there.

5. *that heavens light did hide;*—So Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 1. 37:

"E la foglia co'rami in modo è mista
Che'l Sol non v'entra, non che minor vista."

6. *Not perceable with power of any starre;*—Warton notices here that stars were supposed to have a malign influence on trees. But Spenser only wishes to convey an impression of great closeness and gloom in the grove. Cp. Statius, 10. 85:

"Nulli penetrabilis astro Lucus iners."

8, 5. *Much can they praise;*—'much they began to praise.' Spenser sometimes writes 'can' for 'gan.' So Church quotes Chaucer:

"Yet half for drede I *can* my visage hide."

Or perhaps 'can' is used as an auxiliary verb = do; then 'can praise' will = do praise.

This description of trees is expanded from Chaucer's Assembly of Foules, 176. It has been objected to with some justice as not true to nature, and laboured, as so many different kinds of trees could not have grown together in a thick wood. But the passage suits well the general conception, as it causes a feeling of bewilderment of details, leading us on to the 'cave of Error.'

6. *The sayling pine;*—'the pine whence sailing ships are made.' Chaucer, Assembly, 179, "the saylynge firre.' The Latin poets use *pinus* 'per synecdochen' for ship, as—

"Non huc Argoo contendit remige *pinus*."—Hor. Epod. 16. 57.

the cedar proud and tall;—Ezekiel 31. 3: "Behold the Assyrian was a *cedar* in Lebanon . . . of a high stature." ver. 10: 'Because thou hast lifted up thyself in height . . . and his heart is lifted up in his height," &c.; and Isaiah 2. 13: "Upon all the cedars of Lebanon, that are high and lifted up." Chaucer, Complaynte of a Loveres Lyfe, 67: "the cedres high."

7. *The vine-prop elme;*—the elm in ancient Italy was largely used to train up the vine:

"Amictae vitibus ulmi."—Ovid. Met. 10. 100.

So Chaucer, Assembly, 177, has "the peler elme."

the poplar never dry;—from its flourishing in damp spots, on river banks, &c.

8. *The builder oake;*—Chaucer, Assembly, 176, has the same epithet.

9. *the cypresse funerall;*—Pliny, Nat. Hist. 16. 33 (60), says, "Cypressus—funebri signo ad domos posita." Chaucer, Assembly, 179, "The cipresse deth to pleyne." Sir P. Sidney in his Arcadia has "Cypress branches, wherewith in old time they were wont to dress graves." There was a tradition that the Cross was made of cypress-wood. See the Squyre of Lowe Degree (quoted by Warton on Spenser; 1. 139):

"Cypresse the first tre that Jesu chase (chose)."

For the classical legend see notes on c. vi. 14 and 17.

9, 2. *the firre that weepeth still;*—distils resin.

3. *The willow, worne of forlorne paramours;*—the badge of deserted lovers. See Percy's Reliques, 1. 156, and John Heywood's Song of the Green Willow:

"All a green willow, willow,
All a green willow is my garland.
Alas! by what means may I make ye to know
The unkindness for kindness that to me doth grow?
That one who most kind love on me should bestow,
Most unkind unkindness to me she doth show.
For all a green willow is my garland."

So too Shakespeare, in Othello, puts this refrain into Desdemona's song. Beaumont and Fletcher, The Night Walker, Act i.:

"Here comes poor Frank;—
We see your willow, and are sorry for 't."

4. *The eugh obedient to the benders will;*—referring to the bows made of yew. Chaucer has it "the sheter (shooter) ewe."

5. *the sallow for the mill;*—Ovid, Met. 10. 96, has

"Omnicolaeque simul salices."

6. *The mirrhe sweete bleeding in the bitter wound;*—the myrrh has a bitter taste, but the exudation from its bark is sweet of smell. Chaucer, Complaynte of a Loveres Lyfe, 66:

"The myrre also that wepeth ever of kynde."

7. *The warlike beech;*—suitable for warlike arms, or because the war-chariots of the ancients were made of it.

9. *The carver holme;*—good for carving. Chaucer, Assembly, 178, has "holme to whippes lasshe."

10, 7. *doubt their wits be not their owne;*—'doubt' here = fear. See Gloss. *Doubt.*

11, 2. *or in or out;*—'either on the inside or the outside of the maze.'

4. *like to lead the labyrinth about;*—'likely to lead them out of the labyrinth.'

12, 7, 8. *shame were to revoke*
The forward footing for an hidden shade;—

'it would be shame (shameful) to recall our forward movement (for fear of) a concealed shadow of evil.' Here again Spenser uses the impersonal verb without the neut. pron;—*shame were* = 'it were shame.'

13, 6. *wandring wood;*—'the wood of wandering.'

8. *Therefore I read beware;*—'therefore I advise you to be cautious.'

14, 2. *for ought;*—'by any arguments,' or 'for any reasons.'

4. *his glistring armor*, &c.;—a passage worthy of Rembrandt's most gloomy pencil. The image of Error should be compared with Milton's delineation of Sin, P. L. 2. 650.

9. *full of vile disdaine;*—'full of vileness breeding disdain.' She is Falsehood, half human, half bestial, half true and half untrue; parent of a countless brood of lies. Her shape is taken partly from Hesiod's Echidna, Theog. 301; and partly from the locusts in Rev. 9. 7.

15, 4. *Of her there bred;*—'there sprung from her as a mother;' 'she had a *brood* of.'

7. *Of sundry shapes;*—i. e. each of a shape different from all the rest: or each one able to vary its shape—lies and rumours being many-formed.

16, 1. *upstart, out of her den effraide;*—pret. of to upstart, to start up. Ed. 1590 puts a comma after 'upstart,' so connecting 'out of her den' with 'effraide,'—'she started up, frightened out of her den.' Later edd. seem to have preferred the meaning 'started up (and rushed) out of her den, quite frightened.'

4. *without entraile;*—'untwisted.'

6. *Armed to point;*—'armed cap-à-pie,' at every point. Bailey in his Dict. says "*to point*, completely;—as *armed to point*, Spenser." The Fr. phrase *à point* = to a nicety, is probably the real origin of the phrase.

17, 1. *the valiant Elfe;*—the Knight is described as coming from Faerie Land, c. x. 60, 61. The word 'elfe' is A. S. *ælf*, an elf. The A. S. had *Dun-ælfen* = mountain (or down) fairy; *wæter- ælfen* = water-baby; whence the word usually is taken to signify a small sprite, like the Teut. *Kobold*, &c. E. K., the ingenious commentator on the Shepheards Calender, declares that elfs and goblins were originally Guelfs and Ghibelines: the coincidence is curious, but the derivation absurd.

he lept As lyon fierce;—cp. Hom. Il. 5. 297.

3. *trenchand;*—the older participial form; so *glitterand*. It is used in the Northumbrian dialect of early English. See Morris, E. E. Specimens, Grammat. Introd. p. xiv. It may be a relic of Spenser's life in the Northern Counties rather than of French origin (as if from *trenchant*, &c.).

7. *Threatning her angry sting;*—a Latin phrase; 'threatening' being used as 'brandishing.'

18, 6. *traine;*—used in l. 6 as = long trailing tail, and in l. 9 as = snare. Spenser (like Chaucer) often allows words exactly alike in form to rhyme together, so long as their meaning differs.

19, 6. *His gall did grate;*—the gall was supposed to be the seat of anger (so Greek χόλος and χολή and Latin *bilis*, used for both), and the sense is 'his anger began to be stirred within him.'

20, 1. *Therewith*, &c.;—this passage is far too coarsely drawn to please the classical critics, who condemn it with averted faces.

6. *Her vomit full of bookes and papers was;*—the latter end of the sixteenth century was a time of great activity in polemical pamphleteering; and Spenser hints at the writings which sprang from the Roman Catholic reaction. He probably had in mind Cardinal Allen's book on Queen Elizabeth, and the famous Bull of Sixtus V, both of which had but just appeared, in the year 1588;—if he alludes at all to particular works. At any rate, he refers to the scurrilous attacks on the Queen, which had of late been published in great numbers by the English Jesuit refugees.

21, 5. *when his later spring gins to avale;*—'when the inundation, towards the end, begins to abate.' In ed. 1590 the passage runs 'his later ebbe;' but Spenser himself corrected it, in the Errata, to 'spring.' See Gloss. *Avale.*

7. *Ten thousand kindes of creatures;*—a poetical figure, not a fact; though it was generally believed and related in Spenser's day by both historians and poets.

23, 1. *As gentle shepheard;*—here Spenser follows Homer: cp. Iliad 2. 469; 17. 641.

4. *their hasty supper;*—So Milton, Comus, 541:

"The chewing flocks
Had ta'en their *supper* on the savoury herb."

26, 3. *on whom,* &c.;—a cumbrous sentence = 'while he thus gazed on them, who had all satisfied their thirst for blood, he saw their bellies, swollen with fulness, burst,' &c.

7. *her life, the which them nurst;*—'the life of her who nursed them.' 'Which,' in Spenser's day, was used equivalently with 'who,' and the article was not unfrequently placed before it. In this place it is relative to 'her,' not to 'life.' The Fr. *lequel* answers exactly to this usage of 'the which.' In the Spectator, No. 78, there is a criticism on the Lord's Prayer, in which the writer is clearly unaware of this propriety of usage. "In the first and best prayer children are taught, they learn to misuse us (*who* and *which*): 'Our Father, *which* art in heaven,' should be 'Our Father, *who*,' &c."

9. *with whom he should contend;*—'should' = 'should have had to;'—'his foes, with whom he otherwise would have had to contend, have slain themselves.'

27, 1. *that chaunst;*—'that had happened.'

3. *borne under happy starre;*—refers to the astrological belief in nativities: "O sidere dextro Edite."—Stat. Silv. 3. 4. 63.

5. *that armory;*—"the armour of a Christian man."—Eph. 6. 13, 14.

9. *And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may;*—'and I wish that like (similar) success may henceforth follow it;' literally, 'that like may succeed it.' Another instance of infringement of the natural order of words.

28, 7. *with God to frend;*—'with God for a friend.' An O. Eng. idiom, corresponding to 'to have one *to* my friend, *to* my foe:' or 'frend' may be a verb and = 'to befriend.'

29, 2. *An aged sire;*—Archimago, the chief enchanter; who is also called Hypocrisy. From his connection with Duessa he may be intended either for the Pope, or the Spanish King (Philip II), or for the general spirit of lying and false religion. The whole adventure is drawn from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 2. 12.

30, 1, 2. *louting low,*
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;—

'bowing humbly' (as a rustic, in sign of deep humility) to the knight, 'who returned his salute fairly, as was courteous from a superior.' 'As that' is exactly equivalent to our present use of 'as.'

6. *Silly old man;*—harmless, simple.

7. *Bidding his beades;*—'saying his prayers.' See Gloss. *Bid.*

9. *sits not;*—'it sits not' = 'it is not seemly.' Also in Chaucer. So the French 'il ne sied pas.' Some editors, following ed. 1609, read 'fits.'

31, 6. *to shew the place;*—'for shewing,' or 'if you will shew.' Like the Greek article with the inf. τοῦ ποιεῖν, 'for doing,' 'for shewing.'

33, 3. *night they say gives counsell best;*—this is a proverb—'Εν νυκτὶ βουλή, or 'La nuit donne conseil,' or 'La notte è madre di pensieri.'—Upton. Dryden refers to this passage when he writes,

"Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night the honored name of Counseller."

34, 4. *a little wyde;*—'a little apart,' or 'at a little distance.'

5. *edifyde;*—'built;' a Latinism (*aedificare*)—shewing, too, that in the sixteenth century the terms 'edify,' 'edification,' had not caught their modern technical and exclusive signification; and that in the time of the translators of the Bible the word conveyed St. Paul's meaning more exactly than it does now. Mr. Wright, in his Bible Word-Book, in referring to this passage says that "Spenser affects archaisms;" perhaps it would be more exact to say that he here affects Latinisms; for 'to edify,' and 'edification,' are used by others of his age in their first sense.

6. *wont to say;*—(was) wont.

35, 3. *and all thinges at their will;*—'rest is as good as the having all things as they might wish.'

36, 3. *Morpheus;*—the god of sleep, who sprinkles the "slombring deaw" of sleep from his horn, or off his wings, or from the branch he carries, dipped in Lethean stream. He is the god of dreams, as his name indicates;—the *formative* power in sleep.

37, 3. *like terrible;*—'like' is here used for 'alike,' 'likewise,' or 'equally.'

4. *blacke Plutoes griesly dame;*—Proserpine. According to Hesiod, and the later mythologists, Pluto (whom Spenser calls 'black' because of his ruling over the dark realms, as god of Hades) carried her off to be his wife. The epithet 'griesly' well suits her whom the ancients regarded as the avenger of men, and inflicter of men's curses on the dead.

8. *Great Gorgon, Prince of darknesse and dead night;*—not the mythological Gorgon (or Medusa), who was female; but the mediæval Demogorgon, a mysterious and essentially evil divinity, whom some regarded as the author of creation, and others as a great magician who commanded the spirits of the lower world; which is the view taken by Spenser. He is regarded as a great power in incantations. Milton mentions him, P. L. 2. 964:

"Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon."

9. *At which;*—that is, 'at which name of Gorgon.'

Cocytus;—the river of wailing, in the infernal regions; from Gr. κωκυτός, lamentation.

Styx;—the hateful river: Gr. στύξ. The other two rivers were Acheron, the river of grief, and Phlegethon, the river of burning. See canto v. st. 33. So Milton writes:

"Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, named of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful stream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage."
Par. Lost. 2. 577.

38, 2. *like little flyes;*—so Beelzebub is the "god of flies."

9. *The other by himselfe staide;*—'he stayed (or retained) the other by himself.'

39, 6. *Tethys*;—in the Greek mythology she was the daughter of Uranus (heaven) and Gaea (earth), and wife of Oceanus.

7. *Cynthia*;—one of the surnames of Artemis the moon-goddess, derived from mount Cynthus in Delos, her birthplace. (Similarly the pair-god to Artemis, Apollo the sun-god, is called Cynthius.)

40, 1. *Whose double gates*, &c.;—imitated from Hom. Od. 1. 562; or from Virgil's Aen. 6. 894:

"Sunt geminae somni portae; quarum altera fertur
Cornea," &c.

2. *faire fram'd of burnisht yvory*;—so Virgil has it:

"Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto."

The ivory gate was held to send up false dreams, the horn gate (which Spenser for more poetic effect overlays with silver), true visions.

4. *before them farre do lye*;—'lie at a distance in front of them.'

9. *he takes keepe*;—'he takes heed.'

41, 1. *And more*;—the student ought to take notice of the perfect rhythm and musical sound of this stanza. Compare the opening stanza of Tennyson's Lotos Eaters. Chaucer, in describing the house of Morpheus, has a passage which Spenser probably had in mind:

"A fewe welles
Came rennynge fro the clyffes adoun
That made a dedely slepynge soun."
Boke of the Duchesse, 160.

8. *carelesse Quiet*;—Virgil's "secura quies." Notice Spenser's strong power of personification. Quiet is here introduced, just like Care and Sleep in st. 40, as a personage, not as a quality.

42, 3. *So sound he slept*;—for this description of Morpheus cp. Ovid, Met. 11. 617.

6. *that forced him*;—'that it (or he) forced him.'

7. *dryer braine*;—the ancients thought that those dreams were true which came from a dry brain; but Spenser seems here to hold that a dry brain is the cause of "troubled sights and fancies weake."

9. *all*;—probably here means 'altogether.'

43, 3. *Hecate*;—a powerful and mysterious female divinity of classical days; a mystic goddess, invoked with strange ceremonies. The mythologies feigned that she accompanied Demeter to the infernal regions in her search for Persephone, and remained behind in the shades. Thence she came to be regarded as mistress of all demons and phantoms, and it was thought she was wont to send these forth upon earth. It is to this that Spenser here alludes.

9. *the sleepers sent*;—'the sleeper's sensation:' 'scent' was originally spelt thus, 'sent' being the short form of 'sensation.'

44, 2. *A diverse dreame*;—'a dream which would divert or distract their minds.'

46, 6. *borne without her dew*;—'fashioned by him in an undue and unnatural manner.'

CANTO II.

The Red Cross Knight, deceived by Archimago, flees by night, leaving Una to her fate. On his way he meets the Paynim Sansfoy, and the false Duessa: him the Knight slays, and carries her off in triumph. Their adventure with Fradubio and Fraelissa, once human, now trees.

1, 1. *the northerne wagoner;*—the constellation Boötes. Boötes was either wagoner to Charles' Wain, or keeper (arctophylax) to the Great Bear, according to the name given to the chief northern group of fixed stars.

2. *His sevenfold teme;*—the constellation called Charles' Wain, i. e. the Churl's (countryman's) Wain or wagon: or it may come from *Karl*, Karl being the Teutonic name corresponding to Odin. In the north these seven stars were first called Odin's Wain; and when they entered into German mythology their name was naturally changed to 'Karl's Wain.' Others again connect the name with *Karl* the Great (Charlemagne). Also called the Great Bear, or Ursa Major.

2, 3. *the stedfast starre That was*, &c.;—the Pole star, which never sets in our latitude.

7. *Phoebus fiery carre;*—the sun; alluding to the mythological belief that the sun-god drives his chariot daily across the sky.

7, 1. The Red Cross Knight, beguiled by the phantoms of Archimago's magic, could not rest, but rose at earliest dawn and fled. Thus Spenser would indicate the struggle between truth and falsehood at the Reformation period; and how the wrong slandered the right. Nor is allusion wanting to the gross and cruel libels on Queen Elizabeth, which were scattered abroad on the continent (and at home too in secret) by the Jesuit writers at this time. Their aim was, of course, to destroy the English belief in the Queen's truthfulness and fitness to be the leader of the nation, and to draw England back into allegiance to the Court of Rome (Spenser's false Duessa). The misfortunes undergone by the Knight in consequence of his faithlessness, his perils in the house of Pride, his bondage to Orgoglio (i. e. Antichrist), his risks in the cave of Despair, all spring from this first false step.

rosy-fingred morning faire;—a Homeric phrase, *ῥοδοδάκτυλος Ἠώς*.

2. *aged Tithones saffron bed;*—according to the mythologies he was beloved by Eos (Morning), who obtained for him immortality, but not eternal youth; whence the constant epithet 'aged.'

4. *Titan;*—the sun.

5. *drowsy-bed;*—'hed' = hood. There were two forms in Old Engl., 'hede' and 'hod,' whose modern representatives, 'head' and 'hood,' are seen in God-head, man-hood.

8, 3. *For him so far*, &c.;—'because his steed had borne him, who was stung with wrath, &c., so far, that (it) was but fruitless pain to follow him.'

9. *He so ungently;*—elliptical; 'in that' must be supplied before 'He.'

9, 6. *doth make;*—'machinate,' devise, (*machinari*). This seems to

indicate a connection between the Gr. μηχανή and the Teutonic *make*, A.S. *ge-macian*, Ger. *machen*.

7. *unto her*;—'her' is here the personal, and not the possessive pronoun.

10, 3. *in seeming wise*;—'in appearance, not in reality.'

4. *Proteus*;—is described in the myths (Homer, Od. 4. 365, and Virg. Geor. 4. 392), as the prophetic old man of the sea, who tends the flocks of seals belonging to Poseidon. If seized by any one, he could change himself to any shape—lion, snake, fire, &c., in order to escape, if possible, from being compelled to prophesy.

9. *might of magicke spell*;—we must not forget that at the end of the sixteenth century the belief in magic was strong, and sufficient to give to Archimago a real, as distinct from a merely poetical or imaginative, interest, (such as we may feel for Tennyson's Merlin). The Magician was believed to be a real power, not a mere creation of the poet's brain. He was the link between man and what may be called 'the lower supernatural.' Nor should it be forgotten that the wiles and falsehoods of the Spanish court were often at that time believed to be coupled with supernatural agencies. It was thought that the Devil was working with them against the English and Hollanders; and Philip was looked on as a kind of Magician in his Escurial laboratory. Sir T. Browne in his Religio Medici, written about 1635 (section 30, 31), holds that a disbelief in witchcraft is 'obliquely' a sort of atheism. See also Lecky, History of Rationalism, vol. i.

11, 1. *person to put on*;—a Latinism, 'personam induere,' to wear the mask of, or, as we now say, to 'personate,' some one else.

9. *Saint George himself*;—the pattern and patron (the two words used to be the same) of all good knightly souls.

12, 2. *The true Saint George*;—the Red Cross Knight (see c. x. 61) is declared to be a changeling, sprung really not from elfin brood, but from an 'ancient race of Saxon kings;' and he shall be called

"Saint George of mery England, the signe of victorie,"

shewing that Spenser intended him to be not merely Lord Leicester, but knightly England doing battle for the truth.

4. *Will was his guide*;—'he followed his own wilfulness, not the fixed purposes of truth,' as he had done while Una guided him towards her father's kingdom.

5. *him chaunst*;—another impersonal verb without a pronoun. It will not be necessary again to point these out to the student.

6. *A faithlesse Sarazin*;—the Saracen and Duessa, Pagan and Papal grouped together, (as half a century later we have them in the Pilgrim's Progress,)—the 'miscreant' and the 'false,'—were to men's minds in those days a proper couple. Though England herself was but little affected by the Turkish power, still she had a great interest (and since the defeat of the Armada had largely changed the balance of power at sea, a very real, though not yet realised, interest) in the progress of the Paynim supremacy in the East and on the Mediterranean. Perhaps, too, Spenser had in his mind the coquettings which had often taken place between Pope and Sultan. The three Paynim brethren Sansfoy, Sansjoy, Sansloy—faithless. joyless, lawless—indicate the point of view from which the age looked at the Saracen power.

That age, filled with its own struggles, could not do justice to what good there was in the Mohammedans—they were content with Spenser's summary:

"Full large of limbe and every joint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point."

13, 2. *A goodly lady;*—Duessa, or Fidessa—Falsehood, shadowing forth the false faith of Rome—"clad in scarlot red." Under her name is more especially signified Mary Queen of Scots, as the representative of Romish hostility to Elizabeth. This is worked out at length in Bk. V. xxxviii.

4. *a Persian mitre;*—a high mitre-like cap, a tire or *tiara*. Cp. Rev. 17. 4. We shall find her later on (c. vii. 16–19) riding on the seven-headed beast.

15. 3. *and towards ride;*—'ride towards (him).'

9. *yeeldeth land;*—gives way, recoils.

16. 1. *As when two rams*, &c.;—cp. Apol. Rhod. Argon. 2. 88; Virg. Aen. 12. 715.

6. *banging victory;*—doubtful, evenly balanced.

9. *their former cruelty;*—'their former (or late) rage against each other;' or it solely refers to their spears shattered—"the broken reliques"—in the onset.

17. 4. *Each others equall puissaunce envies;*—'each grudge the equal valour of the other, and each seeks with cruell glances to pierce through the other's iron sides'—looks for a weak point in his armour. Notice the 'their,' and cp. Matth. 18. 35: "If ye forgive not every one his brother *their* trespasses."

6, 7. *yields No foote to foe*, &c.;—'pedem referre,' to give way before.

18. 2. *the bitter fit;*—the painful throes of death.

5. *assured sitt;*—'get into a place of safety,' or 'sit firm in your saddle,' as I am going to hit hard.

7. *With rigor so outrageous;*—'he smote him with so stiff a blow.'

8. *it;*—the Paynim's sword. Spenser does not mention it before.

9. *from blame him fairly blest;*—Church says "acquitted him of having given but an indifferent blow." But surely Spenser connects this 'him' with the following 'who;' so that it is the Red Cross Knight who is "blest from blame," whatever it may mean. Perhaps it means that the Paynim's sword fairly delivered the Red Cross Knight from blame, blemish, harm,—did not wound him at all. This sense of the verb 'to bless' occurs also in such phrases as 'God from him me bless.' See Gloss. *Bless*.

19, 3. *at his haughtie helmet making mark;*—we should now 'make a mark *of* his helmet.' Spenser uses it in the sense of 'taking aim at.'

7. *his grudging ghost did strive;*—'his spirit grumbling (or unwilling to depart) strove with his flesh.'

21, 7. *And said;*—the subject of the sentence is here omitted: 'and *he* said.'

8. *Much rueth me;*—'your overthrow grieveth me much.' The verb 'to rue' is used in early writers impersonally as = to grieve. So Wicliffe, 2 Cor. 7. 8: "It rewith me not, though it rewide."

22, 2. *unhappy howre;*—Fr. *malheur;* It. *malora*. But Professor Max Müller derives *malheur* from *malum augurium:* if so, Spenser's use of

'howre' in this place is analogous to the Fr. phrase 'un mauvais quart d'heure,' and to our 'an evil hour,' rather than to *malheur*.

4. *before that angry heavens list to lowre ;*—'before it pleased the angry heavens to lower,' to look darkly on me. 'List' is here used as an impers. verb, with a dative of the person or thing; as in c. vii. 35, 'when him list.' Some edd. read 'lift;' but 'list' is the reading of edd. 1590, 1596.

7. *the sole daughter of an Emperour ;*—false Duessa thus represents the Papacy, sprung in a sense from the Roman Emperors and wielding part of their power. The Popes at Rome looked on themselves (partially at least) as inheritors of the Imperial position.

23, 8. *fone ;*—old pl. of *foe*.

27, 4. *is said ;*—'is a saying.'

9. *dainty maketh derth ;*—what is dainty (fastidious or coy) makes desire for it. By holding back coyly Duessa hoped to allure the Knight on. The proverb rightly means that extravagance and daintiness in food bring the glutton to dearth: but it is here used in the sense that what is dainty (or exquisite) is dear (dearth signifying dearness); as in the Latin "quae rara cara."

28, 8. *ne wont there sound ;*—'nor was accustomed to sound there.'

29, 1. *can spie ;*—can = gan or began; 'directly he saw them.'

30, 1. *Faire seemely pleasaunce ;*—polite courtesies.

2. *With goodly purposes ;*—pleasant and courteous conversation.

8. *out of whose rift*, &c.;—this conceit of human beings changed into trees occurs in Virg. Aen. 3. 23, where the fortunes of Polydorus are narrated. But Spenser is here following Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 6. 27. The "piteous yelling voice" is "con mesta e flebil voce;" "in this rough rynd," "sotto ruvida scorza." The passage in Ariosto is, on the whole, superior to this of Spenser. The falling leaves; the first thin voice, like the noise of undried wood hissing on the fire; the address of Ruggiero to the myrtle,—are all finer than the corresponding passages of Spenser. The student is recommended to compare the two descriptions. Dante also (in the Inferno) has men changed to trees; where, however, the conception is quite different.

31, 2. *spare to teare ;*—a Latinism, imitated from Virgil's "parce pias scelerare manus," Aen. 3. 41, in the corresponding description of Polydorus.

32, 5. *Limbo lake ;*—The 'Limbus patrum' was supposed by the Schoolmen to be on the border (Lat. *limbus*, hem) of hell—a kind of circumfluent lake, corresponding to the Oceanus of the old mythologies which flowed round the earth. Here dwelt the souls of those who were awaiting the Resurrection. Spenser however seems to use the term of the abode of lost spirits; as also does Shakespeare, All's Well that Ends Well, 5. 3. Hence it came to be used as a slang term for a prison. It was divided by the Schoolmen into three or four compartments: 1, the 'limbus puerorum,' of unbaptised children; 2, the 'limbus patrum,' or the district in which the Fathers of the Church abide; 3. 'Purgatorium,' the department filled with the souls of average good people, being cleansed and prepared for heaven; and in some accounts, though not in all, 4, a 'limbus fatuorum' or after-death abode of lunatics. To this last Milton alludes, P. L. 3. 495:

"A *limbo* large and broad, since call'd
The *paradise of fools*."

8. *speaches rare;*—thin-sounding voice from within the tree; 'rare' used in its Latin sense. See Orl. Fur. 6. 27.

33, 3. *Fradubio;*—the name indicating the character, as of one who halted between two opinions, the truly fair (his proper love), and the falsely fair (Duessa). Spenser wishes to point in his case to the fate of those who did not know their own minds on the great questions of the day, but went from side to side, wavering between the old faith and the new.

34, 5. *double griefs afflict concealing harts,* &c.;—the pain which is suppressed increases, is redoubled, just as the heat of raging fire increases, if one tries to smother it.

35, 9. *did fowle Duessa hyde;*—elliptical; 'but [the fair lady] did hide (cover) the person of foul Duessa.'

36, 1. *he did take in hand,* &c.;—'he asserted (ready to fight for it) that her forged beauty far exceeded that of all other dames.' 'To take in hand' is to affirm in knightly fashion—a Latinised construction of the infinitive.

37, 4. *Whether;*—'which of the two.'

38, 2. *The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway;*—'the balance swayed equal distances on either side;' there was no discernible difference between them.

3. *What not by right;*—elliptical; 'what (she could not win) by right,' &c.

9. *in place;*—either 'in the place,' on the spot, or 'in place of her,' instead of her, as rival to her.

39, 9. *treen mould;*—form of trees; adj. formed from subst. 'tree.'

40, 4. *every prime;*—Prime here must mean spring-time; it would scarcely suit Spenser's meaning to say that witches must bathe themselves daily. It rather signifies 'that day comes every spring.' Milton, P. L. 10. 572, applies this tradition to the Devils:

"Yeerly enjoyned, they say, to undergo
This annual humbling certain number'd days."

It was a popular belief that witches must undergo this yearly cleansing. See Gloss. *Prime.*

7. *origane and thyme;*—see Girard's Herball: "*Organie* healeth scabs, itchings, and scurvinesse, being used in bathes." Origane, Lat. *origanum,* Gr. *ὀρίγανον,* an acrid herb like marjoram.

42, 1. *by chaunges of my cheare;*—'by the change of my countenance, or manner towards her.'

2. *drownd in sleepie night;*—governed by 'my body,' &c. in line 4; or a kind of nom. absolute, 'I being drowned,' &c.; or a dat. absolute, as in A.S.

4. *My body all, through,* &c.;—so edd. 1590 and 1596 punctuate it; shewing that Spenser meant that the witch anointed his whole body.

43. 4. *a living well;*—in the allegory this must mean a renewed spiritual life: in the story it does not appear what the interpretation is.

7. *your wonted well;*—your accustomed weal or wellbeing.

8, 9. *suffised fates to former kynd*
Shall us restore;—

'the fates, satisfied, shall restore us to our former human shape and condition.'

45, 2. *unweeting of that well she knew;*—ignorant of that living well

(stanza 43) which she knew of; or more probably, 'unweeting of that which she knew well.'

6. *she gan up lift*;—'she began to uplift.' This is the figure called *Tmesis*, by which the preposition is separated from the verb to which it belongs. It is common in English, except that the prep. usually comes after the verb, as 'to rise up,' for 'to uprise.'

CANTO III.

Una, still seeking her lost Knight, is guarded by a Lion, who serves her faithfully: she seeks refuge in the house of blind Devotion, who unwillingly receives her. There the Lion slays Kirkrapine, the robber of churches. Next day, she is joined by Archimago, disguised as the Red Cross Knight. He is challenged and unhorsed by the Paynim Sansloy, who slays the faithful Lion, and drags away Una as his captive.

1, 1. *Nought*, &c.;—these moral reflections placed as headings to the cantos, are fashioned upon the opening stanzas of the cantos of the Italians, Ariosto and Berni.

5. *I, whether lately*, &c.;—this probably refers to his gracious reception at court. See Introduction, p. vii.

7. *Which I do owe*;—in Spenser's case this "fealty to womankind" was no mere affectation of romance, but the real sentiment of a gentle nature.

9. *all*;—altogether.

2, 5. *true as touch*;—true as *touch*stone, which discerns the genuine from the counterfeit; or, true as the sense of touch—'as true as if I touched,'—with, it may be, a bye-reference to St. Thomas.

4, 7. *the great eye of heaven*;—thus the sun is described by Ovid, Met. 4. 228, and by Milton, P. L. 5. 171:

"Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul."

In Icelandic poetry also the sun is called 'Dagsauga,' day's eye.

5, 2. *a ramping lyon*;—the lion is the emblem of natural honour, paying the tribute of instinctive reverence to Truth. It is one of the beliefs of romance that no lion will offer injury to a true virgin or to a royal personage, such as Una was. Cp. Sidney's Arcadia, "The unnatural beast, which contrary to his own kind, would have wronged Prince's blood." And Shakespeare, i. Hen. IV. 2. 4: "The lion will not touch the true prince &c." Hence the lion is found on royal coats of arms. So also in the Seven Champions two lions fawn on Sabra. Warton's Observ. 2. p. 128. In Sir Bevis of Hampton we have a similar scene.

9. *forgat*;—subject 'he' omitted; or it may depend on "his bloudy rage."

6, 3. *As*;—'as though,' 'as if.'

6. *Whose yielded pride*, &c.;—'when she had long marked, though she still dreaded death, his pride that had yielded, and his noble submission.'

9. *did shed*;—again the subject 'she' omitted, or, rather, involved in 'her hart.'

7, 8, 9. *her . . . my;*—notice the change of pronoun from third person to first.

9, 5. *both watch and ward;*—that is, both *waking* and *guarding*, for this is the distinction. 'Watch' (A.S. *wæcce*) is 'wake' (and a watch is an instrument which is awake all night), and 'to ward' (A.S. *weardian*) is to guard, or look after anything carefully.

11, 9. *her cast in deadly hew;*—'made her seem like one dead:' 'hew' is appearance or shape, not colour, in Spenser.

12, 2. *upon the wager lay;*—we now say 'was at stake.' Cp. Chaucer's "lith in wedde" (pledge), is in jeopardy.

3. *home she came*, &c.;—Una and the lion at the low door of 'blind Devotion' indicate the horror and unwillingness with which Truth is met, if it tries to penetrate haunts of darkness. By the hut of Corceca, where superstition, church-robbery, and flagrant sin all meet under the shadow of Devotion, Spenser draws the condition of benighted country places (the *Pagani* of the age) and their dislike of the new light of Truth.

13, 3. *of his cruell rage;*—is a genitive after 'fear.' And the whole sentence is 'she found them in a corner nearly dead with fear of his rage.'

14, 4. *thrise three times;*—that is, three days a-week, three meals a-day.

15, 9. *All night she thinks too long;*—'all night she thinks (the night) too long.'

16, 1. *Aldeboran;*—a star of first magnitude, called in England the 'Bull's Eye,' as being the eye of the constellation Taurus.

2. *Casseiopeias chaire;*—a constellation in the northern hemisphere.

4. *One knocked;*—'Kirkrapine,' bringing his load of robbery to Devotion, is an allusion to the Church rights of sanctuary, whereby religion sheltered and abetted crime.

9. *purchase criminall;*—criminal chasing or catching, as of one who hunts by night for the property of others. See Gloss. *Purchase.*

17, 1. *to weete;*—so we now say 'to be sure,' and (sometimes) 'to wit,' as in law phrases.

18, 4. *Abessa;*—It. *abietta* (Lat. *abjecta*), abject, castaway.

Corceca;—It. *cuore ceco*, blind-hearted, dull old woman, symbolizing fanatical and benighted Superstition. The lion is said to represent Henry VIII, overthrowing the monasteries, destroying church-robbers, disturbing the dark haunts of idleness, ignorance, and superstition.

6. *fed her fat;*—possibly an allusion to 1 Sam. 2. 22, where a parallel corruption of the Church of God is described.

19, 4. *him to advize;*—'to bethink himself,' *s'aviser:* 'him' here = 'himself,' as in such phrases as 'he got him into a boat.'

7. *Encountring fierce;*—sc. 'him,' supplied from the other clause of the sentence.

20, 1. *Him booteth not;*—'(it) avails him not (to) resist.' In O. Eng. impersonals are used with a dat. of the personal pron. So 'him list,' = illi placuit. We still retain this usage in the words 'methinks,' 'methought.'

2. *in the vengers hand;*—so Dan. 6. 27, "delivered Daniel from the *hand* of the lions."

5. *left on the strand;*—'(is) left,' elliptical.

21, 2. *Up Una rose*, &c.;—imitated from Chaucer, Knightes Tale, 1415:

"Up roos the sonne, and up roos Emelye."

3. *their former journey;*—they had deviated from their path into Devotion's cottage.

5. *that long wandring Greeke;*—Ulysses (Odysseus) who wandered for ten years after the fall of Troy before he succeeded in reaching Ithaca, his home.

6. *That for his love refused deitye;*—Ulysses refused to receive the boon of immortality from Calypso, preferring to return home to Penelope. Bacon is more contemptuous towards Ulysses, "qui *vetulam* praetulit immortalitati."

23, 6. *she did pray;*—she = Corceca. It would have been more clear had Spenser written '*their* rayling—*they* did pray.'

26, 4. *turned wyde;*—'gave them a wide berth,' as sailors say.

27, 4. *Or ought have done;*—'I feared that I had done something.'

5. *unto my deare heart light;*—'that should settle like death upon my heart.' The epithet 'dear,' of the heart, is imitated from the Greek.

6. *your joyous sight;*—'the joyous sight of you.'

28, 5. *of meere goodwill;*—the Red Cross Knight had entered unknown and unarmed into the court of the Faery Queene, and had been accepted without proof by Una. See Letter to Sir W. Raleigh, p. xxvii.

7. *her kindly skill;*—that is, the skill which is naturally (according to *kind*) her own.

9. *my liefe;*—my beloved one. See Gloss. *Liefe.*

29, 6. *Good cause,* &c.;—'ye might (or may) well be pleased to accept that (the quest of the "felon strong") as good cause why I should be excused.'

30, 7. *true is;*—'it is true,' 'è vero.' Spenser here follows either Latin or Italian models.

31, 3. *Tethys saltish teare;*—salt water. Tethys, daughter of Heaven (Uranus) and Earth (Gaea), was held to be the wife of Oceanus.

6. *fierce Orions hound;*—Sirius, the dogstar. Orion was a mighty hunter (in the oldest Greek mythology), beloved of Morning (Eos), but slain by Artemis (the moon-goddess), and Sirius was his dog. Cp. Hom. Il. 22. 29.

9. *Nereus crownes with cups;*—'honours with bumpers.' The classical phrase, which Spenser imitates, (Hom. Il. 1. 470, *κρητῆρας ἐπιστέψαντο ποτοῖο*, and Virgil's "vina coronant,") signified the filling the cups brimfull, the notion of fulness being the first meaning of the verb *στέφω*; as is plainly seen in Athenaeus, Deipn. 1. 11: *ἐπιστέφονται δὲ ποτοῖο οἱ κρητῆρες, ἤτοι ὑπερχειλεῖς οἱ κρητῆρες ποιοῦνται, ὥστε διὰ τοῦ ποτοῦ ἐπιστεφανοῦσθαι.* Nares says, "It was also a custom with the ancients literally to crown their cups with garlands." To this Virgil alludes (Aen. 3. 525), "magnum cratera corona Induit." See Nares' Gloss. v. *Crowned cup.* Nereus was an ancient sea-god, who, under Poseidon, ruled the Mediterranean.

32, 3. *from ground;*—'from the shore.'

9. *Who told her all that fell in journey;*—'she told (him) all that befell her in the journey;' fell = befell, or as in 'it fell out,' 'it fell upon a day.'

34, 6. *th' untryed dint;*—'untried,' that is, hitherto unfelt by him.

9. *spurd;*—so ed. 1590. Ed. 1596, 'spurnd.'

35, 1. *that proud Paynim*, &c.;—the Pope (Archimago) is encountered and overthrown by the Moslem (Sansloy). It must be remembered that this was a source of anxiety throughout the sixteenth century. The fear of it formed the chief bond of union between Pope and Emperor;—the latter being the 'defensor fidei' against the formidable attacks of the Sultan.

3. *vainly crossed shield;*—the feigned red cross on his shield had in it no charm to defend him. The true red cross shield is charmed, and cannot be pierced through. Eph. 6. 16.

5. *he should him beare;*—for 'he (Sansloy) would have borne him (made his way) through shield and body.'

36, 1. Notice how Spenser mixes the Pagan with the Saracen. Lethe and the Furies are scarcely fit company for a Mussulman.

2. *reave his life;*—an older construction, answering to the Latin 'vitam rapere;' our present use being 'bereave him of his life.' So Chaucer, Frankeleynes Tale, 289:

"For thorisonte had raft the sonne his light."

6. *Lethe lake;*—Lucian, in his Dialogues of the Dead, speaks of the water (or lake) of Lethe, Λήθης ὕδωρ. (Dial. Mort. 13. 6.) The word Lethe simply signifies oblivion or forgetfulness; and the Lethean lake or river is a river in Hades which causes all who drink of it to forget their past lives. Milton speaks of

"The sleepy drench of that forgetful lake."

P. L. 2. 75; cp. 2. 582.

Spenser makes it the pool (the Lethea stagna of the Latins) by the side of which the ghosts of those whose Manes are unappeased wander miserably.

7. *When mourning altars*, &c.;—he means, 'when altars of mourning, which I will build, and purge with your blood, shall appease the dark Furies that dwell in shades below.' Ed. 1596 reads 'morning.'

8. *black infernall Furies;*—they were thought to dwell in Erebus, and the epithet 'black' refers to their gloomy character and home. They are also drawn as robed in black. The notion of sacrificing a human life to the Furies for the sake of another life is not classically correct. The Gauls did this, but not the Latins; the latter erected altars to the Manes of the dead, but not for human sacrifice: Spenser combines the two, substituting, however, the Furies for the Manes.

9. *Life from Sansfoy*, &c.;—in the natural order, 'Sansloy shall take from thee that life which thou tookest from Sansfoy;' or it may be thus, 'Thou tookest life from Sansfoy,—Sansloy shall take (thy life) from thee.'

37, 5. *Mercy not withstand;—him not deprive;*—the classical, not the natural, order of words.

6. *he is one the truest knight;*—'he is one (who is) the truest.'

7. *lye on lowly land;*—'lie low upon the ground.' 'Land' is here used for 'ground' by poetic usage.

38, 9. *Ne ever wont;*—'nor was ever accustomed.'

round lists;—'champ clos,' the lists of a tournament; here 'round' = 'surrounded' by an enclosure: 'in field,' is in open battle abroad. See Gloss. II. *Lists.*

39, 4. *Or thine*, &c.;—'is the fault thine or mine?'

8. *Which doen away*;—'when this swoon had passed away. Archimago afterwards recovered from this "cloude of death."

40, 3. *has the guerdon of his guile*;—'is repaid for his deceit.'

41, 5. *did weene the same Have reft away*;—'thought (to) have,' &c. The sign of the infinitive omitted.

43, 4. *save or spill*;—this is Chaucer's phrase, "ye may *save or spille*."—Clerkes Tale, 3. 55.

7. *will or nill*;—'will he or ne-will he,' now shortened usually to "willy nilly." So note = *ne-wote*. An A.S. contraction, as seen in the verb *nabban* = not to have (*ne habban*). *næs* = *ne wæs*, was not, &c.

44, 9. *in beastly kind*;—in his natural place and condition as a beast. The word 'beast' used to have no bad sense. So it is used in the English Bible, for the 'living creatures' of the Apocalypse.

CANTO IV.

Duessa guides the knight to the house of Pride, where he sees Lucifera, Queen of Pride, with her six hateful counsellors. Thither also comes Sansjoy, who, seeing his brother's shield in the possession of the Red Cross Knight, challenges him to do battle for it.

1, 1. Notice the dignified opening of this canto.

2, 6. *A goodly building*;—the house of Pride.

8. *a broad high way*;—cp. Matth. 7. 13.

9. *All bare through peoples feet*;—this seems to shew, as is doubtless true, that in Spenser's day the English highroads were all grass-grown, not paved or gravelled.

3, 2. *of each degree and place*;—'of all orders and ranks of society.'

3. *scaped hard*;—'hardly escaped,' with difficulty and great loss.

6. *Like loathsome lazars*;—leprosy was still common in England in the sixteenth century.

7. *bend his pace*;—'bend his steps;' 'pace' used like the Italian *passo*.

5, 1. *a goodly heape*;—'a goodly pile.' See Gloss. *Heape*.

3. *full great pittie*;—'very great pity (it was).' Spenser desires to point out the false bravery of Pride, its tinsel front, its shifting foundations, and squalid "hinder partes," in comparison with the solidity of true dignity and worth. The Red Cross Knight, falling from one error to another, having taken Duessa (falsehood) for Una (truth), now finds himself in a wrong position at the house of Pride: here, however, he bears himself nobly, and escapes at last with difficulty from it and from Duessa.

6, 1. *they passed in forth right*;—'forth right' (= straight on) is formed like 'forthwith.'

4. *Malvenù*;—'ill-come,' opposite to 'welcome.'

6. *array . . . . arras*;—Spenser delights in these 'half rhymes,' which are grateful to all the northern languages.

7, 1. *them . . . them*;—first = the crowd, second = the Knight and Duessa.

8, 5. *A mayden Queene;*—this description is intended to set forth the rival to the Faery Queene, not without reference to Mary Queen of Scots.

as Titans ray;—'like sunlight.'

9. *As envying her selfe*, &c.;—'her beauty tried to dim the brightness of her glorious throne, which in its turn envied, or emulated her, who shone so exceeding brightly.'

9, 1. *Phoebus fairest childe;*—Phaethon, who tried to drive the steeds of Helios: failing, and endangering the earth, he was killed by a flash of lightning, sent from the hand of Zeus.

7. *the welkin way most beaten plaine;*—the established path of the sun through the heavens.

10, 4. *was layne;*—p.p. of 'to lie;' we should have expected 'was *laid*.'

11, 1. *Of grisely Pluto*, &c.;—this mythological genealogy is a piece of Spenser's own imagery, and is not derived from classical sources.

5. *thundring Jove;*—Jupiter Tonans, the lord of the thunderbolt.

12, 1. *proud Lucifera;*—what is the connection between the classical Lucifer (Phosphorus) and the Lucifer of mediæval theology? In the classics Lucifer is simply the Morning Star, and Lucifera an epithet or title of Artemis; nor is there any trace of a bad sense attributed to these names. But early in Christian times a connection was established through Isaiah 14. 12, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O *Lucifer*, son of the Morning!" (In the Vulgate, "Quomodo cecidisti de caelo, Lucifer.") Now the Hebrew word Hillel, here rendered 'Lucifer,' means (as also does Lucifer) the Morning Star (from the verb הָלַל to shine, Pi. הִלֵּל to give lustre). But this verb also means 'to be haughty, proud, arrogant;' and so the fall of Hillel was taken to refer to the fall of the proud Star of the Morning, the downfall of some proud angel. Again, Isaiah is speaking of the fall of Babylon, and as, throughout Scripture, Babylon stands for tyranny and the power of man set against God, it was natural that the fall of Babylon under the name of Lucifer should, from Jerome downwards, have been held to typify the fall of Satan and his kingdom: and thence the name Lucifer came to be applied to Satan or one of his chief angels. Spenser, however, takes only the attribute of pride, which we have shown to have come from the second sense of Hillel, and creates for himself a splendid mythological figure, with a genealogy connected with the infernal regions, in their classical, not their mediæval form.

5. *usurpe . . . upon;*—here used as equivalent to 'seize.'

7. *realme;*—ed. 1596 reads 'realmes.'

pollicie;—notice the strong English sense of the rule of law, as opposed to the rule of 'policy' or statescraft, as exemplified in Spain.

8. *six wizards old;*—who with her made up the seven deadly sins.

14, 7. *Some frounce*, &c.;—compare the fashions of the court of Elizabeth with those of the days of Victoria!

9. *each others*, &c.;—'each spites the greater pride of the others.'

16, 4. *As faire Aurora;*—she is named Lucifera, light of the morning; hence she is fitly likened to Aurora.

9. *Her glorious glitterand light;*—so ed. 1590; the ordinary reading is 'glitter and light,' the printers not recognising the old participial form (as again used, vii. 29, "His *glitterand* armour;" so also he writes 'trenchand').

17, 3. *Flora in her prime;*—Flora (goddess of flowers) in the spring-tide, her best time.

5. *Great Junoes golden chaire;*—described as golden by Homer (Il. 5. 727). But in his description it is drawn not by peacocks but by horses. The peacock was considered sacred to Hera, and in representations of her stands by her side, but is not supposed to draw her chariot.

7. *To Joves high house through heavens bras-paved way;*—Homer uses the epithet 'brass-paved' (Il. 14. 173) of the house of Jove.

9. *Argus eyes;*—the mythical Argus, surnamed Panoptes (the all-seer), had a hundred eyes, some or other of which were always awake. At his death Hera transplanted his eyes into the peacock's tail.

18, 4. *With like conditions to their kinds applyde;*—the six beasts were taught to obey the "bestiall beheasts" of the six deadly sins, which behests were 'applied with like conditions'—i. e. were of a nature analogous to—their kinds (or proper natures). Spenser means to say that the Counsellors and the beasts they rode were of like character—Idleness and the ass, Gluttony and the swine, &c.

19, 7. *May seeme;*—for 'it may seem;' so we say 'maybe' for 'it may be.'

20, 3. *be chalenged essoyne;*—he claimed exemption. See Gloss. *Essoyne.*

7. *through evill guise;*—'through bad manner of living.'

21, 4. *swollen were his eyne;*—cp. Ps. 73. 7, "their eyes swell with fatness."

5. *like a crane his neck was long;*—Spenser has in mind the tale told by Aristotle of the glutton who wished his neck were as long as that of a crane, that he might the longer enjoy his food. (Eth. N. 3. 10. 10.)

27, 2. *Upon a camell;*—Spenser may allude to the story given by Herodotus about the quest for gold in India. It was with camels that the Indians succeeded in carrying off the gold from the "ants as big as foxes." (Hdt. 3. 102.)

9. *And right and wrong*, &c.;—that is, he counted right and wrong to be exactly the same thing.

28, 9. *unto him selfe unknowne;*—he knew not the wretchedness of his own life.

30, 2. *still did chaw*, &c.;—So Ovid, Met. 2. 76, makes Envy eat the flesh of vipers.

7. *death it was, when any good he saw;*—'it was death to him to see the prosperity of others.' This malignity, which pines at the well-being of the deserving, and rejoices at their misfortunes, is described by Aristotle, Eth. N. 2. 7. 15.

32, 2. *And him no lesse;*—he hated not only good works themselves, but those also who did them.

4. *His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;*—'he finds fault with that man's alms as being devoid of faith.' Perhaps a side stroke at the Antinomians.

9. *fifte;*—edd. 1590, 1596, read 'first:' but it is corrected in the Faults Escaped of 1590 to 'fifte.'

33, 7. *seeming ded;*—so pale in face that he looked like a corpse.

35, 3. *unthrifty scath*;—mischief, damage which recks not what destruction it works; or 'unthrifty' may here mean 'wicked;' or it may be simply 'mischief that never thrives.'

7. *swelling splene*;—the physicians believed that a swollen spleen was a symptom and cause of anger. So we still use the word 'splenetic' of a hot-tempered man.

8. *Saint Fraunces fire*;—St. Anthony's fire, or erysipelas.

38, 2. *the breathing fields*;—either 'the fields full of fresh air,' or 'full of sweet-breathing odours.'

39, 1, 2. *Who...He*;—one of these nominatives is superfluous. 'Who when' must be taken as equivalent to 'and when,' or 'but when.'

7. *which ought that warlike wage*;—'to whom that gage of warlike prowess belonged.' See Gloss. *Ought.*

41, 4. *to see*;—=at seeing; shewing that the Engl. infinitive is in reality a verbal substantive, as also in such phrases as 'for to go,' 'from to proceed.' See note to Bk. II. xii. 26. 5.

7. *field did fight*;—'fought in battle-field.'

9. *renverst*;—the reversed shield was the sign of disgrace.

42, 7. *So be*;—'if so be.'

9. *He never meant with words*, &c.;—following Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 9. 57.

44, 6. *Morpheus had with leaden mace*;—Morpheus, the god of sleep, is represented as carrying a leaden wand, which weighs down the eyelids of men. So Shakespeare, Jul. Caes. iv. 3:

"O murderous sleep!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy?"

46, 5. *launcht with lovely dart*;—lanced (pricked) with the dart of love.

6. *joyed howre*;—either = rejoiced for an hour, or to joy = to enjoy.

47, 4. *who unworthy*, &c.;—'who, being unworthy of it, wore the shield of him (Sansfoy) whom he slew, having entrapped him.'

48, 9. *wandring Stygian shores*;—the shore of the infernal river Styx, on which the ghosts wander. The epithet 'wandering,' here applied to the shore, really refers to the ghosts thereon.

49, 4. *did never vantage none*;—'did never advantage (profit) any one;' the double negative, still the common idiom of the people.

5. *helplesse hap*;—'luck which cannot be helped (avoided or remedied).'

8. *shall him pay his dewties last*;—'shall perform his last obsequies;' i. e. shall slay the Red Cross Knight as a propitiatory sacrifice to his ghost.

50, 2. *oddes of armes*;—'disparity of chances in war,' the probabilities of mishap in arms.

51, 5. *Sans foyes dead dowry*;—'the dowry of dead Sansfoy.'

CANTO V.

The Red Cross Knight fights with Sansjoy, and subdues him; but Duessa spreads a mist over his senseless form, so that the Knight may not find him to slay him. Afterwards she descends to Hell and brings back Night, who in her chariot conveys the stricken Paynim to Aesculapius, who, though unwillingly, undertakes to heal him. Duessa returning to the house of Pride, finds that the elfin Knight and his dwarf have fled.

In this canto the notable stanzas are those which describe the descent of Duessa to Hell, and her return thence with Night.

2, 3. *fresh as bridegrome;*—an allusion to Ps. 19. 5, though Spenser has somewhat wrested the place.

4. *Came dauncing forth;*—so Milton's May-Day Song:

> "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
> Comes dancing from the East."

3, 4, 6. *minstrales...bardes;*—the minstrels were musicians (*ministri*, rather than *minne-sänger*); the bards were singers, especially of songs of war; to the chroniclers fell the part of the troubadours—love and gentle deeds.

maken;—the old pl. in *-en*, which did not go out till Henry the Seventh's reign.

7. *timely voices;*—voices singing in time with their harps.

4, 2. *woven maile;*—the coat of mail is rightly 'woven,' for mail (Ital. *maglia*, a mesh of a net) properly signifies chain-armour.

5. *wines of Greece and Araby;*—the Greek wines were always famous, but those of Araby are a poetic fiction; while the "spices fetcht from furthest Ynd" would have suited Arabia better than India.

7. *heat of corage privily;*—this 'pocket-courage' was kindled 'privily,' that is, within their hearts.

5, 3. *unto a paled greene;*—a green field surrounded with a paling—lists for tournament. See Gloss. *Paled.*

8. *Sans foy his shield;*—this pedantic method of forming the genitive case clearly arose from a misapprehension of the older form of the English genitive which ended in *-is*, though it is possible that this later form in *s* may originally be connected with the possessive pronoun. Marsh, Lectures, p. 280, definitely calls it a 'misapprehension.' It occurs very early in the English language (as early as Laȝamon's Brut). In the Auth. Vers. of the Bible, at the heading of Ruth 3, we have, "By Naomi *her* instruction Ruth lieth at Boaz *his* feet," which carries the misapprehension out to its fullest extent.

9. *Both those*, &c.;—Duessa and the shield are to be the two "lawrell girlonds," the prizes for the victor.

8, 2. *As when a gryfon*, &c.;—'as when a gryfon that has seized on his prey, meets in his flight with a dragon making idle (? clear, or unencumbered) way, which (dragon) would snatch away the gryfon's rightful ravine, and they rush together....so the one strives,' &c. Cp. Milton, P. L. 2. 943. A griffin is a vulture or eagle. Mediæval mythology made it a chimæra with an eagle's head and fore part, and a lion's hind quarters and tail.

10, 1. *At last the Paynim*, &c.;—cp. Virg. Aen. 12. 940.

8. *sluggish german;*—Sansjoy apostrophizes himself as 'sluggish brother.' 'German' is any blood relation.

11, 2. *redeeme from his longwandring woe;*—that is, by slaughtering the Red Cross Knight he proposes to relieve Sansfoy from his doom of wandering by the Stygian lake. (Cp. iv. 48.)

4. *That I his shield have quit;*—that I have delivered his shield from his dying foe.

12, 8. *That forced;*—'that (he) forced.'

13, 6. *when lo a darkesome clowd*, &c.;—imitated from Homer, Il. 5. 344.

16, 3. *of his service seene;*—of his service, which had now been tried by battle in their sight.

4, 5. *goodly gree, Greatly advauncing*, &c.;—she accepts his service with much satisfaction, and highly praises and gives honour to his gay chivalry and prowess.

17, 4. *wine and oyle;*—Luke 10. 34.

5. *gan embalme on everie side;*—'they began to cover over the wounds, wherever he had been stricken.' Ed. 1596 reads 'can.'

7. *sweet musicke did divide;*—Church says "to divide in musick signifies to play divisions," which is an 'explanatio per idem.' 'To divide,' 'to play divisions,' in the old musical writers always signified to play 'brilliant passages,' as they are now called. For example, instead of running straight up the scale (we will say) in minims, if a musician played his way up in triplets, ornamenting a plain theme, he would have been said to 'play divisions.' This usage is illustrated in Ford's Lover's Melancholy, act 1. sc. 1, where the lover is supposed to vie with the nightingale upon his trilling flute:

> "He could not *run division* with more art
> Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
> The nightingale, did with her various notes
> Reply to."

So too Herrick, speaking of a running accompaniment, says:

> "While the active finger
> *Runs division* with the singer." (Christmas Carol.)

The term may come from the Horatian 'carmina divides.'

18, 2. *By muddy shore*, &c.;—the crocodile rarely descends below 27° N. lat., where the river banks are not 'muddy' (as they are in the Delta), but sandy. So that there is a slight inaccuracy here.

4. *a cruell craftie crocodile;*—this conceit of 'crocodiles' tears' was very common about Spenser's time. Richardson quotes, from the *Uncertain Auctor's Lover dreadding to Mone*, these lines:

> "As cursed crocodile most cruelly can tole
> With *truthlesse teares* unto his death the silly pitieing soule."

And again, Fuller, Worthies (Essex), "the *crocodile's tears are never true*." The crocodile had a character for deceitfulness which was most undeserved. There was even an adj. '*crocodilian*' formed, signifying deceitful, as in Quarles' Emblems:

> "O what a *crocodilian* world is this,
> Composed of treach'ries and insnaring wiles."

19, 2. *That shyning lampes*, &c.;—i. e. till the stars come out.

20, 1. *griesly night;*—she is sometimes described by the poets as passing forth from Erebus in a chariot, covered with a dark garment. It is in imagery of this kind that Spenser excels.

9. *their rusty bits;*—Warton notices that "the word *rusty* seems to have conveyed the idea of somewhat very loathsome and horrible to our author." See Gloss. *Rusty.*

21, 4. *th' unacquainted light;*—'the unwonted light;' light with which she was not acquainted.

22, 2. *most auncient grandmother of all;*—in the oldest cosmogonies Night is one of the very first of all created things, daughter of Chaos, sister of Erebus, mother of Aether (the sky) and Hemera (day). So in the Orphic hymn to Night—Νύκτα θεῶν γενέτειραν ἀείσομαι ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν.

3. *Jove, whom thou at first didst breede;*—this is not in accordance with the cosmogonies, which made Zeus the son of Cronos and Rhea.

5. *in Daemogorgons hall;*—again a confusion of mythologies. (See note on i. 37.)

6. *the secrets of the world unmade;*—the chaos of the poets, from which they fabled that Night was sprung.

23, 4. *on groning beare;*—'groning' here = sorrowful, or surrounded by weeping friends.

7. *If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare;*—'if the son of old Aveugle be in so evil a case' (not, as Upton says, from the Latin *male audiunt*, 'are evil spoken of'). Aveugle (the Blind) is the father of the three Paynims.

24, 9. *for;*—ed. 1596 reads 'and.'

25, 5. *the chayne of strong necessitee;*—probably alludes to the golden rope which Zeus (Hom. Il. 8. 19) proposes to fasten to Earth, to try his power by.

9. *is bad excheat;*—'it is a bad way of gaining, to grow great by another's loss.' 'Escheat' is a law term signifying any lands or profits which fall to a lord by forfeiture within his manor. (Blackstone, Kerr's ed. 2. p. 71.) But Spenser does not seem to use the term in its strict legal sense. See Gloss. *Excheat.*

26, 4. *Shall with his owne bloud price,* &c.;—'shall pay with his own blood the price of the blood he has spilt.'

27, 6, 7. *though I the mother bee Of falshood;*—this agrees with the mythologies. So Hesiod, Theog. 224, has it: Νὺξ ὀλοὴ μετὰ τήνδ' ἀπάτην τέκε.

28, 8. *foming tarre;*—the foam of their mouths as black as tar.

9. *fine element;*—the subtle, thin air.

30, 6. *The messenger of death, the ghastly owle;*—Ovid, Metam. 10. 452:

"Ter omen
Funereus bubo letali carmine fecit."

The Romans looked on the owl with horror as a messenger of death. To the Greeks she was, on the other hand, the bird of wisdom; and at Athens went with Athene, patron-goddess of the city.

31, 3. *deepe Avernus hole;*—the Lacus Avernus in Campania was regarded by the Latins as the entrance to the shades below, in consequence of its gloomy cliffs (it lies in an ancient crater) and of its mephitic exhalations. Cp. Virg. Aen. 6. 237.

4. *By that same hole;*—Avernus was a lake, not a cavern, as Spenser seems to make it.

8. *dreadfull Furies;*—according to Homer these rest in Erebus till a curse pronounced on some criminal calls them up to earth. They are not usually described as having 'burst their chains.' They are clothed in black, with serpent-locks, and blood-dropping eyes.

33, 1, 2. *Acheron...wailing woefully;*—Acheron, river of lamentation (ἄχος).

3. *fiery flood of Phlegeton;*—Phlegeton is the river of fire (φλέγειν).

5. *bootlesse cry;*—'bootlesse' is an adj., not adv. It is an epithet of 'ghosts,' which are without hope of *boot* or help. See Gloss. *Booteth.*

7. *The house of endlesse paine;*—so Milton, P. L. 2. 823, uses the same phrase: "From out this dark and dismal house of pain."

34, 1. *Cerberus;*—the three-headed watch-dog of the infernal regions. This description is drawn from Virg. Aen. 6. 424.

6. *And felly gnarre;*—'and to snarl at them horribly.' This description follows Virg. Aen. 6. 417.

9. *For she in hell,* &c.;—from Virg. Aen. 6. 247:

"Hecaten, caeloque Ereboque potentem."

35, 1. *Ixion;*—was kept ever rolling in the infernal air, chained to a fiery winged wheel, because he had aspired to the love of Hera.

3. *Sisyphus;*—whose special crime has not come down to us, was condemned to push a huge stone for ever up a hill till it nearly reached the top, when it rolled down again of its own accord. Hom. Od. 11. 592.

5. *Tantalus hong by the chin;*—the crime of Tantalus also is uncertain; but his punishment was not to be "hong by the chin," but to stand up to the chin in water, and to suffer agonies of thirst, the water sinking as he tried to bend down to it. His condition and punishment form the subject of a fine stanza in Book II. vii. 58. Cp. Hom. Od. 11. 581.

6. *Tityus;*—he attacked Artemis, was killed by Zeus (or by Apollo), and afterwards was stretched out over nine acres of ground, while two vultures devoured his liver. Cp. Hom. Od. 11. 575; Virg. Aen. 6. 595.

7. *Typhoeus joynts,* &c.;—the mythologies bury him under Ætna, but say nothing of his being racked in a 'gin' (engine).

8. *Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth;*—"sedet, aeternumque sedebit Infelix Theseus." Virg. Aen. 6. 617. The legend was that he was condemned to this punishment for trying to carry off Persephone.

9. *fifty sisters;*—the Danaides, who slew their fifty husbands, and were condemned to endless pouring of water into a vessel full of holes. (Ovid, Met. 4. 462.)

leake;—ed. 1590 reads 'lete.'

36, 1. *worldly wights in place;*—Spenser uses 'in place' as equivalent to 'in this place' or 'in that place.' So Book VI. i. 28, he says "he should be soone in place," where the phrase means 'soon *here*.' "Worldly wights," men still belonging to the upper world.

7. *Aesculapius;*—this legend respecting the punishment of the god of medicine is not classical. On the contrary, Zeus first slew him for arresting death, and then raised him to the stars.

9. *he did redresse;*—'he remade,' 'restored.'

40, 3. *fates expired could renew again;*—could replace on the distaff of life the thread which the fates had already cut.

41, 2. *nigh weary waine;*—the horses' epithet attributed to the carriage.

4. *Whom having softly*, &c.;—'and when she had softly disarmed him (the knight) she then (tho) began to discover to him (Aesculapius) all his (the knight's) wounds.'

42, 7. *But that redoubled crime*, &c.;—'thou biddest me lengthen out a doubled crime (or source of accusation) with fresh vengeance (by asking me to cure the knight).' Notice the curious construction of this sentence—'Is not enough, that . . . but that thou biddest me &c.'

43, 9. *both never to be donne;*—both eternal, never to be ended; or, never to be surpassed.

44, 9. *weary wagon did recure;* — recovered (refreshed) his weary team.

45, 4. *albe, his wounds*, &c.;—the words "his wounds not throughly heald" are absolute. And so the whole passage is 'albe (although), his wounds being not quite healed, [he] were unready to ride.' Notice the archaic plur. 'woundës.'

9. *caytive wretched thralls;*—unhappy prisoners in low estate; souls ruined by indulging in these seven deadly sins.

47, 1. *that great proud king of Babylon;*—Nebuchadnezzar; cp. Daniel 4. 32, where we do not read that he was 'transformed into an ox,' but that "he did eat grass as an ox;" which is quite a different thing. "*That would compell* &c." refers doubtless to Dan. 6, and the proclamation that none should "ask a petition of any God or man for thirty days, save of" the king: if so, there is another inaccuracy, as this king was Darius, not Nebuchadnezzar. Spenser may however have thought that the golden image set up by Nebuchadnezzar in the plain of Dura was an image of himself.

5. *king Croesus;*—whose story is told at length by Herodotus, 1. 26, where his vast wealth and conference thereon with Solon are fully described. He was the last King of Lydia, and reigned from 595 to 560 B.C.

7. *richesse store;*—notice the gen. richesse, both for the form of the word, and the use of the gen. We still employ some words which have this gen. incorporated with the subst. on which it depends—as housewife, bank-parlour, &c.

8. *proud Antiochus;*—Antiochus Epiphanes (who also bore the name of Theos—*θεὸς*, God) was King of Syria, and reigned from 175 to 164 B.C. In the course of his wars he took Jerusalem twice, and in every way insulted the Jewish religion, and "on Gods altars daunst."

48, 1. *great Nimrod;*—cp. Genesis 10. 8—the "mighty hunter" whose prey, as Spenser reads it, was man. He founded a great empire in Shinar, on the Tigris and Euphrates.

3. *old Ninus;*—the mythical founder of Nineveh.

5. *that mightie monarch*, &c.;—Alexander the Great, born B.C. 356, became King of Macedon on the murder of Philip in 336, and died in 323. The allusion in "Ammons sonne" relates to his expedition to Egypt (B.C. 332, 331), in the course of which he reached the Temple of Jupiter Ammon, and was saluted "Son of Ammon" by the obsequious priests. His death in 323, of fever, had in it no special characteristics to call for Spenser's remark "scornd of God and man, a shamefull death he dide." Spenser doubtless refers to the opinion that he died of drinking.

49, 5. *Romulus;*—mythical founder of the city of Rome. B.C. 753 is the date most usually given for the foundation of the city.

6. *Proud Tarquin;*—Tarquinius Superbus, seventh and last of the Kings of Rome.

too lordly Lentulus;—the House of Lentulus was famous among the patrician *gentes* for its haughtiness. It does not appear to which Lentulus Spenser here alludes.

7. *Stout Scipio;*—Scipio Africanus is meant, who was born in B.C. 237 or 234, and died in Spain about B.C. 183. His pride shewed itself in his struggles with the tribunes of the people. He rescued his brother from prison in defiance of their authority: when brought to trial, he refused to defend himself, set the laws at defiance, relying on his great name, and presently left Rome of his own accord, never to return;—a man too proud and too great to obey or to be made to obey the laws.

stubborne Hanniball;—his life lay between the years B.C. 247–181. Spenser hits the key to his character in the word 'stubborne.' His power of endurance, tenacity of purpose, resolution whether to act or to wait, and his skill in making much of small resources, are among his noblest characteristics. But it is not so clear why he is made a victim in the house of Pride.

8. *Ambitious Sylla;*—born B.C. 138, died B.C. 78. Sulla (as it should be spelt), though of a distinguished patrician family, began his career a very poor man: his ambition carried him to absolute power.

sterne Marius;—born B.C. 157, died B.C. 86. The great rival of Sulla; he deserved the epithet 'ambitious' as well as that of 'stern.' His character was full of a sternness which readily degenerated into cruelty.

9. *High Caesar;*—C. Julius Caesar, born B.C. 100, murdered B.C. 44.

great Pompey;—Cn. Pompeius *Magnus*, born B.C. 106, murdered B.C. 48.

fierce Antonius;—Mark Antony, born (probably) B.C. 83, slew himself B.C. 30.

50, 2. *forgetfull of their yoke:*—'of their due subordination as women.'

3. *The bold Semiramis;*—the mythical joint founder (with Ninus) of Nineveh.

5. *Faire Sthenoboea;*—Stheneboea (rightly spelt) for love of Bellerophon made away with herself by drinking hemlock, not by the cord, as Spenser has it. Cp. Aristoph. Ran. 1082.

7. *High minded Cleopatra;*—born B.C. 69, killed herself by the sting of an asp, or (as is also told) by the prick of a poisoned comb, B.C. 30.

53, 2. *For many corses;*—'by reason of many corpses.'

CANTO VI.

Una is rescued from thraldom to the Paynim Sansloy by the unexpected succour of a troop of Satyrs, who adore first her, and then her ass. Sir Satyrane finds her among them, and presently helps her to flee. As they go, they are led by Archimago to Sansloy; with him Sir Satyrane fights, and during the contest Una escapes.

Notice in this Canto the spirited character of Sir Satyrane. It is not quite obvious whether Spenser is drawing a class of society, or whether he had some one in particular in his eye; but the simple truthfulness and good faith of the knight, half-satyr, half-man, must strike every reader. Perhaps Spenser intended to represent the honest rough Englishman, fond of the country and of country-sports, open to truth, hating courtier life, and contrasting favourably with those courtiers for whom Spenser had so deep a contempt. See Mother Hubberd's Tale, 797–914.

1, 3. *her wrack for to bewaile;*—'in order to accomplish, bring about, her wreck.' See Gloss. *Bewaile.*

6. *his fool happie oversight;*—'his happy though foolish ignorance.' The mariner had but just escaped "unwares."

2, 7. *She wandred had from one to other Ynd;*—'she would have wandered from East to West Indies.'

7, 7. *Faunes and Satyres;*—the Fauns are described as monsters, half-goat, half-man, with horns on their heads, a human face and upper parts, a goat's tail and shaggy "backward-bent" legs, and horny hoofs. Faunus gradually became identified with Arcadian Pan, and Fauns (the Latin wood-gods) with the Satyrs (the Greek wood-gods); hence Spenser's phrase; and Ovid. Met. 6. 392, has

"Ruricolae, sylvarum numina, Fauni,
Et Satyri fratres."

9. *Sylvanus;*—a Latin divinity of the fields and woods. He is described as a cheerful old man, fond of music, and of the company of the Fauns and Nymphs.

sownd;—'to sleep sound or soundly' may be referred to the Old English 'soune'=swoon, 'sweven.'

10, 6. *A lyon spyes;*—the objective case, 'he' omitted; or perhaps 'who' is omitted after "a greedy Wolfe."

8. *quitt from death;*—'saved from death.'

9. *chaunge of feare;*—before, the lamb feared the wolf, now, the lion.

11, 6. *rustick horror;*—'the roughness of their shaggy foreheads.'

7. *a semblance glad;*—'an appearance of joyfulness.'

9. *Their backward bent knees*, &c.;—'teach their knees (formed like the hinder legs of goats, and therefore bending backwards, not forwards) to obey her humbly.'

12, 4. *Late learnd;*—'having been lately taught.'

hasty trust;—she had too readily believed Archimago to be the Red Cross Knight.

13, 4. *without suspect of crime*;—'with no suspicion of possible accusation, or reproach:' she fears no slander arising from going with the wood-gods.

5. *birdes of joyous prime*;—either 'in the glad morning,' or 'in the glad spring-time.' See Gloss. *Prime*.

14, 3. *horned feet*;—'horny,' their hoofs of horny substance.

8. *on cypresse stadle stout*;—on the firm foundation (or support) of a cypress-wood staff. (See Gloss. *Stadle*.) . The legend ran that Silvanus (see below, on st. 17) carried a little cypress-tree in his hand, as a symbol; so Virg. Geor. I. 20, has

"Teneram ab radice ferens, Silvane, cupressum."

But Spenser has changed the character of the wood-god, who is never represented by the ancients as infirm.

15, 2. *Or Bacchus*, &c.;—whether they had discovered the cheerful grape, the 'fruit of Bacchus,' the wine-god.

3. *Or Cybeles franticke rites*;—Cybele, or Rhea, "the great mother of the gods," was worshipped in woods and mountains by her 'frantic' priests, the Corybantes, with drums, cymbals, horns, and wild dances. Her rites were supposed to be a matter of direct 'enthusiasm' or inspiration.

6. *that mirrhour rare*;—the term 'mirrhour' is either used to denote her bright beauty, or, as it is used of "the mirror of chivalry," to denote the perfection and pattern of chivalry.

8. *Dryope*;—a daughter of King Dryops, whom the Hamadryads stole and carried into the forest, where she became a nymph.

16, 5. *In doubt to deeme*;—'in doubt whether to deem.'

9. *misseth bow*, &c.;—Diana is always described as the huntress-goddess, with bow and quiver, and buskins to the knee.

17, 2. *dearest Cyparisse*;—the legend ran that Silvanus, who was attached to Cyparissus, one day by chance killed a hind belonging to the youth; whereon the boy died of grief, and was turned into a cypress, which afterwards became the symbol of Silvanus, who is represented as carrying one in his hand. Cp. note to st. 14.

4. *not faire to this*;—'not fair (if compared) to this.'

8. *n'ould after joy*;—'would not (*ne-would*) afterwards be cheerful.'

9. *selfe-wild annoy*;—self-willed, or self-imposed *ennui*, or distress.

18, 1. *Hamadryades*;—these were the nymphs of trees; abiding in trees, and dying with them. But Spenser, with poetical licence, disengages them from their trees, and sends them running to see Una.

3. *Naiades*;—these were the nymphs of fresh waters, whether rivers, lakes, or springs.

8. *their woody kind*;—'their wood-born nature.'

19, 1. *luckelesse lucky maid*;—a Greek phraseology; it means 'lucky (in her deliverance, and in the worship of the Fauns), though unlucky (in the loss of her knight, and in her wanderings).'

7. *made her th' image of idolatryes*;—Spenser wishes to shew that half-instructed minds will worship the outward symbol or declaration of truth, while they are ignorant of its substance; and that if they are forbidden to do this, that then they will descend to worship even the grotesque acci-

dents connected with truth: so the Satyrs fall to adoring the white ass on which Una rode. Todd thinks that there is an allusion here to the pagan notion that the Christians worshipped the ass. It clearly refers to the 'Festival of the Ass,' celebrated by the mediæval Church in honour of the ass on which our Lord rode when He entered into Jerusalem.

20, 1. *a noble warlike knight*;—Sir Satyrane. He indicates the point of combination between the savage and the civilized—courteous chivalry and untaught woodland life. His father is a Satyr, his mother a noble lady; and he himself, brought up in the woods, has a hunter's tastes, a certain love of the brutal and animal life, together with a capacity for refinement and a desire of truth. Upton says that by Sir Satyrane was shadowed forth "Sir John Perrot, whose behaviour, though honest, was too coarse and rude for a court. 'Twas well known that he was a son of Henry VIII."

24, 1. *he taught the tender ymp*;—imitated from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 5. 57.

25, 2. *maister of his guise*;—who had taught him his way of life.

3. *his horrid vew*;—'the roughness of his appearance.'

26, 4. *the tigre cruell*;—the accent is thrown on to the last syllables.

both fierce and fell;—ed. 1590 reads 'swifte and cruell:' but it is corrected in the Faults Escaped. In the Malone copy the word "fierce and fell" are on a slip of paper, pasted over the older reading, probably cut from a copy of the 1596 ed. [Rev. W. H. Bliss.]

29, 9. *worth was blown*;—as by Fame's trumpet.

30, 4. *offspring auncient*;—'his ancient descent'—whence he sprung. Upton renders it "to see his ancient sire, and his sire's offspring," so escaping from the strangeness of the epithet. Though 'auncient' does probably refer to 'sire,' it certainly also relates to 'offspring.' Spenser uses the word 'ofspring' in the sense of (not descendants, but) parents in Bk. II. ix. 60. See Gloss. II.

9. *Trew sacred lore*;—does not this refer to the Reformation making its way in country places, teaching the dull rustics?

31, 3. *compare*;—is this 'gather together,' or 'learn,' or 'compare with her misfortunes?' The first usage would be most after Spenser's manner.

5. *Blaming of fortune*;—we now say 'blaming Fortune'—though the older idiom remains in use among the people.

33, 3. *The gentle virgin*;—is objective to 'he led away.'

5. *to satyres*, &c.;—that is, 'for satyrs,' &c.; or, 'for it to be told to the satyrs.'

34, 5. *newes, that did abroad betide*;—'new things which happened in the world.'

35, 7. *a Jacobs staffe*;—St. James is usually represented with a pilgrim's hat and staff. The staff was used in pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. Or the Jacob may be the patriarch, who "worshipped, leaning on the top of his staff." Heb. 11. 21; Gen. 32, 10. Cp. also Shakespeare, Merch. of Venice, 2. 5.

37, 4. *With dying fit*;—'with a seizure like that of death.'

8. *The further processe*, &c.;—'the details, yet unknown, of her sorrow.'

9. *can beare*;—a Latin construction: the verb in the principal sentence following a subject (nom. case) 'he' involved in the relative 'who' of the dependent sentence.

38, 7. *so greedily imbrew*, &c.;—'imbrue themselves so greedily in blood, that, though drunk with it, yet each thirsted after the life of his foe.' 'Thristed' by metathesis for 'thirsted'; as 'crudled' for 'curdled.'

39, 2. *that ever wonne*;—'that ever won the victory.' In line 7 of this canto, the word 'wonne' signifies 'wone,' 'dwell.' As has been before remarked, two words of the same sound and spelling may rhyme together, if their senses differ.

41, 5. *with like treason*;—'endeavour to fight me with the same "guile and trecherous train" with which you have slain the Red Cross Knight.'

8. *three-square*;—of three equal sides; so 'four-square' is of four equal sides. In Book II. vii. 5, he speaks of 'wedges square.' 'Square' (Ital. *squadro*, from Latin *quadrare*) is rightly used only of four-sided figures.

42, 4. *blent*;—blended, mixed up, my name, &c.

7. *where earst his arms were lent*;—refers to Archimago's counterfeit suit of armour, in which he personated the Red Cross Knight.

8. *Th' enchaunter vaine*;—'vain' is here either 'foolish,' or 'in vain;' 'the foolish magician would not have rued.' 'Should rue'='should have rued,' as is not uncommon in Spenser.

43, 3. *Each other bent his enimy to quell*;—'each, bent on killing his enemy, assails the other.' Ed. 1590 inserts a comma after 'other;' ed. 1596 omits it.

4. *plate and maile*;—armour of *whole* sheets of steel, and *woven* armour.

6. *That it would pitty*, &c.;—'that any eye would feel pity for it.'

44, 1. *full*;—ed. 1596 reads 'fell.'

2. *fainting each, themselves*, &c.;—'that each of them fainting, they let (permit) themselves to breathe;' or, 'they let (restrain) themselves so as to get back their breath.'

4. *As when two bores*;—imitated from the fight between Palamon and Arcite in Chaucer's Knightes Tale, 1160.

5. *gory sides*;—pierced, or wounded. So we speak of a bull *goring* a person.

7. *foming wrath*;—a construction corresponding to that of the 'cognate accusative' in Latin. Spenser (v. 28) has "foming tarre," of the horses of Night.

8. *the whiles*;—shews the passage of this word from substantive to conjunction of time: 'the whiles' is 'the times,' 'the moments' when; thence 'while,' 'whilst,' is 'during the time that.'

45, 1. *had breathed once*;—'when once they had recovered breath.'

47, 7. *lovers token on thy pate*;—a lover's token was the lady's glove, kerchief, or the like, worn by her lover on his helmet. The Saracen here speaks disdainfully—'take my hard knock on thy helmet, instead of a lover's token.'

8. *So they two fight*;—so ed. 1596; but ed. 1590 has 'so they to fight'='so they fall to fight,' like the ordinary phrase, 'so they to dinner.'

48, 1. *which that leasing told*;—'who told that lie,' or 'which that' is equivalent to 'who.'

7. *to her last decay*;—'to utter ruin.'

9. *will need another place;*—place for the "battels end" never was found. The thread would doubtless have been picked up in one of the later Books, had the work ever been finished.

CANTO VII.

The Red Cross Knight is pursued and found by Duessa. She beguiles him into doffing his armour, and drinking of an enchanted spring; whence his strength fails him, and he is made captive by Orgoglio. The dwarf escapes, meets with Una, and tells her of his sad fall. Una in her trouble is found by Prince Arthur, to whom she opens her grief. He promises to help her.

Notice especially in this canto the grand personage of Prince Arthur, who is the centre of the whole Poem. Spenser puts forth all his strength in describing him.

1, 4. *dyed deep in graine;*—'deeply ingrained.' See Gloss. *Grain.*

2, 3. *Where she had left;*—ellipsis of 'him.'

5, 1. *Phoebe;*—one of the names of Artemis, answering as a fem. to Phoebus, as Diana to Dianus, Janus.

9. *all that drinke thereof,* &c.;—the fountain of Salmacis, described by Ovid, Met. 15. 17. Tasso, Gier. Lib. 14. 74, has a fountain of like powers.

6, 6. *at first themselves not felt;*—'at first did not feel themselves to be changed.'

7, 9. *his unready weapons;*—the Knight, dallying with Deceit (or Rome in the 'reaction' of the latter half of the sixteenth century), lays aside his Scriptural armour, and is taken by Orgoglio (Antichrist) at a disadvantage.

8, 4. *An hideous geant;*—Orgoglio, or Pride, a fine piece of Spenserian mythology, born of Earth and Wind, that is, of base matter and false puffing-up spirit; his foster-father, Ignorance. Brutality, falsehood and bragging, ignorance, here are the three chief elements of giant character, as drawn in Gothic romance. Compare the two forms of Pride drawn by Spenser, Lucifera, the pride of luxury and worldliness, and Orgoglio, the pride of brutality.

5. *That with his tallnesse,* &c.;—so Horace, Od. 1. 1. 36, "Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

6. *The ground eke groned,* &c.;—So Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 7. 5. 6:

"E fa tremir nel suo venir la terra."

10, 6. *left to losse;*—abandoned by his better mind and heavenly armour, and given up to disgrace.

11, 1. *That when;*—'so that;' or 'that' may refer to his mace.

2. *insupportable;*—the accent must lie on the second syllable.

12, 2. *That could;*—'that (it, the stroke) could;' so too 'were not' = 'were (it) not.'

4. *pouldred all;*—'altogether beaten to dust.'

13, 1. *As when that*, &c.;—this conception comes from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 9. 9:—

"Che fabbricato nel Tartareo fondo
Fosti per man di Belzebù maligno."

It is also finely carried out by Milton, P. L. 6. 482, &c.

8. *smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;*—notice the sense of disgust given by the very words. Cp. the fop's disgust at gunpowder in Shakespeare, i. Henry IV. 1. 3. Spenser draws the expression "divelish yron engin" from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 9. 23, "la machina infernal."

9. *th' only breath;*—'the breath alone.'

14. 1. *So daunted*, &c.;—'when the giant saw the knight so daunted.'

5. *Orgoglio;*—that is, Pride. It. *orgoglio*, Fr. *orgueil*. Spenser evidently derives the name from Gr. ὀργάω, to be swollen out with wind; for (viii. 24) he makes him collapse "like an emptie blader.'

6. *thy mortall hand;*—manus letifera, death-dealing hand.

7. *do him not to dye;*—Fr. *le faire mourir;* It. *farollo morire;* a very common phrase in early English writers. Chaucer, Romaunt of the Rose, 1063: "An hundred have they *do to dye*."

15, 2. *as she spake;*—'guerdon, reward, so goodly as she declared it;' that is, herself.

5. *possessed of his new found make;*—'took possession of his newly-found companion. See Gloss. *Make*.

16, 8. *A monstrous beast;*—cp. Rev. 17. 3.

17, 1. *that renowmed snake;*—the Lernean hydra, offspring of Typhon and Echidna, ravaged the country about Lernae, near Argos, dwelling in a swamp thereby. "Great Alcides," that is, Heracles (Hercules), attacked and vanquished it there. The swamp was near the well Amymone, which is probably what is meant by Spenser's Stremona, a name of the poet's own coinage. Possibly he meant Strymon.

18, 2. *house of heavenly gods it raught;*—'raught,' old pret. of 'to reach.' A Homeric phrase.

7. *holy heasts foretaught;*—'untaught people their holy behests,' or duties. Or 'foretaught' may be 'before-taught;' 'he trod under foot sacred duties which had been before-taught.'

19, 4. *his forlorne weed;*—his clothing, which he had abandoned.

5. *missing most at need;*—most wanting in the time of greatest need.

20, 8. *lively breath;*—life-giving, just as 'mortal' is used for death-bearing.

22, 5. *Sith cruell fates*, &c.;—'since the Fates unfasten the sorrowful threads which tied together my life and my love.'

23, 3. *in deepest dongeon;*—'in,' here used as 'into;' perhaps following the Latin idiom.

9. *their deadly meed;*—'their due reward of death.'

25, 8. *the bitter balefull stound;*—'the bitter destructive moment;' the moment of telling me of my knight's death. Or 'stound' = blow, as sometimes in O. Eng.

9. *more favour I have found;*—sc. than I expected.

27, 2. *to maister sorrowfull assay;*—i. e. the attack of sorrow on her heart.

7. *Was never lady loved dearer day;*—'no lady was there ever who more dearly loved the light of day than,' &c.

29, 2. *A goodly knight;*—Prince Arthur, who, as Spenser tells us in the Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, is introduced into each Book. He is *Magnificence*, says Spenser, the perfection of all virtues, containing them all. By Magnificence then is meant that virtue which Aristotle calls Magnanimity. Whether Prince Arthur shadows forth Lord Leicester or not, he certainly intended to pourtray the pattern English gentleman, by birth, manners, and education; the ideal which Spenser always had before his eyes.

4. *His glitterand armour;*—made for him by Merlin.

30, 4. *Like Hesperus;*—as the evening star exceeds other stars in brightness. This stone, "shapt like a ladies head," is an effigy of the Faery Queene, Queen Elizabeth.

5. *the weaker sights;*—'the eyesight of men too weak to endure it.' This use of the comparative is not rare with Spenser.

31, 3. *For all the crest*, &c.;—Uther, father of Prince Arthur, wore on his helm a dragon, and was surnamed the Pen-dragon (Celt. *pen*, the head). The description is from Tasso, 9. 25, where he paints the Sultan's helmet:

"Porta il Soldan sù l'elmo horrido e grande
Serpe, che si dilunga, e 'l collo snoda,
Sù le zampe s'inalza, e l'ali spande,
E piega in arco la forcuta coda.
Par che tre lingue vibri, e che fuor mande
Livida spuma," &c. (See Todd's edition.)

Notice the beauty of this similitude. It was closely imitated by Marlowe in his Tamburlane, 4. 4 (acted in 1591).

32, 6. *On top of greene Selinis;*—probably Selinus in Sicily.

33, 1. *His warlike shield;*—this is imitated closely from the shield of Atlanta, in Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 2. 55:

"D'un bel drappo di seta avea coperto
Lo scudo in braccio il cavalier celeste.
Come avesse non so tanto sofferto
Di tenerlo nascosto in quella veste;
Ch' immantinente che lo mostra aperto,
Forza è chi 'l mira abbarbagliato reste,
E cada, come corpo morto cade,
E venga al negromante in potestade.
Splende lo scudo a guisa di piropo;
E luce altra non è tanto lucente.
Cadere in terra allo splendore fu d'uopo
Con gli occhi abbacinati e senza mente."

8. *it never percen could;*—'could never pierce it.'

34, 1. *wont;*—used by Spenser as a perf. act.; we now say 'he was wont.'

2. *But when as*, &c.;—elliptical; 'but (he would display it) when as,' &c.: or it may be = 'save when.'

8. *silver Cynthia;*—the moon, which witches were supposed to blur and veil by their enchantments.

9. *As when her face*, &c.;—so Milton, P. L. 2. 664:

"To dance
With Lapland witches, while the laboring Moon
Eclipses at their charms."

35, 1. *hereof;*—'over it.'

3. *such as seemd in sight;*—all false appearances; whatever wore a better face than it had a right to.

8. *when him list;*—='when it pleased him.' The verb 'list' is usually impersonal, and Spenser uses impersonals with a dat. of the pers. pron. before them.

9. *them gazing blind;*—'blind them as they gazed.'

36, 4. *Merlin;*—the British enchanter, told of in the Romances of the Round Table. See Tennyson's Vivian, in the Idylls of the King.

7. *to armes he fell;*—'he took to arms,' became knight-errant.

8. *when he dyde;*—Lord Leicester died A.D. 1588.

37. 7. *trample;*—ed. 1590 reads 'amble.'

38, 7. *fitting purpose;*—'seemly conversation.'

39, 7. *Such helplesse harmes*, &c.;—'such evils as cannot be helped are better kept hidden.'

40, 9. *Found never help, who*, &c.;—this is a Latin construction, the relative 'who' carrying with it the nom. to the verb 'found.'

41, 1. *great griefe will not be tould;*—fashioned on Seneca's saying, Hippol. 604, "Curae leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent," 'slight troubles chatter, but great griefs are still.'

8. *but flesh does paire;*—'no faith is so firm that flesh may not impair, weaken, it.'

42, 3. *That her perswaded;*—'that (he) persuaded her.'

43, 3. *th' onely daughter*, &c.;—Truth, daughter of Eden, which is invaded by the Dragon, the devil.

4. *whilest equal destinies*, &c.;—'while their Fates revolved in their even, undisturbed orbits.'

8. *Which Phison*, &c.;—the three rivers of Paradise, Gen. 2. 11, 13, 14. The human race loses Eden through that great Dragon; and Truth is compelled to wander through the world.

44, 3. *Tartary;*—a mistake for Tartarus, the place of torment in the infernal regions.

45, 3. *that heaven walks about;*—cp. the more grandiloquent phrase 'the circumambient air.'

46, 4. *That noble order*, &c.;—this is probably an allusion to the Order of the Garter, as an Order pledged to the maiden Queen: or it may simply mean the heroic spirits gathered round her at court.

5. *Gloriane;*—see canto i. 3.

7. *Cleopolis is red;*—'is called Cleopolis,' that is, 'the city of glory,' or London. See canto x. 58.

47, 8. *of many one;*—we now say 'many an one;' but Spenser follows the older style. So Gower, Conf. Am. 1: "For nowe a daie is *many one* which speaketh," &c.

48, 7. *my dolefull disaventurous deare;*—'my sad unlucky harm' or woe. See Gloss. *Deare*.

49, 2. *my captive languor*;—'my evil condition of languor or faintness;' 'captive' being used like Ital. *cattivo*, or Eng. 'caitiff;' or perhaps 'captive languor' refers to the dull captivity of her parent in the brazen tower.

6. *That rather death*, &c.;—'that' here depends, by a Latin construction, on 'me,' implied in the 'my' of the previous line—'the loyalty of me that desire,' &c.

50, 5. *That brought not backe*, &c.;—an allusion to the wandering of the soul from Truth into byways, which end in spiritual death. The phrase, taken literally, is difficult; for how can the 'foot of living wight bring back the baleful body dead.' Spenser means, doubtless, 'whoever treads these paths, his body full of bale (evil) is brought back dead.'

7. *Mine onely foe*;—must mean '*especial* foe;' Truth being specially opposed to Falsehood (in the person of Duessa). So Bk. II. i. 2:

"His *onely* hart sore, and his *onely* foe."

51, 4. *with mighty mall*;—this Todd renders by 'blow'—surely erroneously. It is his club, "his mortall mace," as Spenser calls it, vii. 10.

CANTO VIII.

Una leads Prince Arthur to the Giant's castle; whence the monster comes forth, accompanied by Duessa riding on the seven-headed beast. But Arthur slays the Giant, wounds the beast, captures Duessa, enters the castle, and draws the Red Cross Knight, in sad estate, out of a dark dungeon. They strip Duessa of her finery, and let her flee.

1. In this stanza lies the 'moral' of the whole tale.

3, 5. *an horne of bugle small*;—'a small bugle's horn,' that is, 'a small horn of a young ox.' See Gloss. *Bugle.*

6. *in twisted gold*;—'gay in (with) twisted gold and tassels.'

4, 1, 2. *Was never.. did feel*;—notice again the omission of the nom., which Spenser probably imitates from the Ital.

8. *No gate so strong*, &c.;—Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 15. 15; and indeed it is one of the 'properties' of the ancient romances. Cervantes does not miss it; see Don Quixote, 7. 2.

5, 3. *of free will*;—'of its own accord.'

6, 5. *bloody mouthed with late cruell feast*;—a clear allusion to the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, A.D. 1578; it may also refer to the atrocities of the Spaniards in the Low Countries.

9. *eger greedinesse*;—'eagerness for battle.'

7, 1. *buckled him to fight*;—'came to close terms.' Two armies are said by Udal to "buckle together." The O. Engl. word was 'buske,' to get ready to come to close terms.

4. *ragged snubbes and knottie graine*;—rough ends of branches broken or cut off, and knotty fibre of the club itself.

8, 6. *up did throw*;—'it' omitted, as so often in Spenser. So in the next stanza "hurles forth" for 'he hurls forth.'

9, 2. *mortall sins;*—'the sins of mortals;' a Latinism, 'mortalia pectora.' This stanza is imitated from Homer, Il. 14. 414. Pope notices this parallel, and holds to it in his translation:

"As when the bolt, red-hissing from above,
Darts on the consecrated plant of Jove,
The mountain oak in flaming ruin lies,
Black from the blow, and smokes of sulphur rise."

3. *deadly food;*—'feud;' spelt *feood* in Bk. IV. i. 26.

10, 8. *Large streames;*—a Latinism, 'flumina larga,' plenteous streams. The allusion in l. 9 is to the smitten rock in the wilderness, Ex. 17. 6.

11, 5. *in Cymbrian plaine;*—this plain may be the 'Cimbric Chersonese,' now Jutland, famous for its cattle; or more probably the steppes of the Cimmerians in S. Russia and the Crimea.

6. *An herd of bulles;*—no necessity to call this a 'catachresis for calves.' Spenser meant bulls when he wrote it.

kindly rage;—'the fierceness of their natural passion.'

12, 6. *like flaming brands;*—the rhyme demands 'brand:' but there is no authority for altering it. "Threatening his heades" is a Latinism, as has before been noticed.

13, 2. *to be affronted so;*—'to be so met face to face.' See Gloss. *Affront.*

14, 1. *her golden cup;*—cp. Rev. 17. 4.

15, 2. *did seize;*—'did fix.'

5. *That when,* &c.;—'that' is the objective pron.—'when the Knight observed, that.'

18, 2. *In one alone left hand;*—'in one hand alone remaining to him.' Some have corrected the text to 'right hand,' to avoid the apparent contradiction; for in stanza 10 he says, "he smott off his *left* arme." But 'left' in the text clearly means 'remaining.'

19, 1. *And in his fall,* &c.;—from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 22. 85, where Ruggiero displays the enchanted shield:

"Ruppe il velo, e squarciò, che gli copría
Lo spaventoso ed incantato lampo
Al cui splendor cader si convenía
Con gli occhi ciechi, e non vi s'ha alcun scampo."

2. *his vele;*—'its covering.' Spenser uses 'its' only to signify 'it is,' not as a neut. pron. He uses, however, 'it selfe' (see st. 23). 'Its' occurs in the English Bible of 1611. See Wright's Bible Word-Book.

20, 1. *fruitfull-headed;*—'many-headed.'

21, 5. *their forces;*—so all edd. It probably should be 'his forces;' unless 'their' refers to the Giant, Duessa with her cup, and the beast.

23, 4, 5, 7. *her foundation.. her heaped hight.. it selfe;*—Spenser here changes the gender of the pron. Why is a castle feminine? We still speak of 'virgin fortresses;' but it is probably from the Latin *turris,* as in the passage whence Spenser seems to take these lines—Statius, Theb. 9. 554.

25, 3. *crowned mitre;*—the high cap surrounded with a coronet; the papal tiara.

9. *So brought unto his lord;*—'her' understood from previous line.

26, 8. *make;*—either for 'makest' or 'dost make.'

27, 1. *And you;*—"to the Squire," says Church: but Una, without a break, goes on to speak of the same person as "master of the field," &c. Probably 'and you' must be taken as equivalent to 'and oh! thou,' &c., or absolutely, = 'and as to you .... what hath poor virgin for you?'

30, 2. *An old old man;*—Ignorance, foster-father and servant of Pride, ever looking behind him, without foresight or knowledge.

7. *unused rust;*—a Latinism, 'the rust arising from disuse.'

33, 8. *in ages grave degree;*—'in the grave period of thy age, or life.'

35, 4. *That greatest princes presence might behold;*—'that might see the presence of greatest princes;' were fit for their habitation.

8. *that dreadfull was;*—'so that it was dreadful.'

9. *sacred ashes over it was strowed new;*—accursed ashes; notice 'was' after 'ashes.'

36, 1. *And there beside,* &c.;—Rev. 6. 9, 10: "I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain," &c.

38, 6. *changed thrice their hew;*—i. e. their *shape*, not their *colour*.

40, 3. *nicer hands;*—a Latinism not unusual with Spenser, for 'too nice.'

41, 3. *for want of better bits;*—'for want of good food.'

6. *whose mighty brawned bowrs;*—'mighty brawny muscles.' See Gloss. *Brawned Bowrs.*

42, 6. *what evill starre,* &c.;—the 'influence' of good and bad stars still formed a large part of the faith of mankind in Spenser's day. So Bk. II. ii. 2, "Ah lucklesse babe, borne under cruell starre," and see Note on that place.

43, 3. *fortune mine avowed foe;*—an allusion (as also Bk. II. ix. 8, "Fortune, the foe of famous chevisaunce") to the old ballad "Fortune, my foe." See note on Bk. II. ix. 8.

5. *shall treble penaunce pay;*—'your good, which will be penance and grief, to Fortune my foe, shall be threefold as great as your wrongs have been.'

6. *good growes of evils priefe;*—'good springs out of the proof (or endurance) of evils.'

44, 4. *breeds delight;*—this (the reading of all edd) can scarcely be correct. Jortin suggests 'dislike;' Church proposes "Musicke breeds no delight," &c.; possibly 'despight' is the right word. The meaning must be 'it breeds no delight to tell tales of suffering; indeed, even best music breeds no delight in an unwilling ear, how much less these jarring sounds.'

8. *with yron pen;*—cp. Job 19. 24.

45, 7. *To do her die,* &c.;—let us hope that this is a protest against the persecution of Romanists.

46, 5. *her tire and call;*—'head-dress and cap.' This stripping of Duessa is probably an allusion to the overthrow of images, rich dresses, &c., at the Reformation.

49, 8. *her filthy feature;*—'her foul person;' the foulness of her fashioning. All this description of Duessa, first as falsely fair, then as truly foul, is drawn to the letter from Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 7. 73: for Duessa is modelled upon Ariosto's Alcina, who, after long fascinating Rogero by her false youth and beauty, is at last, by virtue of the ring, displayed in her real senility and ugliness:

"Pallido, crespo, e macilente avea
Alcina il viso, il crin raro e canuto:
Ogni dente di bocca era caduto."

See Warton's note on this passage.

50, 3. *the wastfull wildernesse;*—'the wilderness all waste, or desolate.' Has Spenser mixed up the description of the scarlet woman with that of the "woman clothed with the sun," who "fled into the wilderness"?—Rev. 12. 6.

CANTO IX.

Prince Arthur tells to Una his story and his love. After friendly gifts the two Knights part. The Red Cross Knight soon after meets Sir Trevisan fleeing from the cave of Despair; into which the Knight goes down, and, after being sore tempted, scarcely escapes by Una's help.

1, 1. *O goodly golden chaine;*—chivalry, or honour. The character of Prince Arthur, or 'Magnificence,' the character in which, according to Spenser, all virtues meet, is here intended.

2, 4. *Them list;*—'it pleased them.' See Gloss. *List.*

5. *fell;*—'befell (them),' or 'fell out.' So Gower, Conf. Am. 1: "As it falleth in aventure."

9. *buried be in thanklesse thought;*—'would not be forgotten, but would be buried in her mind; thankless, because unknowing whom to thank.'

3, 3. *the lignage;*—Prince Arthur is the son of Uther, the Pendragon, but is taken from his mother at his birth, and is kept in ignorance of his parentage.

9. *in gentle thewes;*—'in the manners of one gently born.' See Gloss. *Thewes.*

4, 6. *Rauran mossy hore;*—hoary, white with moss. Selden tells us that Rauran-vaur is a hill in Merionethshire. The Dee rises in Merionethshire, passing through Bala lake. According to the legends, Arthur is Cornish: but Spenser prefers to place him in the home of the British race, in Wales.

5, 1. *Merlin;*—the great magician of the romances of Prince Arthur's time.

4. *tutors nouriture;*—the bringing up by his guardian, Timon.

9. *in her just term;*—'time in its proper limit,' or, 'in its due course.' Spenser perhaps makes 'time' fem. after A.S. *tíd.*

6, 1. *Well worthy impe;*—'right worthy scion.' See Gloss. *Impe.*

7, 5. *forced fury;*—'with furious compulsion.' Prince Arthur refers to the power of love, which drives him with forced (forcible) fury onwards.

following his behest;—'following' is either (1) governed (most probably) by 'wound' in line 3; in which case the sense runs thus: 'or that wound, which rankles in my breast, following his (its) bidding with force and fury, brought me hither;' or (2) it is governed by 'me' in line 6, and the comma after 'behest' must go out; in this case it will be 'the wound, &c., brought hither me, following his (its) bidding with fury of compulsion.'

9, 3. *the;*—ed. 1590 reads 'that.'

5. *Timons;*—ed. 1590 reads 'Cleons,' but corrected in Faults Escaped.

10, 3. *joyd to stirre up strife;*—'delighted to make disturbance in the midst of their mourning.'

11, 9. *most despight;*—'greatest contempt,' or 'contemptuous handling.'

12, 1. *him your haplesse joy;*—the Red Cross Knight, 'haplesse' because of the sad plight to which Orgoglio had reduced him.

2. *now mated;*—'now stupefied' or perhaps 'now matched'—'who have now found my match or mate.' See Gloss. *Amate.*

9. *favour mine intent;*—'be propitious to my purpose.'

13, 5. *the humour sweet embayd;*—'the sweet moisture and coolness of the shade lulled all my senses to rest.'

15, 8. *never vowd to rest;*—'vowed never to rest,'—the negative misplaced.

17, 4. *Whose wondrous faith,* &c.;—'whose wonderful fidelity (or trust) was strongest when my case seemed at its worst,' i. e. when the Giant had him in thrall. Truth will not desert man, though man may flee from her.

7. *Of that great Queene,* &c.;—Lord Leicester's death, in 1588, does not hinder Spenser from this allusion, which may have seemed to him even nobler, in that it must now tell of heavenly, not of earthly, affection.

18, 1. *So diversly discoursing,* &c.;—used absolutely; 'so while they were diversely discoursing,' &c.

19, 2. *Embowd with gold;*—"having a vaulted (or bowed) cover of gold," says Warton. Or perhaps embowed = embossed.

7. *A booke;*—the Bible, fit gift from the champion of Protestantism, the companion of Truth.

20, 3. *did pray;*—'did prey on' or ravage.

21, 6. *his feare;*—'the object of his fear.'

9. *a fole of Pegasus his kind;*—of the breed of Pegasus, the famous winged horse of Greek mythology.

23, 2. *what mister wight;*—'what manner of person.' See Gloss. *Mister.*

24, 1. *He answerd,* &c.;—Pope, writing on Odyssey 10, highly praises this description of despair and fear: "The description sets the figure full before our eyes; he speaks short, and in broken and interrupted periods, which excellently represent the agony of his thoughts . . . he breaks out into interrogations, which, as Longinus observes, give great motion, strength, and action to discourse," &c,

26, 9. *had bene partaker of the place;*—'had not greater grace (than was granted to my companion) delivered me thence, I should have shared with him the miseries of the place.'

27, 7. *lov'd in the least degree;*—i. e. did not love at all, 'did not love in the least' (where in the ordinary phrase the word 'degree' is understood).

8. *too high intent;*—her mind was fixed on too high aims.

28, 3. *God from him me blesse;*—'God deliver (preserve) me from him.' Said with the sign of the cross. See Gloss. *Bless.*

5. *A man of hell;*—Scriptural usage, based on Hebrew. So 'man of God,' 'son of man.'

6. *after faire areedes;*—'afterwards informs us fairly,' pleasantly.

8. *as snake in bidden weedes;*—'in weeds that hide him from view.' The "snake in the grass" is a common proverb—"latet anguis in herba."

29, 2. *Embost with bale;*—'overwhelmed with evil.' See Gloss. *Emboss.*

31, 1. *How may a man*, &c.;—'how can a man be prevailed on (gained over) by idle talk to destroy himself?'

2. *the castle of his health*;—the phrase is to be found in the title of a book, Eliot's Castle of Helthe, published 1534.

3. *I wote*, &c.;—'I, whom trial has just taught (replied the escaped Knight); I, who would not go through the like again for all this world's wealth, know how his subtle tongue,' &c. Notice the old dissyllabic gen. 'worldës.'

32, 7. *not for gold nor glee*;—Church suggests 'fee,' as in x. 43. If 'glee,' the reading of all edd., be right, it will be nearly equivalent in meaning to our "for love or money."

33, 6. *the ghastly owle*;—from Virgil, Aen. 4. 462:

"Solaque culminibus ferali carmine bubo
Saepe queri," &c.

34, 3. *the ragged rocky knees*;—the projections of the rock; imitated from the Greek ἀγκάλη. Aeschylus, Prom. 5. 1019, πετραία ἀγκάλη.

35, 2. *That cursed man*, &c.;—Despair seizes on the heart which either is suffering (like Sir Terwin) from disappointment, or (as in the case of the Red Cross Knight) on those who are unnerved by suffering, or by remembrance of past ill-doings. The Red Cross Knight is here meant to provide a picture of spiritual unfaithfulness. He distrusts Truth, he falls into sin, he becomes its captive; then he is aroused out of it, and escapes, his spiritual life being much weakened and shaken. Then he becomes aware of its horrors, deems himself fallen and reprobate, can find no peace, condemns himself, and is in danger of perishing by the hand of despair.

6, 7. *his hollow eyne Lookt deadly dull*;—so Chaucer has "He on her cast his *hevy dedely eyne*."

36, 6. *All wallowed*;—'wallowing.' Spenser sometimes uses the p. p. (as old English writers do) where we now take the pres. p.; so 'doted' for 'doting,' and (probably) 'hidden' for 'concealing.'

37, 7. *The author*, &c.;—'we here behold (thee) the author of this act.'

8. *What justice*, &c.;—'what kind of justice is there that can do anything but give judgment against thee; that thou, cause of this murder (referring to the dying wretch described in st. 46), must pay the price of his blood with thine?'

38, 1. *quoth he*;—sc. Despair.

5. *drive*;—? = drove (or subj. pret. = could drive). This reply of Despair is as follows:—'What madness has led you to pass such a rash judgment on me? What justice is there that can give any doom (judgment) save this, that he who does not deserve to live must die? Nothing drove this man to die in despair, save his own guilty mind, which deserved death. What is the injustice in giving to each man his due? What wrong in letting him die, who, &c.?'

8. *Or let him die*;—'or [is it then unjust] to let him die, who?' &c.

39, 1. *Who travels*;—'is it not great kindness to help out of the difficulty of life (by suicide) the man who yearns to die?'

8. *Why wilt not*, &c.;—'why do you, because you do not yourself wish to cross the ferry, hinder from crossing the man who desires to go?'

41, 2. *The terme of life*, &c.;—this argument Spenser draws from Plato's Phaedo, the dialogue on the immortality of the soul.

5. *bed;*—one of the words said to be misspelt by Spenser for the sake of the rhyme. But with Chaucer's *bede* before him, he may fairly be allowed this spelling.

7. *Quoth he;*—sc. Despair.

8. *And he, that points*, &c.;—'he who appoints to the sentinel his place, gives him leave to go at daybreak.' The argument is not worth much beyond the beauty of the poetry. To make the parallel good he should have said 'licenses him to depart from his post, when he is weary,' not 'when his time is out.'

42, 1. *Is not his deed*, &c.;—nor is the argument from destiny and necessity of much avail, except to a necessitarian; and he (if true to himself) should object to the independence involved in being the cause of his own death.

4. *Their times;*—so Ps. 31. 15: "My times are in thy hand."

43, 1. *The lenger life*, &c.;—the argument of one who will not let the troubled soul think of anything save its own sinfulness. The answer is beautifully given by the clear voice of Truth in st. 53.

3. *thou boasts;*—for 'boastest.'

7. *Is not enough*, &c.;—'is not thy evil life here utterly misspent far (or long) enough?' The longer you live the farther you will go astray.

44, 3. *Th' ill*, &c.;—'to prevent the evil which life may follow after and attain unto.' So 1 Pet. 3. 11: "seek peace and *ensue* it." See Gloss. *Ensue.*

45, 3. *For never knight*, &c.;—'for never did more luckless mishap stupefy, daunt, knight that dared deed,' &c. 'Knight' is the objective case after 'amate.' See Gloss. *Amate.*

7. *prolonged hath thy date;*—'hath lengthened out thy allowed measure of life.' 'Date' is *datum*, the granted or allotted measure. See Gloss. *Date.*

8. *Yet death then would*, &c.;—'would forestall' = 'would have forestalled.' 'Death would have secured you against future ills.'

9. *happen fall;*—'happen to fall.'

46, 2. *to their last degree;*—'to the utmost measure.'

3. *thy sinfull hire;*—'thy service to sin.'

7. *falsed;*—'made false,' betrayed. Ed. 1590 reads 'falsest.'

47, 6. *what then must needs*, &c.;—'it is better to do willingly what must be done, than wait till it becomes a necessity.' But then death is a thing not to be done, but to be suffered.

48, 8. *charmed;*—under a charm or spell.

49, 6. *painted in a table;*—in a picture; an allusion to those terrible pictures of the Last Judgment with which the gloomier views of religion were fed before the Reformation.

52, 1. *saw;*—ed. 1590 reads 'heard.'

2. *ran to her well of life;*—'the blood ran back cold to her heart.'

6. *And to him said;*—so Truth makes its voice heard by the despairing conscience, and the man is saved.

53, 1. *feeble;*—so ed. 1590, but ed. 1596 reads 'seely.'

5. *that chosen art;*—perhaps an allusion to the then popular Calvinistic views as to election.

8. *accurst hand-writing;*—refers to Col. 2. 14, "Blotting out the *handwriting* of ordinances that was against us," &c.

54, 5. *unbid, unblest;*—without prayer or blessing. See Gloss. *Bid.*

7. *he so himselfe had drest;*—'he had set himself so to do.'

8. *Yet nathelesse*, &c.;—that is, despair will not cease to exist, while man's present manner of life continues.

CANTO X.

Una brings the Red Cross Knight to the house of Holiness, where he is courteously received by Faith, Hope, and Charity, the daughters of Dame Caelia. Schooled by Faith and Hope, and exhorted by Caelia, he goes through due penance for his sins; is taken by Mercy to the hospital of Good Works, and thence to the hill of Contemplation, where he learns his own history, his parentage, and his hopes for hereafter.

1, 1. This is the most beautiful canto in the Book. The house of Holiness; the sisters Faith, Hope, and Charity; Mercy and her seven beadsmen; the hill of Contemplation; the heavenward movement of the chastened spirit of the Knight;—all these are drawn in the most simple and elevated manner, and form a striking picture of the best side of Protestant theology and piety in the sixteenth century,

9. *But all the good;*—cp. Phil. 2. 13.

2, 3. *raw;*—unpractised, (as we say 'a raw recruit').

8. *where he chearen might;*—'where he might refresh himself,' and recover his natural cheerfulness.

4, 1. *Caelia;*—'heavenly;' Fidelia, Faith; Speranza, Hope; Charissa, Charity. The descriptions of the three are taken from the well-known representations of them by painters: Faith with a book and serpent in a goblet; Hope leaning on a silver anchor; Charity surrounded by children.

5, 8. *Humiltà;*—Humility.

9. *streight and narrow;*—refers to Matth. 7. 14.

6, 6. *Zele;*—a Franklin: that is, Christian energy and liberty of the Gospel of Christ. Cp. Gal. 5. 1. See Gloss. *Francklin.*

7, 5. *knew his good*, &c.;—'knew how to conduct himself towards all in each degree or class of society.' An indication of the aristocratic feeling in Spenser's mind.

9, 5. *ever-dying dread;*—'ever-impending dread of death.' Dread here personified.

6. *long a day;*—so 'many a day.'

7. *thy weary soles to lead;*—'to guide thy feet.'

10, 5. *the broad high way*, &c.;—cp. Matth. 7. 13.

righteest;—a superlative: or perhaps for 'righteous.'

12, 6. *eldest;*—probably Spenser was thinking of the *three* sisters; otherwise, as between Fidelia and Speranza, it should be 'elder.'

Fidelia;—Faith is drawn from Scriptural sources. The cup indicates sacramental blessings—wine and water mixed therein according to the ancient custom of the Church; the sunny beams, the halo of divine presence with her; the serpent, either the type of healing, or the wisdom of the Gospel;

her constant mood, the quality of the faithful—"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering" (Hebr. 10. 23); her book, the Holy Scriptures, the guide of life and belief.

9. *And round about*, &c.;—'and a light like that of heaven shone round her head.'

13, 1. *lilly white*;—So Ariosto, Orl. Fur. 21. 1, clothes Faith in white:

"La santa Fè vestita in altro modo
Che d'un vel bianco che la copra tutta."

8. *A booke*;—the Scriptures, sealed by the blood of Christ and of the martyrs.

9. *Wherein darke things*, &c.;—cp. 2 Pet. 3. 16.

14, 2. *clad in blew*;—colour of persistence. Hope is 'less cheerful' than Faith; for Hope has also fear.

3. *of sight*;—'to look on.'

7. *as befell*;—'as it fell out,' happened.

9. *swarved*;—pret. of 'to swerve,' turn aside.

15, 9. *of many a noble gest*;—'many noble actions.'

16, 2. *where is she become*;—'where is she gone to?' 'what has become of her?' 'whither has she betaken herself?'

6. *And hath encreast*, &c.;—Charity is ever doing works of kindness, filling the world with her good deeds.

17, 5. *I read you rest*, &c.;—'I advise you to rest, and retire to your chamber.'

6. *a groome*;—a valet; so 'groom of the chamber.' Bride*groom* is one who waits on the bride. See Gloss. II. *Groome*.

18, 4. *into her schoolehouse*;—the Knight must be taught by Faith; he must go through the dogmatic training characteristic of the sixteenth century.

7. *so much agraste*;—'treated with so much favour.'

19, 2. *That none could read*, &c.;—Faith alone gives the clue to the right understanding of the revelation of God.

4. *heavenly documents*;—'heavenly teaching.'

6. *of grace*, &c.;—notice the tone of the sixteenth-century theology. The relations of God to man, Grace, or His favour, Justice, Freewill—the Augustinian questions—became the chief points of Protestant doctrine. They are all matters connected with the dealings of God with man in Christ.

20, 1. *list poure out*;—'pleased (to) pour out.' Spenser often adds the dependent verb without the infin. sign 'to.'

2. *She would commaund*, &c.;—cp. Josh. 10. 12.

3. *Or backward turne*, &c.;—cp. 2 Kings 20. 10.

4. *Sometimes great hostes*, &c.;—cp. Judges 7.

5. *Dry-shod*, &c.;—cp. Exod. 14. 22, &c.; Josh. 3. 17. This line is wanting in the edd. 1590, 1596, and is first supplied in ed. 1609.

6. *And eke huge mountaines*, &c.;—cp. Matth. 21. 21.

23, 1. *And came to Caelia*;—confession to God of difficulty.

7. *To fetch a leach*, &c.;—alluding to the office of the clergy as healers of weak and distressed consciences.

24, 2. *Could hardly him intreat*;—'could scarcely persuade him.'

5. *passing prief*;—'surpassing proof,' extraordinary excellence.

6. *wordes of wondrous might*;—"the benefit of absolution" is perhaps here hinted at.

25, 2. *infected sin*;—'sin engrained.' So in Article IX. we have the phrase, "And this *infection* of Nature doth remain," &c.

26, 1. *In ashes*, &c.;—the theology of the Queen and Court inculcated, in theory at least, discipline and self-humiliation by fasting, &c.; though probably Spenser here refers to spiritual rather than corporeal discipline.

27, 3. *Remorse*;—here used in the good sense of sorrow for past ill-doing; Repentance properly includes the intention of amendment of life; penance is the active punishment inflicted for ill-doing.

6. *His bodie in salt water smarting sore*;—so ed. 1596, but ed. 1590 reads, 'His blamefull body in salt water sore.'

28, 9. *his crime*, &c.;—'he never could be clear from the accusation of his sin;' after the Latin *crimen*.

30, 2. *bounty rare*;—'uncommon goodness.' 'Bounty,' like 'charity,' has now shrunk into mere giving. Spenser uses both in their larger sense; as *caritas*, *bonitas*, *carità*, *bontà*, &c., are used.

4. *to compare*;—'to find an equal to.' *Comparare* is 'to get together,' and thence the sense of comparison, by placing things side by side.

9. *in yellow robes*;—supposed to be the fitting garb of a matron. Faith (like Truth) is dressed in pure white; Hope in blue, cerulean colour, indicative of a soul that soars beyond this world, also of one stedfast under trial; Charity, the matron, wears a yellow robe.

31, 2. *Playing their sports*;—a Latinism, the cognate accusative.

joyd her;—'delighted her,' gave her joy.

7. *passing price uneath*, &c.;—'whose surpassing value was scarcely calculable.' See Gloss. *Uneath*.

32, 4. *And entertaines*;—'receives.' So on old signs "good entertainment," &c. *Entretenir*, to hold or receive within one's walls. See Gloss. II. *Entertainment*.

33, 1. *was right joyous of*;—'rejoiced at.' A construction answering to 'glad of.'

3. *Gan him instruct*, &c.;—Faith had taught him the relations of man to God; now Charity unfolds the duties of Christian man to man—love, righteousness, "well to donne" (or well-doing).

34, 3. *well descride*;—'declared clearly,' or 'expressed.'

4. *Mercy*;—is set over against proud *Lucifera*.

8. *this wide worldes wave*;—"may so pass the waves of this troublesome world, &c."—Baptismal Service.

36, 3. *seven bead-men*;—'seven men of prayer.' These are the seven distinctions of good works given by the Schoolmen:—1. entertainment of travellers; 2. food to the needy; 3, clothing to the naked; 4. relief to prisoners; 5. comfort to the sick and dying; 6. burial of the dead; 7. care of widows and orphans.

6. *Their*;—edd. 1590, 1596, read 'there.'

37, 1. *and best*;—that is, first in precedence; see st. 44.

6. *Not unto such*, &c.;—cp. Luke 14. 14.

38, 8. *what need him care*;—so too in st. 41, "them most needeth comfort." The A.S. verb *nydan*, *geneadian* signifies to compel, urge (and our

substantive 'need' is akin to Germ. *noth*, necessity, compulsion). So the sense will be 'what compels him to care?' and in st. 41 the sense will be 'comfort most chiefly urges them:'—as the thing they are specially in want of. We should say "I need money;" they, "money needeth me," urges me as a great want.

39, 9. *His owne coate*, &c.;—probably an allusion to St. Martin of Tours and the beggar.

40, 4. *From Turkes*, &c.;—the ransoming of Christian captives from the Turk was a common work of charity, much needed in the sixteenth century. When Charles V, in 1535, besieged and took Tunis, he found there 10,000 Christian slaves, whom Barbarossa or his brother had captured from time to time on the Mediterranean.

8. *And he that harrowd hell*, &c.;—the mediæval tradition as to our Lord's "descent into hell," was that He went down thither, contended against the powers of darkness, overcame them, and then returned, leading with Him the ransomed souls of men "with heavy stowre," 'with great labour and struggle.' The phrase 'to harrow hell,' is common in early English writers. St. Margharete (circ. 1200) in Early English Text Society, p. 10 (fol. 44): "Þu *herehedest helle* ant overcome af kempe þene acursede gast." Chaucer has "Now helpe, Thomas, for him that *harewed hell*."—Sompnours Tale. Cp. 1 Pet. 3. 19. See Gloss. *Harrow*.

41, 3. *them most needeth*, &c.;—so in the Burial Service: "Suffer us not, at our last hour, through any pains of death, to fall from Thee."

9. *as the tree does fall*;—cp. Eccles. 11. 3.

42, 1. Notice the great beauty of this stanza.

5. *when he their soules*, &c.;—at the resurrection.

6. *of Gods owne mould*;—'in the image of God,' Gen. 1. 27.

7. *Whose face*, &c.;—cp. Ps. 8. 6.

9. *me graunt, I dead*, &c.;—'grant me, O God, that I when dead may not be defiled.' This prayer was more than heard when the poet's remains were lowered into the grave in Westminster Abbey.

43, 3. *And widowes ayd*;—'to aid,' the sign of infin. again omitted.

46, 6. *said his devotion*;—we now use the word in this sense only in pl., as 'at his devotions.'

47, 1. *to him given had*;—'had had given him.'

3. *All were*, &c.;—'although.'

48, 7. *he car'd his carcas*;—like the Latin *curare cutem*, 'he took no care of his body,' did not think of food, though he had been long unfed.

49, 4. *more*;—either = 'greatly,' or, 'more than he respected the knight.'

50, 7. *Whereof the keyes*, &c.;—Faith can unlock heaven's gates to Contemplation.

9. *according his desire*;—'granting it.' See Gloss. *Accord*.

51, 7. *the righteous sead*;—so St. Paul, Gal. 3. 16.

53, 3. *That blood-red billowes*;—Spenser boldly attributes the *redness* of the Red Sea to its waves.

4. *disparted with his rod*;—cp. Ex. 14. 21. Moses is always represented with the rod; but in the Bible he is only said to stretch out his hand over the sea.

6. *Dwelt forty dayes upon;*—cp. Ex. 24. 18.

7. *With bloody letters;*—the narrative does not say so: perhaps Spenser was thinking of St. Paul's reference to them, 2 Cor. 3. 7, "the ministration of death, written and engraved on stones," &c.

8. *The bitter doome,* &c.;—the terrors and penalties of the Law. "Balefull mone" is 'that which causes evil moaning and wailing.'

9. *whiles flashing fire,* &c.;—cp. Deut. 4. 11.

54, 1. The critics attack Spenser for this stanza. They say that after having first described the Mountain of the Law, and then the Mount of Olives, so closely connected with the Gospel, he should not have used, in the same comparison, the classical hill of Parnassus.

that sacred hill;—the Mount of Olives.

6. *that pleasaunt mount;*—Parnassus: the "thrise three ladies" are the nine Muses.

55, 1. Both Spenser and Bunyan drew their inspiration, in describing the heavenly city, from the description in Rev. 21. 10.

56, 5. *As commonly as friend;*—'in as friendly and sociable a manner as friend with friend.' See Gloss. *Commonly.*

57, 2. *The new Hierusalem;*—cp. Heb. 12. 22, 23.

5. *pretious;*—edd. 1590, 1596 read 'piteous,' but it is corrected in the Faults Escaped of 1590 to 'pretious.'

8. *in that citie sam;*—"in that same city." Church. More probably 'sam' is 'together.' See Gloss. *Sam.*

58, 2. *great Cleopolis;*—London; cp. vii. 46.

5. *that bright towre,* &c.;—Panthea. This crystal tower is by some thought to be Windsor Castle; but this seems very doubtful. Queen Elizabeth, when in town, usually lay at the Palace at Greenwich. The conception comes from Chaucer's "temple y-made of glas," the House of Fame.

8. *that does far surpas;*—'that' is the objective case—'quite surpasses that city.'

59, 2. *for earthly frame;*—'considering that it is of earthly framing (building), it is the fairest piece of work, the finest city.'

4. *And well beseemes,* &c.;—a well-turned compliment to the Queen's court.

61, 1. *I to thee presage;*—'I point out to thee with the hand.'

7. *Shall be a saint,* &c.;—the Red Cross Knight becomes St. George. St. George did not become the patron saint of England till the reign of Edward III. He may be in some way connected with the Crusades, and is perhaps distinct from the St. George of romance. The struggle between the patron saint and the dragon, common to so many lands, is older than St. George. In Saxon days Beowulf slays this enemy of man. Siegfried, in the German lays, is also of higher antiquity than St. George.

9. *mery England;*—Church says that in this phrase 'merry' signifies pleasant, delightful; attributing it to the pleasantness of the country, not to the cheerfulness of the inhabitants. 'Merry' in Early English writers bears the sense of lively, joyous. So Chaucer, Tr. and Cr. iii. 1514, has "this *murye* morwe." He also speaks of "mery weather."

62, 3. *These that,* &c.;—spoken by Contemplation.

4. Ed. 1590 reads 'As wretched men.'

5. *But deeds*, &c.;—by the Knight.
7. *What need*, &c.;—again by Contemplation.
8. Ed. 1590 reads 'better battailes all are fought.'
9. *they'are*;—ed. 1596 omits 'they.'

63, 7. *bequeathed care*;—'the charge entrusted to you by that royal maid.'

65, 3. *fought in place*;—'fought on the spot, in that land.' Ed. 1590 reads 'face.'

9. *chaungelings*;—the superstition about the power of fairies to substitute an elf-child for a human baby was almost universal in the time of Spenser. He seems to have drawn it from the Seven Champions, I. 1, where St. George, after his birth at Coventry is "stole from the careful nurses" by the fell enchantress Kalyb. Sir T. Browne, in his Religio Medici, published forty years after Spenser, seems to believe in changelings. Rel. Med. § 30. Cp. Shakespeare, Mids. Night's Dr. ii. 1: "A lovely boy, stolen from an Indian king."

66, 6. *Whereof Georgos*, &c.;—'wherefore (from whence) he gave thee Georgos to thy name;' named thee Georgos, from the Greek γεωργός, a husbandman, ploughman. So in the Letter to Sir W. Raleigh he is described as "a tall clownishe younge man." This is the tale told (Ovid, Met. 15. 553) of Tages, son of Earth, whom a husbandman found under the furrow, as he was ploughing. (Upton.)

9. *as seemes thee best became*;—'as (it) seems (it) became thee best.'

67, 5. *This said*, &c.;—'when he had thus spoken, he looked downwards, thinking to have returned to the ground;' or, 'he looked, expected, to have returned down to the ground, but his eyes were dazzled through surpassing brightness, and too exceeding shining, which quite confounded his feeble sense.' See Gloss. *Shyne*. The Knight could not see his way to return to earth from this high hill of contemplation of heavenly things, so dazzled were his eyes.

68, 1. *At last*, &c.;—'when he came to himself.'
5. *for his paines hyre*;—'as return for the trouble he had taken.'
8. *Of her adventure*;—of the coming fight with the dragon.

CANTO XI.

The Knight fights for two days with the Dragon, and after divers adventures and feats of arms, on the third day slays him.

1, 1. This canto is, on the whole, the least pleasing in the Book. The struggle between Knight and Dragon is so uneven, that the two scarcely seem to fight in reality; and the supernatural aid granted to the Knight, however desirable allegorically, mars the effect of the tale.

2. *her captive parents deare*;—the King and Queen are types of all mankind; formerly lords of Eden, but cast out through the Dragon's power; through sin and the devil. They are restored to their first estate only by Christ and His Gospel (represented by the Red Cross Knight, who over-

comes the great enemy by means of the sword of the Spirit). This is the meaning of these two cantos.

2, 4. *be at your keeping well;*—'keep good care and watch over yourself, and be ever on your guard.'

3. This stanza is entirely omitted from ed. 1590; and it may be a question whether it is Spenser's.

4, 3. *seemd uneath to shake;*—"I suppose it means *beneath*, and is a contraction for *underneath*." Church. But can it not mean, according to its proper sense, 'uneasily'?—'the Dragon's roar shook the ground *uneasily*, so as to make it rock.' Its more usual sense is 'without ease,' not in the sense of restlessness, but of facility. It may possibly mean 'almost,' 'seemed almost to shake the stedfast ground.' See Gloss. *Uneath.*

5. *Where stretcht he lay*, &c.;—this fine description of the Dragon, lying at length on the side of a sunny hill, will remind the reader of Turner's grand guardian-dragon of the Hesperides, in the Vernon Collection. He there lies like the ridge and sky-line of a hill-side.

5, 1. *yede aloof;*—'go aside.' See Gloss. *Yede.*

5. *turnd a little wyde;*—'went a little on one side.'

6. *O thou sacred muse*, &c.;—Clio, Muse of History. Spenser makes the Muses the daughters of Phoebus and Mnemosyne, which is the common faith on the subject, though there are other mythological parentages for them. (Hesiod makes them the daughters of Zeus.) The gods of Light and Memory are naturally the most fitting parents for the Muses.

7. *his aged bride;*—Mnemosyne, or Memory. The poets feigned that Memory was a most ancient goddess. So Aesch. Prom. 461, *μνήμην θ' ἁπάντων μουσομήτορ' ἐργάτιν*:—the mother of all Muses.

8. *The nourse of time;*—Clio, as "nourse of time," records things done, and preserves them from being forgotten; she is also "nourse of everlasting fame," she registers great acts, whose fame shall never die.

9. *warlike hands;*—'hands' for 'persons,' part for whole; a common poetic and rhetorical figure.

6, 4. *heroës;*—a trisyllable in this place, keeping the Latin inflexion.

7. *The god of warre*, &c.;—Ares (Mars), with his fierce train, as described by Homer, Il. 4. 439-441, Fear, Terror, and Strife.

7, 2. *Till I of warres*, &c.;—either Spenser meditated an epic poem on the glories of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and her struggle with the 'Paynim King,' Philip II of Spain; or he looked forward to more heroic descriptions &c. in the later Books of the Faery Queene. His sonnet to Lord Essex looks as if he was projecting a new poem:—

"But when my Muse....
With bolder wing shall dare alofte to sty
To the last praises of this Faëry Queene;
Then shall it make most famous memory
Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene."

3. *And Briton fields*, &c.;—Spenser doubtless here refers to the late struggle between the Spanish power and England; though the "Briton fields" must either refer to the sea-fights in the Channel, or to the battles in the Netherlands, and the "Sarazin bloud" must be the blood of Spaniards. Is there any allusion to the Spanish Mahomedans?

7. *let downe that haughtie string*;—'let us not tune our lyre so high;' let us not sing so high a strain.

8. *thy second tenor*;—'a lower tone;' second treble or counter-tenor. The popularity and practice of part singing at this period must have rendered Spenser's phrase proper and intelligible.

8, 2. *Halfe flying, and halfe footing*;—followed by Milton, P. L. 2. 940:

"Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying."

7. *vast*;—ed. 1596 reads 'wast.'

9, 1. *And over, all* &c.;—this is the punctuation of 1590 and 1596. It bears a good sense. 'And, over his body, all—his whole form—was armed,' &c.

5. *Which, as an eagle*, &c.;—'which scales (as an eagle stirs his plumes when a quarry comes in sight) he so shook that it was horror, a thing horrible, to hear.'

6. *full rudely dight*;—'dressed, arrayed in bristling roughness.'

9. *rouzed scales*;—'his scales roused, set up,' as birds ruff up their plumage.

11, 5. *as*;—edd. 1590, 1596 read 'all;' but it is corrected in Faults Escaped of 1590 to 'as.'

12, 1. *But stings*, &c.;—construction inverted: the subject (or nom. case) is "the sharpnesse," &c.

3. *Dead was it sure*, &c.;—'that thing was dead, as sure as death can be, which touches his paws, or which his paws touch:' for the use of 'does' after a pl. would not be unparalleled in Spenser.

13, 1. *And, that*;—'that which' (we now say 'what').

2. *Three rancke of yron teeth*;—from Ovid, Met. 3. 34, "triplici stant ordine dentes."

14, 1. *His blazing eyes*, &c.;—cp. Milton, P. L. 1. 193.

3. *As two broad beacons*, &c.;—is a reminiscence of the beacon-fires of the glorious 29th of July, 1588, on which day the Armada was first sighted off the Cornish shore. Possibly also, the two beacons on the Malvern hills (Worcestershire and Herefordshire) were in Spenser's mind.

16, 2. *rigorous might*;—'with stiff strength;' rigorous is our *rigid*.

18, 5. *Her flitting parts*;—the element of air that readily fell asunder. 'Her' where we now should use 'its.'

8. *low stouping*;—a term in falconry: it expresses the 'stoup' or *swoop* of the hawk to strike its quarry.

19, 1. *the subject plaine*;—'the plain lying below them;' Latin phrase.

3. *Till struggling strong did him*, &c.;—'till *they* struggling mightily,' &c.

5. *hagard hauke*;—'wild hawk.' See Gloss. *Hagard*.

6. *above his hable might*;—'beyond the extent of his ability,' beyond his powers.

8. *To trusse the pray*;—to pack up, make into a bundle; a fowl is trussed when it is *thrust* together with a skewer. So the hawk, in 'trussing his prey,' pierces it with his talons, and gets it well together. Somerville, in his Field Sports, speaks of the "vigorous hawk *truss'd* in mid air;" where he means that the hawk holds himself together ready to strike.

SALEM COLLEGE LIBRARY
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

20, 1. *He so disseized*, &c.;—'he (the dragon) being thus dispossessed of his rough grip,' having thus lost his heavy hold. 'He' is here used absolutely.

9. *the uncouth smart;*—'the unwonted pain.'

21, 4. *would shoulder;*—'would push off.'

5. *And greedy gulfe*, &c.;—the great waves as they recoil (or as they gather up before breaking on the shore) seem as if they would devour in their revenge the neighbour element, the land.

7. *the blustring brethren;*—the winds.

8. *his stedfast henge;*—'move the earth off his hinge,' out of its orbit. The whole of this description is too monstrous; so is the water-mill of next stanza, and, indeed, the whole description of the dragon.

22, 8. *deepe-rooted ill;*—the spear-head deeply fixed in his body.

23, 7. *can quickly ryse;*—'can' = gan.

24, 3. *That nothing*, &c.;—'that (it) seemed (that) nothing,' &c.

6. *deeper;*—here used almost as a positive; perhaps = 'very deep,' and a Latinism.

9. *did them still forsake;*—'ever avoided the strokes.'

25, 1. *his stroke beguyld;*—'that his sword's blow was foiled.'

26, 3. *his wide devouring oven;*—his maw.

27, 1. *that great champion*, &c.;—Heracles (Hercules) and his twelve labours.

4. *So many furies*, &c.;—'furies' and 'fits' are the subject to this inverted sentence. By 'furies' Spenser does not mean the personified goddesses, but fearful pains and agonies. Hercules put on, according to the legend, a robe smeared with the poisonous blood of the Centaur Nessus, whom he had slain; the poison burnt into his flesh and caused him most horrible pains, and he at last threw himself in a paroxysm of suffering on a funeral pyre, and perished. The mythologies say nothing of "bloudy verses." Deianira smears the garment in good faith, in the story, thinking it a love-charm. Spenser here follows Ovid, Met. 9. 153.

9. *That erst him arm'd;*—the second 'that' = 'that which.'

28, 1. Notice the trick of the construction here. Each adjective in line 1 answers to a substantive in line 2; and the whole is elliptical. We have to supply (He was so) faint with heat, weary with toil, sore with wounds, &c.

29, 2. *his backe unweeting*, &c.;—'behind the back of him who knew not,' &c.

3. *a springing well*, &c.;—this whole description comes from the old romance of Sir Bevis of Southampton, in which this well of healing saves Sir Bevis in his fight with the dragon.

8. *it rightly hot;*—'it was rightly named.' See Gloss. *Hight.*

9. *The well of life;*—these points, the well, the trees of life, and of the knowledge of good and ill, are intended to indicate the allegorical meaning of the struggle, as between Holiness and the Devil; and to shew that (in accordance with the Anglican views on grace) man by himself cannot prevail against evil. 'The well of life' is taken from Rev. 22. 1, 2, whence also comes the reference to the tree of life.

30, 6. *Silo;*—the Pool of Siloam. Cp. John 9. 7; and for Jordan's waters, 2 Kings 5. 14.

7. *th' English Bath;*—a town in Somersetshire, which has been famous for the healing power of its waters from British times. The Romans founded a town there, built baths, and called the place Aquae Solis.

the German Spau;—a town in Belgium, not far from Liège, famous for the efficacy and variety of its waters. Church quotes from G. Boate's Nat. Hist. of Ireland as follows: "Fountains &c. are commonly called *Spaes*, a name borrowed of a certain village in the country of Liège, in which there is a spring of that sort, absolutely the principallest and the most effectual of all those of the same kind."

8. *Cephise;*—no healing virtue is attributed to any of the rivers of the name of Cephisus.

Hebrus;—the principal river of Thrace, not famous for medicinal virtues, but for the purity of its waters. Hor. Epist. 1. 16. 3.

33, 2. *That Titan rose;*—'that' here is 'in that,' and so almost = 'when.'

6, 7. *spy her loved knight to move*, &c.;—'could spy her knight moving.' &c. The infinitive is here used in a participial sense; the construction follows the Latin.

34, 3. *As eagle*, &c.;—Spenser refers to the belief that once in ten years the eagle soars up into the region of fire (the outermost circle round earth, the lightest of the four elements), and thence swoops down into the sea, thereby clearing away all his feathers, and obtaining a fresh plumage.

5. *youthly gay;*—'gay, bright in colours of youth'

36, 2. The hardened sword signifies the 'sword of the Spirit,' strengthened by being dipped in the well of life, the fountain of all spiritual strength.

that holy water dew;—'that fitting and true holy water;' alluding probably to the strength of spiritual privileges: the sword was, in fact, the sword of the Spirit; and the battle the battle of man, spiritually helped, against the powers of darkness. This 'holy water' from the well of life is, then, simply allegorical of spiritual comfort and help in the struggle.

4. *his baptized hands;*—hands dipped in the well of life. There can be no reference here to the tenets of the Anabaptists.

6. *Else never*, &c.; yet in stanza 20 we read that the knight wounded him.

7. *in his blood embrew:*—'imbrue (itself) in his blood.'

37, 6. *the buxome aire;*—'the yielding, bending air.' Cp. Milton, P. L. 2. 842. See Gloss. *Buxome.*

38, 2. *sharpe intended sting;*—'sharp sting, stretched out to smite.'

4. *Ne living wight*, &c.;—'nor would any one living have promised him his life,' would have believed he could have survived.

39, 3. *can;*—= gan, began; or = did.

41, 4. *Cerberus;*—the surly three-headed dog of the infernal gods.

6. *the griped gage;*—the pledge (i. e. the knight's shield) griped or held by the dragon.

42, 8. *to unty;*—'to loosen.'

43, 7. *that hewd;*—'that (it) hewed.' So in stanza 45 'that forst.'

8. *The paw yett missed not*, &c.;—'the claw, though sundered from the dragon's body, still held fast hold on the shield;' it did not discover its 'minished might.'

44, 5. *As burning Aetna;*—Tasso, Gier. Lib. 4. 8, likens Satan to Aetna; and both he and Spenser probably had Virg. Aen. 3. 571 in mind.

46, 1. *a goodly tree;*—the tree of life. Cp. Gen. 2. 9 and Rev. 22. 2.

4. *over all were red;*—'were told of everywhere.'

9. *the crime,* &c.;—the cause, or accusation, which brought about our first father's fall. Not the eating of it, but the fear lest man should eat thereof and live for ever. "The tree of life (of which our first father, had he continued innocent, might have eaten and lived) was a *reproach* to him, i. e. might be said to reproach him, for eating of the forbidden tree of knowledge." Church. 'Crime' in this place, as often in Spenser, is used in its Latin and more proper sense—*crimen*, accusation. This disposes of Warton's criticism on this passage, vol. ii. 17.

47, 6. *Another like faire tree;*—that of the knowledge of good and evil. Gen. 2. 7.

48, 2. *balme,* &c.;—cp. Rev. 22. 2: "The leaves of the tree for the healing of the nations."

49, 2. *he was deadly made;*—he was a child of death, not of life.

8. *and wayes of living wight;*—imitated from Homer's σκιόωντο δὲ πᾶται ἀγυιαί.

53, 2. *to have swallowd quight;*—so the winged serpent in the Black Castle offers to swallow up St. George; Seven Champions, 2. 6.

9. *And, back retyrd;*—when it was drawn back (out) again it drew with it his life-blood.

54, 1. Notice the poetic iteration. Fletcher seems (says Church) to have admired and copied it, Purple Island, c. xii. 59:

> "*So up he rose* upon his stretched sails,
> Fearlesse expecting his approaching death:
> *So up he rose* that th' ayer," &c.

Milton also seems to have had it in mind when he wrote,

> "Down their arms,
> Down fell both spear and shield, down they as fast."

55, 4. *for dread, which she misdeem'd;*—'through fear which she misconceived,' lest the dragon were not really dead; or lest in his downfall he had crushed her knight.

CANTO XII.

The watchman on the walls tells to the waking city the tidings of the dragon's death; the people all come forth to see, and lead the Knight with joy to the palace. There, in spite of Duessa's false letter, and Archimago, her messenger, the Red Cross Knight and Una are solemnly betrothed with mighty rejoicings. Lastly, the Knight departs to fulfil his six years' service to the Faery Queene, leaving Una to await his return.

1, 3. *Vere the maine shete;*—alter the direction of the mainsail, so as to alter the ship's course. Notice that Spenser, the friend of Raleigh and other seafaring heroes, who had himself been at sea, has a fresh English delight in sailors' phrases.

4. *afore*;—ahead.

3, 1. *lusty joy, and feeble speed*;—eager of heart, but feeble with old age.

7. *out of bond*;—without consultation, at once.

5, 3. *And sad habiliments*, &c.;—'in sober-coloured clothes (as in days of trouble) which became them well'

6, 7. *a goodly band Of tall young men*;—alluding to the Queen's band of pensioners; "Some of the handsomest and tallest young men, of the best families and fortunes, that could be found." Warton.

7. *all hable armes to sownd*;—'all proper to bear arms;' to clash them together?

6, 2. *him before themselves prostrating low*;—inverted order; 'prostrating themselves low before him.'

7, 3. *And to the maydens*, &c.;—'and sang a joyous lay in notes well in tune with the sounding timbrels of the maidens.'

8, 8. *in her self-resemblance well beseene*;—'who looking well in her resemblance to her proper self;' that is, she was a king's daughter, and so in wearing their sportive coronet, she seemed like herself—*seemed*, as she indeed *was*, a queen.

9, 1. *the raskall many*;—Spenser was in sympathies, lineage, and associates, a 'gentleman,' and to him the shopmen and labourers of his day were but *racaille*, the rascal rout. 'Many'=rout, troop; subst., not adj.

9. *Ne durst*, &c.;—'they' understood from 'them' in the line before.

10, 11. Notice the poetic relief given by these lighter stanzas, between the heavy fighting of the previous canto, and the noble gravity of the conclusion.

10, 3. *Warnd him not touch*;—'warned his comrades not to touch him, the dragon.'

11, 9. *he did spread of land*;—'over how many acres of land his body lay extended.' So the 'novem jugera' which Enceladus covered in the shades.

13, 8. *of great name*;—'of great value.'

9. *fitting purpose frame*;—made suitable discourse.

14. This stanza is probably a glancing compliment to the frugality of Queen Elizabeth's court.

15, 1. *Then when with meates*, &c.;—this from Homer's frequent

αὖταρ ἐπεὶ ποσίος καὶ ἐδητύος ἐξ ἔρον ἔντο.

3. *That auncient lord*, &c.;—'the king began to find fit occasion to ask the Red Cross Knight of his adventures,' &c.

8. *as is before exprest*;—as has been related throughout the book.

16, 2. *did passionate*;—'did express in a feeling manner; they shewed in their faces the mixed feelings of pleasure and pity. Church. See Gloss. *Passionate.*

17, 1. *that royall pere*;—'pere' is used here as a term of honour, 'a peer (or equal) of kings.'

4. *That I note*;—'that I wot not,' know not.

praise, or pitty;—these are verbs; the sign 'to' being omitted, as is common in Spenser.

9. *devize of ease*;—'plan rest.' This verb is not usually followed by 'of.'

18, 8. *Gainst that proud paynim king;*—after long chastening of the heart, and complete reception of Truth, the champion of reformation is to go on, without resting, to attack the great power of Spain.

that works her teene;—'who is plotting the harm of the English Queen.' See Gloss. *Teene.*

19, 7. *the terme*, &c.;—'as soon as this period of six years shall end.'

20, 2. *In sort as;*—'in such sort as,' 'even as.'

5. *to his dame;*—'to be his wife;' 'had her to wife' is the same construction. 'Dame' in the sixteenth century signified a married lady.

21, 5. *the morning starre;*—cp. Solomon's Song 6. 10.

22, 7. *withoutten spot or pride;*—without colour of any kind or pride of ornament or embroidery. Drawn from the Church of Christ, Rev. 19. 7.

8. *woven neare;*—'closely woven.'

23, 7. *All were she;*—'although she had been.'

24, 5. *Who;*—her sire, the king.

9. *A messenger*, &c.;—thus the consequences of sin follow him who has given way to it, and may reappear to his confusion at any moment. But the knight meets them with pure truthfulness, frankly confesses his past ill-doing, and by boldly facing the evil escapes from it. The allegory probably also alludes to the attempts made to call back England into obedience to the Roman See. Sixtus V, at this time Pope, was known to be very eager for the recovery of this country, and had made more than one overture to Queen Elizabeth before he blessed the Armada.

25, 1. *All in the open hall*, &c.;—cp. Chaucer's Squiers Tale, v. 96.

3. *his breathlesse hasty mood;*—Sidney, in his Arcadia, has a similar passage—"there came a fellow, who, being out of breath, or seeming so to be, for haste, with humble hastiness told Basilius &c."

4. *his passage right;*—his way straight forward.

5. *Till fast*, &c.;—till he halted right before the king.

6. *great humblesse he did make;*—'he made great show of humility.'

7. *whereon his foot*, &c.;—the ground on which the king's foot was fixed.

8. *did betake;*—delivered into his (the king's) hands. See Gloss. *Betake.*

9. *be disclosing;*—'the king unfastening the letter.'

26, 4. *that great Emperour of all the West;*—Duessa regards herself as heir of the Carlovingian Empire. Or Spenser by this phrase may mean only to indicate Rome.

27, 5. *Witnesse the burning altars*, &c.;—she calls to witness the altars on which sacrifices were burning (as ratification of the marriage rites), by which altars he had sworn (a Latinism, as in 'jurare Deos,' for 'jurare per Deos'); and witness also the heavens 'guilty of' his perjury, i. e. charged with the guilt of it, charged to avenge it. The Greeks swore by the altar, touching the slab (*altare*) as they pronounced the words of their oath. Hannibal is related, in the well-known story, to have sworn in this manner.

7. *Which though;*—a Latin construction = '*and* though he has often polluted *them*' (the heavens and the altars). The more natural form of argument would be, 'And *as* he has polluted them, I will all the more appeal to them.'

28, 9. *well to fare;*—the right usage of the infinitive, connected with 'farewell,' the imperative.

29, 7. *mine onely sake;*—'the sake of me alone.'

8. *adventurest;*—'didst adventure,' for 'adventuredst.'

30, 3. *What heavens,* &c.;—'what (mean these) heavens?' &c., or 'what are these heavens, these altars, &c. which she invokes?'

9. *With crime doe not it cover;*—'do not conceal it in a criminal manner.'

31, 3. *by grave intendiment;*—'by grave attention to my words,' 'animi *intentio*.' The older glossaries give 'knowledge, meaning,' &c., as the sense of the word.

32, 4. *royall richly dight;*—'dressed with the richness of royalty.'

5. *That easy was,* &c.;—'that it was easy for her to dazzle,' &c.

8. *Unwares me wrought;*—'turned me without my knowledge,' 'made me subject to her will.'

33, 4. *pardon me. . to show;*—'give me leave to shew.' This construction with 'to pardon' is not now used.

34, 3. *unprovided scath;*—'unforeseen hurt.' Ed. 1590 reads 'improvided.'

5. *the practicke paine;*—'the artful, well-skilled pains.'

35, 3. *Bad on that messenger,* &c.;—'ordered (the retainers) to lay violent hands on the messenger.'

5. *Attacht that faitor false;*—'seized on that false vagabond.' See Gloss. *Faytor.*

7. *As chained beare,* &c.;—bear-baiting was the favourite sport of Englishmen at this period, and down to the Commonwealth.

36, 7. *the late forbidden bains;*—the banns of marriage. Spenser seems to consider that the word is equivalent to 'bands' or 'bonds,' as he says, just after,

"his daughter dear *he tyde*
With sacred vowes," &c.

Abp. Cranmer speaks of banns of marriage as being customary in 1548; and they are of much higher antiquity. They are mentioned in the Sarum Manuale. Ed. 1596 spells the word 'banes.' See Gloss. *Bains.*

37, 4. *The housling fire;*—in Roman marriages the husband received his bride home with fire and water (types of purification, or symbols of domestic life and welcome). Perhaps the *housel* or *husel*, which is generally used of the Eucharist, is regarded by Spenser as derived from *house*, and the "housling fire" as 'the sacred hearth fire.' Spenser seems here to be describing old Roman rather than Christian marriage rites.

6. *the bushy teade;*—the nuptial torch, which preceded the bride on her way to the bridegroom's house (the δᾷδες *νυμφικαί* of Aristoph. Pax. 1318). *Bushy*, perhaps because made of pinewood (?).

7. *sacred lamp;*—this custom seems to be invented by Spenser in this connection. The ever-burning lamp was usually lighted before some sacred shrine, not in the bridal chamber.

9. *burnen;*—notice again the old form of the inf. verb.

38, 1. *sprinckle all the posts with wine;*—'postes aspergere vino.' So Claud., de Nupt. Honorii et Mariae, 209, has "pars nectariis adspergere tecta Fontibus," &c.

3. *They all perfumde;*—'they (being) all perfumed,' taken absolutely.

5. *did sweat with great aray;*—' the whole house was hot and busy with much preparation.' Or ' sweat' refers to rich odours.

39, 5. *their trinall triplicities;* — the angels, according to the scholastic conceptions, were arranged in *triads* and *nines*. These conceptions are drawn from the pseudo-Dionysius, whose book on the Celestial Hierarchy furnished St. Thomas Aquinas with this arrangement.

1.	2.	3.
1. Seraphim,	Cherubim,	Thrones,
2. Dominations,	Virtues,	Powers,
3. Principalities.	Archangels.	Angels.

These threefold three orders corresponded also to the nine spheres of the universe, each sphere being moved by one order. Dante often alludes to this, especially in the Paradiso, c. 28. So Tasso, Gier. Lib. 18. 96; and Milton, P. L. 5. 748:

"Seraphim and Potentates and Thrones
In their *triple degrees.*"

6. *heavenly sweet;*—' sweetness.' 'Sweet' is here used as the Latin and Greek neut. adj. is used.

41, 9. *Una left to mourne;*—type of the Church militant here below.

42, 6. *tackles spent;*—' her worn-out tackling or rigging.'

GLOSSARY.

The Roman numerals denote the Canto, the Arabic the Stanza.

A.

Abide, v. 17, to attend on, as a physician his patient.

About, i. 11, **abouts,** ix. 36, to the edge, or out of; A. S. *abútan*, lit. around, on the outside. Or perhaps in this place, to the end; Fr. *à bout.*

Accord, x. 50; xii. 15, to grant. In both cases in the phrase 'according his request.' From this the transition to the apparently adverbial use of the word is easy: 'according to' is simply = 'acceding to,' and is not a true adverb at all.

Acquit, vii. 52; viii. 1, to release. Fr. *acquitter*, forensic Lat. *acquietare*, to render the debtor quiet. Here to release a prisoner.

Address, ii. 11, to dress; but x. 11, to direct. Fr. *adresser*, It. *drizzare*, *dritto*, Lat. *directus*, *dirigere*. "His way with me addrest," is 'directed his steps in my company.' Chaucer, Clerkes Tale, 8864, uses *dress* in the same sense: "But to Griselde agen I wol me *dresse*."

Afflicted (Introduction, 4), lowly. It. *afflitto:* From L. Lat. *afflictio*, used of the recitation of the Penitential Psalms by penitents lying flat on the ground—so following the Lat. "*affligere* se ad terram," to dash oneself down on the ground.

Affronted, viii. 13, to be met with opposition. It. *affrontare*, O. Fr. *affronter*, from L. Lat. *affrontare* = terminari, *affrontatio*, a boundary mark, placed at the beginning of a farm, &c.

Afore, x. 49, in front of. "Standing far afore," at a distance in front of them. A.S. *æt-fóre.*

Aftersend, v. 10, to send after. These compounds are not rare in Spenser.

Aghast, ix. 21, it terrified (pret. or elliptical for '*did* aghast'); we now use only the adj. Chaucer uses the verb *to agast*—

> "That me *agasteth* in my dreme (quod she)."
>
> Legend of Dido, 246.

Horne Tooke, Div. of Purley, part I. chap. x., says "*Aghast, agast*, may be the p. p. *agazed*—

> 'All the whole army stood *agazed* on him.'"
>
> i. Henry VI. i. i.

But *agazed*, and Fuller's phrase (Worthies, Bucks) "men's minds stood at *a gaze*," are erroneous as derivations. The Goth. *us-gaisjan*, to horrify, contains the root whence it comes, *us* being the Ger. *aus*, Eng. *out*, and *gaisjan* connected with Ger. *geist*, A.S. *gast*, Eng. *ghost;* cp. Sc. *gousty*, desolate.

Agraste, x. 18, shewed grace or favour to. It. *aggratiare.*

Albe, v. 45, although; so the now rare *albeit.* In F. Q., Bk. V. ii. 6, Spenser writes "*albee* he rich or poor," = whether he be.

Alight, (I) iii. 20, fallen; used as an adj, 'is alight,' where we now should say 'has lighted.' Chaucer, Prol. 723, has "whan we were alight." (II) xii. 25, to come to a stop; of one halting in a hasty course, not of one dismounting.

All, x. 47; xii. 23, although.

Als, ix. 18, also. A.S. *ealswa.*

Amate, ix. 45, to stupify; to be or make stupid, as a dreamer, from O.Fr. *amater, mater,* to mortify, from *mat,* dull, faint. Ger. *matt.* Chaucer, Man of Lawes Tale, 836, has

> "O Golias, unmesurable of lengthe,
> How mighte David make the so *mate?*"

Mate, in check-mate, where it means the full stop put to the game, is a Semitic word, and, if at all connected with our *amate,* is only so accidentally.

Amis, iv. 18, amice. Lat. *amictus.* An oblong piece of fine linen worn by priests as a tippet to cover the shoulders and neck.

Amove, iv. 45; viii. 21; ix. 18, to move. Not from *a-movere,* but *movere.*

Amount, ix. 5, to ascend, out of a dwelling "low in an hollow cave."

Andvile, xi. 42, anvil. A.S. *anfilt;* the prefix *an-, ant-, ent-,* denoting in Teutonic languages anything that is opposite, against; so the *an-vil* will be that which stands up against the falling blow of the hammer. Du. *aenbeld, beelden,* to fashion, shape; O.H.Ger. *villen, fillen,* to strike, beat: cp. Lat. *in-cudere, incus.*

Annoy, vi. 17, annoyance or hurt; a n. subst. Queen Elizabeth herself uses this word, "such snares as threaten mine annoy." Ellis' Specimens of Early Engl. Poets, ii. 136. Fr. *ennui,* It. *annoio,* connected with Lat. *noceo.*

Appease, iii. 29, to cease from (spoken of laments). Fr. *apaiser.* Lat. *appacare.*

Apply, x. 46, attend to. Used elliptically by Spenser, "Ne other worldly business did apply" = nor did apply himself to other worldly business.

Aread, Areed, Introd. 1; viii. 31, 33; ix. 6, 23, 28; x. 17, 51, 64; xii. 28, to advise, inform, interpret. We still use it in 'to *read* a *riddle.*' Still common in Scotland. A.S. *ræd, arædan,* is counsel. Ger. *rath.*

Arise, (I) vi. 32, escape; (II) x. 4, to ascend (to heaven).

Arras, viii. 35, a kind of tapestry made at Arras in Artois. So F. Q. Bk. III. i. 34, "Costly cloth of Arras and of Tours."

Aslake, iii. 36, to soften, appease, abate; so to *slake* of thirst; thence used metaph. of lime; *slaked* lime being that which has had its heat taken out of it by water; and *slack* is *slaked* or relaxed. A.S. *sleac,* slack, slow. Nares, Gloss. v. *Aslake,* notices that we may learn from Drayton when the word became obsolete. In the first quarto ed. of his "Matilda" (1594), he wrote

> "Now like a roe, before the hounds imbost,
> Who overtoyl'd his swiftness doth *aslake,*"

but in the second ed. (1610) he changed it to

> "When him his strength beginneth to forsake."

Assay, ii. 13, 24; iv. 8; vii. 27; viii. 2; xi. 32, to essay, prove. Fr. *essayer*, Low Lat. *exagium*, a pair of scales. See Gloss. II.

Assoiled, x. 52, absolved. Lat. *absolvere.*

Assynd, vii. 98, marked out. Lat. *assignare.*

Astond, ii. 31 (**astound,** viii. 5; ix. 35), astounded, astonished. From *astone;* A.S. *stunian*, to stun, Ger. *erstaunen;* connected with Fr. *étonner;* possibly with Lat. *attonitus.*

Aswaged, iii. 5, grew mild. Used in neut sense. O. Fr. *assouager*, Lat. *suavis.*

Attach, xii. 35, to seize, arrest; a law term. Fr. *attacher*, L. (forensic) Lat. *attachiare*, to take and bind a prisoner. The term was mostly in use among English and Scottish law-writers. It occurs in Magna Carta.

Attaint, vii. 34, to stain. L. (forensic) Lat. *attaincta, attincta*, to convict of some criminal act; connected with Fr. *attaindre*, Lat. *attinguere.* Hence comes our shorter form to *taint, tainted*, of meat, &c. convicted of having lost its sweetness and goodness.

Attayne, iii. 8, to find, fall in with.

Avale, i. 21, to fall, sink. Fr. *avaller*, from L. Lat. *avalare*, to drop down a river, or to descend from a hill; Lat. *ad vallem*, just as *amount* is *ad montem.* The O. Fr. phrase would be *à mont et à val*, to *amount* and *avale.* O. Fr. *avaler* (descendre *aval*), in Mod. Fr. = to swallow *down.* Cp. Chaucer, Tr. and Cr. iii. 577, and Hamlet, "*vailed* lids."

B.

Bains, xii. 36, banns (of marriage), so spelt for convenience of rhyme. The word is derived either from the Fr. *bandon*, It. *bando*, proclamation, or from A.S. *bannan*, to command. Some think that to 'call the banns of marriage,' is simply to proclaim the bands or bonds of matrimony. Spenser seems to use the word as equivalent to 'bonds,' as may be seen by the context; but wrongly, as the *d* is radical (bin*d*, bin*d*an).

Bale, vii. 28, 39; viii. 14; ix. 16, 29, mischief, misery, trouble. Goth. *balvjan*, A.S. *bealu*, torment, destruction; Icel. *böl*, calamity. See Gloss. II.

Bastard, vi. 24, mean, low, base; part. *based* or *bast.* Not in this place = illegitimate, which is a somewhat later sense of the word springing from the O.Fr. phrase "*Fils de bas*," a low-born son. Ducange, Gloss. M. et I. Lat., says that the L. Lat. *bastardus* is derived from *bass* (*bassus*, It. *basso*, Fr. *bas*) and *tardd*, to spring from, to germinate.

Battailous, v. 2, fit for battle.

Bauldrick, vii. 29, belt, from the low Lat. *baldringus*, which Du Cange explains as the *ring* or belt of a *bold* man; others from *balteus.* O. Fr. *baudré;* O. H. Ger. *balderick.* Spelt *bawdrick* by Chaucer (Prol. 116), "the *bawdrick* was of grene." It was also the name for the leathern belt or strap used in old church-bells to fasten the clapper inside the bell. It was also sometimes spelt *bawdrope.* See Notes and Queries, June 21, 1851.

Baye, vii. 3, to bathe; so *embay* (ix. 13) and *bay-salt*, salt for *baying* or steeping meat.

Become, (1) x. 16, come to, or gone to; so 'what has become of you?'

Cp. R. Brunne's "Where are now all thise, where are thei becomen?" (II) x. 66, to suit or fit. Ger. *bequemen*, to be becoming.

Bed, ix. 41, bid.

Bedight, xii. 21, dight, dressed, adorned. See **Dight**.

Beheast, iv. 18, command. A.S. *bátan* (pret. *bét*), to promise, ordain, command.

Behight, (I) x. 50, entrusted; also *behot*, *behet;* (II) x. 64, to promise; so **behott**, xi. 38. Cp. Chaucer, Boke of the Duchesse, 620.

Bend, iii. 34, to couch (of a spear put in rest). Gloss. II.

Beseem, viii. 32, to appear.

Beseene, xii. 5, "decked or adorned for sight." (Richardson.) It is properly beheld, viewed, as Chaucer uses it, 'evil *besey*,' or 'goodly *byseyn*,' of an ill or a rich appearance. A.S. *beseon*, to see, look at.

Bespeak, ii. 32, speak. So Milton, Hymn to the Nativity:

"Until their Lord *bespake*."

Bestedd, i. 24, situated. A.S. *stede*, place (as in homes*tead*); more usually in an unpleasant sense; 'ill bestead.' So Chaucer, Man of Lawes Tale, 551.

Betake, (I) v. 28, to take into her wagon; (II) ix. 44, to betake oneself; (III) xii. 25, deliver to another. Skinner says, "*Betake*, Lat. *tradere*, to deliver into one's hands." A.S. *betæcan*, to commit, assign; O.E. *betake* (pret. *betaughte*).

Bethinke, vi. 16, think, to be mentally determined.

Bethrall, viii. 28, to take captive, imprison. See **Thrall**.

Bever, vii. 31, the visor or front piece of a helmet, which is dropped when the wearer wishes to drink; so connected with 'beverage,' E. Eng. *bever*, drink. The word survives in E. Anglia. Farm labourers shout '*Bever*' at harvest-time, meaning that they wish for drink. (See Morris, E. E. Specimens, p. 390, l. 332.) Fr. *boire*, It. *bevere*, Lat. *bibere*.

Bewaile, vi. 1, to choose, select. "In Old English to *waile* and to *bewaile* mean to make choice of, to select." (Upton.) Ger. *wählen*. Douglas has "*Wale* out all thaym bene waik," as transl. of Virg. Æn. 5. 716, "invalidum *delige*;" and Chaucer speaks (Tr. and Cr. v. 30) of "*wailid* wine," that is, *chosen*, *choice* wine. Cp. the N. Engl. proverbial reply to the man who doubted if it were his own wig that had been fished out of the river: "There's no *wale* of wigs in the Tweed." The reading 'assaile' has been proposed as an escape from the difficulty of the word.

Bewray, iv. 39, to accuse, as an informer does. So Matth. 26. 73, "thy speech *bewrayeth* thee." A.S. *wrégan*.

Bid, i. 30, to pray. See x. 3. Ger. *beten*, A.S. *biddan*. The subst. *bead* (A.S. *béd*) probably means first a prayer, and then the measuring 'beads' on which prayers are told. Or *bead* may come from O. Engl. *bee* (A.S. *béh* or *beág*), a crown or ring. See Morris, E. E. Specimens, p. 415. *Beadsman*, properly one who prays. So in the Glossary published with the Shepheards Calender we have this note: "To bidde is to pray, whereof cometh beades for praiers, and so they say 'to bidde his beades,' sc. to say his praiers." In the Romaunt of the Rose, 7372, are these lines:

"A peire of *bedis* eke she bere,
Upon a lace, alle of white threde,
On which that she hir *bedes bede*."

Bilive, belive, also written **blive,** v. 32; ix. 4, quickly, forthwith, 'with *life*,' in a lively manner.

Bit, viii. 41, food, anything *bitten*.

Blaze, xi. 7, *blazon* forth, proclaim. A.S. *blǽsan*, to blow; Ger. *blasen*. So St. Mark i. 45, "to *blaze* abroad the matter," to blow it far and wide. So Sidney, Arcadia, ii., has "being *blazed* by the country people."

Bless, (I) to give a blessing (*benedicere*), connected with *bliss*. (II) ii. 18; vii. 12; ix. 28, "God from him me blesse," preserve me from evil, deliver, where the sense is clearly derived from 'Deus me benedicat;' 'God defend me with His blessing.' (III) v. 6; viii. 22, to wave or brandish, as a sword, This sense probably comes from the waving the hands in making the sign of the cross; as in Ascham's Toxoph. p. 196, new ed.: "In drawing (their bow) some fet such a compasse, as though they would turn about, and *blesse* all the field." See Nares' Gloss. v. *Bless*. (IV) Bailey says, "*blist* or *blest* in Spenser means wounded; Fr. *blessé*." Mr. Morris suggests the Old Eng. *blisse* = to put an end to; as in the Story of Gen. and Exod. l. 553.

Blott, x. 27, spot, blemish.

Blubbred, vi. 9, swollen with weeping. The verb has no mean sense with Spenser; a "*blubbred* face" answers to our *tearful*. So Fuller, Church Hist. i. 5. 22, has "the face of the Church was so *blubbered* with teares."

Blunt, x. 47, dim, used of eyesight. We speak of acute sight, sharp-eyed.

Booteth, iii. 20, 40, it avails, profits. A.S. *bót*, a remedy. See Horne Tooke, i. 209.

Bootless, v. 33, unavailing, hopeless.

Borne, iv. 2, led with him. So the phrase 'to bear in hand' is to carry along with one.

Boughtes, i. 15; xi. 11, bends, folds; of a serpent's coils. Also written *bight*. A.S. *bugan*, to bend, to bow. So in geogr. the *Bight* of Benin = the bend of Benin. *Bough* and *bow* come from the same root.

Bound, x. 67, to lead, as with a marked-out track.

Bouzing-can, iv. 22, drinking-can; to bouze, to drink largely.

Bowre, viii. 5, 29, chamber, inner room, as opposed to 'hall,' the public, outer room. Cp. Chaucer, Nonne Prestes Tale, 12, "Hir *bour* and eek hir halle." A.S. *búr*, from *búan*, to build; Icel. *búr*, N. Engl. *byre*, Ger. *bauer*.

Bowrs, viii. 41, muscles of the shoulder, so called from their bowed or bent shape; connected with *brawn, brawny*. Cp. Dan. *Bov, Boug*, a shoulder. *Bower*-anchor may come from this.

Boystrous, viii. 10, rude, rough, epithet of a club or staff. Usually, as now, of wind; but Wicliffe, Matt. 9. 6, has "a clout of *boistous* cloth," where the meaning is raw, unwrought, not smoothed; and Turberville has "bousteous tree," which answers to Spenser's usage.

Brand, iii. 42, sword. So used metaphorically in A.S. from its flashing like a torch.

Bras, x. 40, money. Still so used in many parts of England.

Brast, v. 31; viii. 4; ix. 21, burst (by metathesis); properly a past tense, not a past part.; *brossen* for burst (p.p.) is still used in N. England.

Brawned, viii. 41, brawny, muscular. Hence *brawn*, the food, being made of the more muscular part of the meat. In the Hist. of Prince Arthur, part iii. chap. 17, we have "the boore rove him on the *brawne* of the thigh." And Chaucer, Prol. 544, "full big was he of *braun*."

Bray, iii. 23; vi. 7; viii. 11; xi. 26, to call out with a loud voice. Not, in Spenser, of the ass, but of any loud tones; so 'braying trumpets.' Chaucer has 'braying bell.' The same is true of Fr. *braire* (see Brachet, Grammaire historique, p. 219).

Breares, x. 35, briars.

Brent, ix. 10; xi. 28, burnt, by metathesis; so brast for burst, thrist for thirst.

Brode, iv. 16, broad, abroad, far and wide.

Brond, viii. 21, brand.

Buffe, ii. 17; xi. 24, blow; so *rebuff*. It. *buffa*, a puff; O. Fr. *buffe*, a blow, *rebouffer*, to repulse; L. Lat. *buffa*, a slap.

Bugle, viii. 3, young ox. Lat. *buculus*. In S. England young oxen are still called *bugles*. Whence "Bugle Hotel" is not an uncommon name, with an ox painted as sign. Tyrwhitt says that in N. England *bugle* is used for *bull*. Bailey says, "Bugle, a sort of wild ox." In early English it is used for the buffalo, and the wild ox.

Buxome, xi. 37, yielding, pliant, lissome; *bugsome*, bough-some, ready to bend or *bow*. A.S. *búgan*, to bow. So Spenser uses it also in his View of the State of Ireland, "more tractable and *buxome* to his government." And F. Q. Bk. III. iv. 32. Chaucer has "make the *buxom* to ther lawe;" and Milton, P. L. 2. 842, "the *buxom* air."

C.

Call, viii. 46, caul, cowl, or net, in which a lady's hair is gathered. Fr. *cale*, *calotte*, a little cap. Withal's Dict. ed. 1608, has "A *caule* to cover the haire of the head withall, as maidens use, reticulum crinale." So Dryden, Aen. vii. 1111:

"And in a golden caul the curls are bound."

Can, i. 8; iv. 46; v. 3, began. See **Gan**. Or, a verb auxiliary = did.

Canon, vii. 37, "a canon bitt" = smooth round bit, that part of it which is in the horse's mouth. From Gr. *κανών*, a rule.

Careful, v. 52; vii. 28, 39; x. 29, full of care, anxious.

Careless, i. 41; ii. 45, free from care, *securus*; 'carelesse swowne.'

Carke, i. 44, anxiety. A.S. *carc*. So our "*carking* care;" and Sidney, Arcadia, Ecl. i. "taking for his youngling *carke*."

Carle, ix. 54, churl, a strong rude man. Ger. *Kerl*, A.S. *ceorl*, a freeman of the lowest rank, opposed to *þeow*, a slave, and also to *eorl*, an earl, nobleman. To this latter the *ceorl* would always seem to be unpolished, rude, from his sturdy assertion of his freedom. The sense of rudeness occurs very early. See Chaucer, Wife of Bath's Tale, 6740.

Cast, xi. 28, consider. "To *cast* the mind or thoughts, is to reflect, meditate, consider, contrive." (Richardson.) We still speak of "*casting* about

for reasons." Cp. St. Luke 1. 22, "cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be." Lylie, in his Euphues, has "at the last, *casting* with myself that the heat of thy love might cleane be raced with the coldnesse of thy letter, &c."

Caytive, v. 45, base, low, or it may here be in its original sense of *captive*. Fr. *chétif*, O.Fr. *chaitis*, It. *cattivo*, Lat. *captivus*. The L. Lat. *captivus* bears the sense of 'vilis, contemptibilis.' (Du Cange.) In viii. 32, ix. 11, it seems to be used in sense of *captive* only.

Centonell, ix. 41, sentinel. One who walks up and down on his beat or path. O. Fr. *sente*, dim. *sentine*, Fr. *sentier*; cp. *sentry*.

Chauffed, iii. 33, 42; vii. 21, warmed. Fr. *chauffer*. Connected with Lat. *calidus*, *calefacere*. Usually written *chafed* with the sense of *irritation*.

Chaunticlere, ii. 1, the cock, the *clear-chanting* bird.

Chaw, iv. 30, jaw. (The words are the same.) A.S. *ceówan*, whence also to *chew*: the rustic '*chaw*-bacon' gives our word. This form of the word occurred in the version of 1611 (Ezek. 29. 4; 38. 4), but the spelling was altered without remark early in the eighteenth century. (Nares' Gloss.)

Cheare, ii. 42, countenance, manner. Not always in the *cheerful* sense; see Drayton's Owl: "Or ever moved his melancholy *chear*." Gloss. II.

Chearen, x. 2, to refresh oneself, cheer oneself up.

Cleene, ix. 4, clear, bright. So Chaucer, Tr. and Cr. v. 9, has "had with his bemes *clene* the snowes molte." A.S. *clæne*, serene, clear.

Combrous, i. 23, troublesome, teasing (of gnats). Ger. *kummern*, Ital. *ingombrare*. (Not in sense of burdening, as in "why *cumbereth* it the ground?")

Commonly, x. 56, equally, *communiter*, with such communication as goes on between equals.

Compare, iv. 28, to collect, get together. It. *comprare*, to buy; Lat. *comparare*. In this case Spenser's classical tastes led him to employ a word in its Latin, not in its English sense.

Compel, i. 5, to cite, call to aid. Lat. *compellare*, to call or challenge at law; a forensic term.

Convey, ii. 24, to carry away. It. *conviare*, L. Lat. *conveare*, *convehere*. Used as a 'more decent term for to steal.' So the pedantic Pistol says, in the Merry Wives of Windsor, 1. 3, '*Convey* the wise it call.—Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase!'

Corse, iii. 42; iv. 22; v. 31; vii. 15, body. (Not *dead* body, but directly from Lat. *corpus*.) So Davies (of Hereford) writes, "The mind with pleasure, and the *corse* with ease."

Couched, xi. 9, laid in place, of armour plates laid flat on one another. Fr. *coucher*, O. Fr. *culcher*, It. *colcare*, L. Lat. *calcare*, *collocare*, to lie down to rest.

Counterfesaunce, viii. 49, counterfeiting. Fr. *contrefaisance*, L. Lat. *contrafactura*.

Covetise, iv. 29, covetousness. Fr. *convoitise*, from Lat. *votum*, an earnest prayer.

Crime, vi. 13, accusation, reproach. Lat. *crimen*.

Croslet, vi. 36, a little cross.

Cruddy, v. 29, clotted; from *curd* or *crude;* so in Early English *crudde* is curd. Welch *crwd*, a round lump. Cp. *crowd*.

Crudled, vii. 6; ix. 52, curdled, used by Spenser of *cold*, not of blood, and is equivalent to *congealed*.

Cure, v. 44, care, after the Latin *cura;* or perhaps = *curing*.

D.

Daint, x. 2, dainty, toothsome. Fr. *dent*, Lat. *dens*, Gr. *ὀδούς*. Or from Celtic *dantaeth*, a titbit, choice morsel.

Damnify, xi. 52, damage; so its opposite *indemnify*. Lat. *damnificare*.

Darrayne, iv. 40; vii. 11, to prepare for battle, to arrange oneself or one's army for the fight. From O. Fr. *desrener*, L. Lat. *disraisnare*, *disrainniare*, *disrationare*, to settle or order an affair, answer an accusation. Its connection with battle may point to mediæval trial by combat. So Chaucer, Knightes Tale, 773:

> "Mete to *darreyne*
> The batayl in the feeld."

Chaucer also speaks of *dereyning* a person. So Knightes Tale, 751:

> "Wenest to *dereyne* hire by batayle."

The word is common in Spenser. Shakespeare, iii. Henry VI, ii. 3, has "*darraign* your battle." (The term used in law, "*darrain* presentment," comes from the Fr. *dernier*, and is not connected with our word.)

Date, ix. 45, given or assigned length of life. Lat. *datum*, the given time; thence our *date*. The *datum* at end of epistles led to this use. So our "*given* under our hand."

Daze, iv. 9, to dazzle. Properly of sight.

Deare, vii. 48, hurt, injury. A.S. *derian*, to damage; O. H. Ger. *terian*. So Chaucer uses the verb, Knightes Tale, 964:

> "Never ye schullen my corowne *dere*."

In viii. 44, "this lesson *deare*" probably means 'this painful, dismal lesson.'

Deaw-burning, xi. 35, glittering with dew, or with drops from the holy-water well, in which the knight had lain all night (epithet of the knight's sword).

Debonaire, ii. 23, courteous. Bailey says "of a sprightly *air;*" either from *de bon aire*, or rather from some L. Latin form of *bonus;* or, possibly, connected with L. Lat. *debonatus*, used of that to which proper *bounds* are put, and thence duly restrained, courteous. On the tapestry in the Hall at Hampton Court is pourtrayed a lively figure called *Debonaritas*. A common word with Chaucer.

Defeasaunce, xii. 12, defeat. Fr. *défaire*, *défaisance;* L. Lat. *defacere*, to abolish, abrogate. Still used as a law term. Gloss. II. So **deface**, iii. 29.

Defray, v. 42, settle, pay off, make up for: 'Can Night make up for the wrath,' &c., or 'Can she pay off, and so deliver us from,' &c. Fr. *défrayer*, *frais;* L. Lat. *frasium*, which Du Cange explains by "expensum, ut videtur." So we speak of 'defraying expenses.'

Derive, iii. 2, draw away, from the right to the wrong channel; this sense coming directly from the Lat. *derivare*.

Despight, viii. 45; ix. 11; xi. 17, resentment, malicious anger. O. Fr. *despit*, It. *dispetto*. Probably from L. Lat. *despicare*, to despise, contemn.

Devoyd, ix. 15, void, empty. Now takes 'of' after it, 'devoid *of* sense,' &c.

Diamond, ix. 9, adamant; of which word 'diamond' is a corrupted form.

Dight, iv. 14; vii. 8; ix. 13; xi. 9, 52; xii. 6, 23, 32, to dress, arrange. A.S. *dihtan*, to set in order; possibly same word as *deck*. Ger. *dichten*, *dichter* (the poet being the *arranger*?). Cp. Chaucer, Knightes Tale, 183.

Disaventurous, vii. 48, unfortunate in adventure.

Disclose, xii. 25, to unfold (of a letter). The word is properly used of the hatching of eggs.

Diseased, xi. 38, deprived of ease, made uneasy, ill at ease. Fr. *desaise*.

Dispence, iii. 30, to pay for, make up for. Fr. *dépenser*, Lat. *dispendere*.

Dispitious, ii. 15, full of *despight*, cruel. See **Despight.**

Disple, x. 27, to discipline, of penitential whippings, &c. So the whip with which the penance was done was called the "discipline." In the folio (1616) the word is printed *dis'ple*.

Dispredden, iv. 17, spread abroad.

Disseized, xi. 20, dispossessed, a law term. Fr. *dessaisir*, to deprive of *saisine*, of *seisin*, possession, or tenure. Cp. L. Lat. *saisire*, *saisina*, which again is said to be derived from an earlier L. Lat. word, *sacire*, or *saccire*, Gk. σακκίζειν, to put into one's *sack*, to appropriate to oneself. This derivation is however very uncertain.

Dissolute, vii. 51, weak, with nerves unstrung, the original and proper sense of the term. Lat. *solutus*.

Dite, viii. 18, to make ready to smite, by raising his club on high (as the thresher does with his flail?). Nares, Gloss., says it "is apparently to winnow," and quotes Chapman's Homer, Il. 5. p. 73. It may perhaps come from A.S. *dihtan*, to dispose, arrange.

Divide, v. 17, to play a florid passage in music. See Note on v. 17.

Divorced, iii. 2, separated forcibly from, rent away from; not here of married persons.

Do, (I) vii. 14, "to *do* to dye," make to die, 'to *do* to wit.' (II) v. 43, to end, finish; "both never to be *donne*," never to be ended.

Doted, viii. 34, doting, dotard. This use of the p.p. is found in Piers Ploughman, "Thou *dotede* daffe," &c. O.Du. *doten*, to be mad; O. Fr. *dotter*. But the word may be connected with *dotard*, used of pollarded or stunted trees, and thence of stunted minds.

Doubt, vi. 1, fear. It. *dotta*. In L. Lat. *dubitare* was used for 'to fear,' as in the Acta Alex. III (1169), quoted by Du Cange, "Ego neque vos, neque excommunicationes vestras appretior, *vel dubito unum ovum*." Cp. Fr. *redouter*.

Drere, viii. 40 (**dreriment,** ii. 44; xi. 32), sorrow, sadness. A.S. *dreór*, blood, gore; thence *dreórig*, bloody; thence sorrowful, *dreary*. Gloss. H.

Dress, ix. 54. to address, set oneself.

Drift, viii. 22, headlong fall; from the verb *to drive*.

Droome, ix. 41, drum.

Dwell, xi. 31, abide, remain; "as victor he did *dwell*" means as if he remained victor. Cp. 'to *dwell* on a subject.'

E.

Eachone, i. 15; xii. 39 (as one word), each person. O. English. *uchone, echon.*

Earne, i. 3; vi. 25; ix. 18, to yearn; so *earnest.* A.S. *georne, geornian, eornoste;* Ger. *gern.*

Edify, i. 34, to build, used in its natural signification. Lat. *aedificare.* See Note on i. 34.

Eeke, v. 42, to increase, to add to; so we say 'to eke out.' A.S. *éácan*, to prolong; Goth. *aukan*, to increase (cp. Lat. *aug*-ere); so old Engl. *eache*, eternal, and *eke*, also, that which is added. Cp. also *bawker, buckster*, which come from this root.

Effraide, i. 16, scared; Fr. *effrayer.*

Eft, ix. 25, afterwards, again; same as *aft.* after.

Eftsoones, (Letter to Sir W. Ralcigh); iii. 34; x. 24, 36; xi. 4, 47; xii. 35, soon after, forthwith.

Eke, ix. 18, also. A.S. *eac*, also subst. *eaca*, increase, and verb *eácnian.*

Eld, x. 8, age; p.p. of A.S. *yldan*, to stay, continue, last; A.S. *yldo* is (1) age, with no sense of *oldness;* (2) an age, = Lat. *ævum;* (3) old age.

Els, v. 43, elsewhere, or perhaps, already.

Embar, ii. 31, to secure, guard.

Embay (see **Bay**), ix. 13; x. 27, to bathe in.

Emboss, ix. 29, to fatigue, beset, surround; or possibly, to wound; "embost with bale," Spenser says, "Which love had launched with his deadly darts." In xi. 20 it certainly means to plunge a spear into a body. Used of hunting, when a deer is hard pressed and fatigued. Chaucer, Boke of the Duchesse, 353, has "so much embosed," of a hart in a wood. Bailey says, "to chase into a thick wood." Fr. *embosquer*, It. *emboscarsi,* to take refuge in a wood. There is a curious L. Lat. word *embossare*, to gag, stop the mouth (from *os*), in connection with which we have this of Turberville on Hunting, p. 242: "When the hart is foaming at the mouth, we say that he is *embossed.*" The derivation may thus come through Fr. *emboucher.* Shakespeare, Ant. and Cleop. 4. 11, has it in this sense: "The boar of Thessaly was never so *embossed.*" The usual meaning, of plates and vessels with raised work on them, comes from Fr. *bosse*, an humour.

Embow, ix. 19, to arch over. Spenser uses it of the moon in his Visions of the World's Vanity: "*embowed* like the moon."

Empare, x. 63, to impair, diminish, take away. Fr. *emparer.*

Empassioned, iii. 2, filled with passion, feeling.

Empeach, viii. 34, to hinder. Fr. *empêcher*, Lat. *impedire.* Gloss. II.

Empeopled, x. 56, peopled.

Emperst, xi. 53, pierced through.

Emprize, ix. 1; xii. 18, enterprise. L. Lat. *empresia.* Gloss. II.

Enchase, xii. 23, to embellish, or set in a *chasing*, or case. Fr. *enchasser.*

Endew, iv. 51, endow; not *induere* but *dotare.*

Enfouldred, xi. 40, thrown out like thunder and lightning. O. Fr. *fouldroyer.* A word peculiar to Spenser.

Engorged, xi. 40, devoured, glutted. Fr. *engorger*, Lat. *ingurgitare.*

Engrave, x. 42, to put into a grave, bury. Ger. *eingraben.*

Enhaunce, i. 17; v. 47, to raise, lift up. Fr. *hausser, haut;* so '*enhanced* prices.' Lat. *altus.*

Enlargen, viii. 37, to deliver, set at large. Cp. Psalm 4. 1, "Thou hast enlarged me;" 2 Sam. 22. 37, "Thou hast enlarged my steps."

Enmove, vii. 38; ix. 48, to move, cause *emotion.*

Ensue, iv. 34; ix. 44, to follow after. Fr. *ensuivre*, Lat. *insequi.* See Gloss. II. Notice the infin. termination in ix. 44, *ensewen.*

Entraile, i. 16, entanglement, fold, twist. Fr. *entraille*, It. *intralasciare.* Gloss. II.

Equipage, xi. 6. array, equipment. From L. Lat. *eschipare*, to fit out a *ship;* not at all connected, as now, with horses. Gloss. II.

Erst (earst), soonest, earliest; superl. of *ere.* A.S. *ærest.* O. Eng. comp. *erur.* The word *early* is *ere-lich.*

Esloyne, iv. 20, to withdraw. Fr. *éloigner*, O. Fr. *esloigner*, Lat. *elongare.*

Essoyne, iv. 20, excuse; a law term. Chaucer, Persones Tale, "non *essoyne* ne excusacioun.' Fr. *essoine.* There were, in English law, five heads of essoign, 1. De ultra mare, 2. De terra sancta, 3. De malo veniendi, 4. De malo lecti, 5. De servitio regis—the being abroad, on pilgrimage or crusade, infirmity, sickness, or the king's service. (Nares' Gloss.) L. Lat. *exoniare, exonia*, which appears to come from a curious L. Lat. *sunnis*, an impediment (see Du Cange, Gl. M. et. I. Lat.) and not from *onus.* The strict sense of *essoyne* is excuse from a public burden.

Eternize, x. 59, to make eternal.

Eugh, i. 9, yew; **eughen,** xi. 19, made of yew (as *ashen*, of ash).

Excheat, v. 25, any land or profit which falls to a lord by forfeiture; a law term. Fr. *eschet*, from *escheoir;* L. Lat. *escaeta, escheta*, Lat. *cadere.*

Excuse, iii. 29, the being excused; not apology.

Expire, xi. 45, breathe out.

Extirpe, x. 25, extirpate.

Extorted, vii. 18, gotten by violence.

Eyas, xi. 34, young, just fledged and launched out of the nest; properly of a nestling. Ger. *Ei;* Chaucer, *ey*, an egg. Or it may come from the Fr. *niais*, with the *n* told off to the article. *Niais* is from Lat. *nidus*, and means a nestling.

F.

Fact, iv. 34; ix. 37, feat, deed; so Fr. *faits*-d'armes. So used by Sidney, Arcadia, i.: "this pitiful *fact* committed."

Faire-forged, ii. 2, fashioned with a false beauty.

Falsed, ii. 30, deceived. It. *falsato.*

Fare, i. 11; iii. 16; x. 63, to go. Icel. *far, för*, Ger. *fahren*, A.S. *faran, fær, faru*, a journey; whence 'to pay one's *fare.*' We still use 'how did you *fare?*' as 'how went it with you?' and our *fare* (of food) is *viaticum;* so too *farewell, ferry.*

Fatal, ix. 7; xii. 39, ordained by the fates. Lat. *fatalis.*

Faulty, x. 40, full of faults, sinful.

Fayne, iv. 10; vi. 12, gladly. Goth. *faginon*, Icel. *fagna*, to be glad;

feginn, glad; A.S. *fægen*, glad, *fægnian*, to rejoice; then to flatter or *fawn*. Luke 15. 16: "He would *fain* have filled his belly," &c.

Faytor, iv. 47; xii. 35, vagabond, a law term, perhaps from Fr. *faitard*, O. Fr. *faiteor*, a maker, pretender. The word probably comes from the L. Lat. phrase *factor* (or *fautor*) sceleris, an aider and abettor of ill-doing; not therefore originally an idle pretender, but an active ill-doer. Bailey says, "*Faitours*, idle fellows, vagabonds, Stat. 7 R. II." So *defaitours*, *defaulters*. It is said that *Fetter*-Lane in London is named from the *fewtors* or *faitors* who idled about in it.

Feature, viii. 49, the making, fashioning of one's person; not necessarily of the face, which is a later limitation of the word. So Spenser again has it, Bk. III. ix. 21:

"her heavy haberjeon
Which the faire *feature* of her limbs did hyde."

Lat. *factura*.

Feebled, viii. 23, enfeebled, weakened.

Felly, v. 34, in a fell or cruel manner. A.S. *fell*, Fr. *felle*, *felon*, It. *fello* (a favourite word with Ariosto); O. Fr. *fel*, in Raoul de Cambrai, "*Fel* et angris contre vos anemis."

Fere, x. 4, companion; in this passage, husband (cp. Ger. *freien*, to marry: *freier*, suitor). A.S. *fera*, *gefera*, a companion, perhaps from *féran*, to go, travel. Cp. also *yfere* (ix. 1), in company. In Chaucer, Tr. and Cr. I. 13, used of a wife.

File, i. 35, to sharpen and smoothe; so Chaucer, Prol. 713, has

"He moste preche, and wel *affile* his tunge."

Shakespeare, Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1, has "His discourse peremptory, his tongue *filed*." Cp. Lat. *linguam acuere*.

Fitt, (I) ii. 18, passion, struggle, contention. Bailey says, "*Fits*, i. q. *fights*, conflicts between the disease and nature." (II) xi. 7, musical strain, division, or movement of a song. So used in old ballads and narratives.

Flaggy, xi. 10, loose, floating in the wind. A.S. *fleógan*, Ger. *fliegen*; used here of wings; in Bk. III. iv. 33, used of fins. Perhaps our modern *flabby* and *flap* are akin to it.

Flitt, iv. 5, to move.

Foile, iv. 4, leaf of metal; so we still use tin-*foil*. Fr. *feuille*, It. *foglio*, Lat. *folium*.

Fond, ix. 39, foolish, doting. O. Eng. *fonne*, to be foolish, foolishly attached to any one.

Food, viii. 9, feud; so spelt to suit the rhyme. A.S. *fæhð*, Ger. *fehde*; related to our *foe*. In IV. i. 26, it is spelt *feood*.

Foolhappie, vi. 1, as happy as a fool, unwittingly happy; used of the mariner who has unawares escaped a rock. Cp. *foolhardy*, and Chaucer's *fool-large*.

For-, intensive prefix, utterly, quite. Ger. *ver-*, Goth *faur-*. Cp. Lat. *per-*, Gr. περι-. Also used as an intransitive prefix; as *for*-break.

Fordonne, v. 41; x. 33, 47, 60, ruined, utterly undone.

Foreby, vi. 39; vii. 2; x. 36, forth by, hard by, near.

Forelifting, xi. 15, lifting up in front.

Forespent, ix. 43, wasted, utterly spent. A.S. *forspendan.*

Foretaught, vii. 18, perverted, mistaught, and so defiled; or perhaps, as Todd says, "holy heastes *foretaught*" is simply 'holy commands *before taught*,' but now despised.

Forlorne, v. 23; x. 21 (**forlore,** viii. 39), cast away, utterly lost. A.S. *forleóran,* Ger. *verloren,* p.p. of *verlieren,* to lose.

Forray, xii. 3, to ravage, or prey on; connected with *foray, fray, forage.* Fr. *fourrager,* It. *foraggiare. Forage=fodderage,* from fodder or food. A.S. *foder,* food; Goth. *fodjan,* to feed; L. Lat. *foderare,* to exact *furragium,* or *fodderage.*

Forsake, xi. 24, avoid.

Forthright, iv. 6, at once, straightway. In Sidney's Arcadia, ii., used as =straight on.

Forwandring, vi. 34, utterly astray, wandering till weary.

Forwasted, i. 5; xi. 1, utterly wasted or ravaged.

Forweary, i. 32; x. 17; xi. 45 (**forwearied,** ix. 13), utterly wearied, tired out.

Forworne, vi. 35, much worn, threadbare.

Fraight, xii. 35, fraught, laden with, *freighted.*

Frame, i. 40; viii. 30, to form, make, perhaps to steady. A.S. *fremman.*

Francklin, x. 6, freeman, freeholder (Fr. *franc*), free man under rank of knight or squire, with whom Fortescue classes him. Fortescue defines a francklin as "Pater-familias—qualis ibidem *Fraunclein* vulgariter nuncupatur, magnis ditatus possessionibus"—a substantial gentleman-farmer, in fact. Du Cange says, "*Franchilanus* erit *libere tenens,* cui opponitur *tenens in villenagium,* seu *villanus.*" See also Chaucer's Frankeleyn, Prol. 331.

Fray, i. 38; iii. 19; xii. 11, to frighten; so *affray.* Fr. *effrayer.* Cp. Jer. 7. 33, "none shall *fray* them away."

Front, ii. 16, forehead; a Latinism from *frons, frontis.*

Frounce, iv. 14, to plait or friz the hair; Chaucer has *frounceles,* without wrinkle. Fr. *froncer,* to twist or wrinkle. Our *flounce* is the same word.

Fry, xii. 7, the small or young of an animal, in swarms; properly used of fish. See note to the Shepheards Cal. Ecl. x. l. 14, where Spenser uses the word as in the text: "It is a bold metaphor, forced from the spawning fishes; for the multitude of young fish be called the *frye.*"

Fyne, iv. 21; v. 28, thin, answering to *tenuis.*

G.

Gage, xi. 41, pledge. Fr. *gage;* connected with *wage, wager, wages.*

Gall, i. 19, the bile. A.S. *gealla,* yellow.

Gan, ii. 2, &c., began; so *gins, ginneth.* (Cp. *reave, bereave,* &c.)

Gealosy, xii. 41, jealousy. It. *gelosia.*

Gent, ix. 6, 27, gentle; an epithet used equally of male and female, though said to refer chiefly to ladies. Spenser, F. Q. Bk. II. xi. 7, uses the word of Prince Arthur, "the prowest and most *gent.*"

German, v. 10, brother (by the same father and mother). Lat. *germanus.* Also, all of the same germ, near of kin, and of the same blood.

Gest, x. 15, adventure, deed of arms. Lat. *gestum.*

Ghess, vi. 13, to guess.

Ghost, vii. 21, spirit, soul, life. So our *ghostly.* Goth. root appears in the verb us-*gais*-jan. A.S. *gást,* Ger. *geist.*

Gin, v. 35, engine (from which it is abbreviated), not here snare or trap. So Chaucer, Chanones Yemannes Tale, 154:

"This false *gyn* was not maad ther."

Gins, i. 21, begins. See **Gan.**

Giusts, i. 1, tilts and combats in the lists. Fr. *jouster,* It. *giostrare* (hence our *jostle*). L. Lat. *giostra,* L. Gr. τζουστρία.

Glistering, i. 14; iv. 8, glistening, glittering (1 Chron. 29. 2; Luke 9. 29). From Du. *glisteren,* Ger. *glitzern,* to glitter. (See Wright's Bible Word-Book.)

Gnarre, v. 34, snarl, growl. A.S. *gnyrran,* to gnash the teeth, Du. *knerren,* Ger. *knarren.*

Gobbet, i. 20; xi. 13, a lump, piece, or mouthful; hence *gobble.* In O. Engl. *gobet, gobat,* from *gob,* the mouth. Sir John Maundeville, speaking of the apples of Paradise, says, "Cut them in never so many *gobettes* or parties."

Gorge, i. 19; iv. 21; xi. 13, throat. Fr. *gorge,* Lat. *gurgis.*

Gossib, xii. 11, kinsman in God (properly used of sponsors in baptism); thence friend and neighbour, then used of talkative persons, and lastly in our modern sense, of chatter, 'gossip.' A.S. *sib,* peace, concord, agreement, alliance, relationship; not of *blood* but of *compact;* not consanguinity, but affinity. So Shepheards Cal. Ecl. v. we find "Sicker, I am very *sybbe* to you."

Grace, x. 64, to give favour to; in the phrase 'God me grace.'

Graile, vii. 6, gravel. Fr. *gravelle,* Lat. *glareola.*

Graine, vii. 1, dye, from Lat. *granum,* the seed of the quercus coccifera; it is the colouring matter produced by the coccus insect (called *kermes* in Arabic, whence Fr. *cramoisi,* and our *crimson* and *carmine*). So Spenser's colours "died deepe in graine," is 'dyed deep with scarlet or purple.' So Chaucer has "like scarlet in grayn;" and Shakespeare, Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 2, has "purple-in-grain." In all these places it means 'dyed with grain,' or with kermes. To ingrain means to incorporate, as when substances are dyed with grain, and become 'fast.' (*Grain* of wood is a different word; and so is also the painter's verb to *grain,* meaning to imitate the natural fibre.)

Gree, v. 16, good-will. Fr. *gré* (cp. *malgré*).

Greedy, i. 14, eager; not here for food.

Grieslie, ix. 35, grizzled, gray. Fr. *gris.*

Grieved, viii. 17, wounded, hurt. Fr. *grever,* to oppress; Lat. *gravis.*

Griple, iv. 31, grasping, from the verb *to grip,* or *gripe.* A.S. *gripan,* to hold fast.

Gross, xi. 20, heavy.

Gryfon, v. 8, eagle, or vulture, *griffin.* Fr. *griffon,* It. *griffone,* Lat. *grypho,* Gk. γρύψ.

Guerdon, iii. 40, reward. Fr. *guerdon,* It. *guiderdone,* from Ger. *wider,* and *don,* a gift.

Guize, vi. 13; xii. 14, manner. See **Wise.**

H.

Habiliment, vi. 33, clothing.

Hable, x. 19, 45; xi. 19, able, capable. Lat. *habilis*, Fr. *habile*.

Hagard, xi. 10, wild (of hawks). Fr. *hagard*, wild; A.S. *haga*, Ger. *hag*, field, wood; Eng. *haw*.

Hap, (I) verb, ii. 31, to happen. (II) subst., iii. 20, 34, fortune.

Happily, (Letter to Sir W. Raleigh), haply, perchance. So Shakespeare uses it, Hamlet, I. 1:

"Which *happily* foreknowing may avoid."

Harbour, i. 7, refuge, shelter; also written *arbour;* in Shepheards Cal. Ecl. vi. 19, it is spelt *barbrough*. By Chaucer, *herberwh*. Ger. *herberg*, It. *albergo*, L. Lat. *hereberga, alberga*, whence Fr. *auberge*, a word of Teutonic origin, signifying a camp, or fortified quarters for a host, thence any kind of hospice, shelter, or inn. A.S. *here*, army, and *beorgan*, to protect, shelter; whence *here-beorgan*, to harbour; *here-berga*, a station at which an army rested on its march.

Hardiment, i. 14, hardiness.

Harrow, x. 40, devastate, vex, harass; now spelt *harry:* hence also our verb *to harrow* a field, i.e. to vex and tear the soil. A.S. *here*, an army (Ger. *heer*), *herian*, or *hergian*, to ravage, as an army does. O. Norm. Fr. *harier*. (See Morris, Specimens, pp. 393, 394, and Note on canto x. 40.) Gloss. II.

Haught, vi. 29, high, haughty. Fr. *haut*, O. Fr. *hault*, It. *altiero*, Lat. *altus*. Spenser also spells the word *hault* (Bk. VI. 2. 23).

Heape, iv. 5, a pile (of buildings). The sense of a confused 'congeries,' as in 'a heap of corn,' is later. The word is first used of any large number. Chaucer, Prol. 577, "an hepe of lered men." A.S. *hebban*, to lift up, *heave;* Ger. *heben, haufe*. And so the conception of the number of things *piled up* in an orderly way, as a building, comes in.

Heast, vii. 18, command; so *behest*. See **Hight** and **Beheast.**

Heben, Introd. 3; vii. 37, ebon, of ebony wood.

Heft, xi. 39, lifted up; from the verb *to heave*. O. Engl. pret. is *hef, haf*, In S. England the pret. *hove* is still used; "the water *hove* quickly." A.S. *hebban*, pret. *hōf*.

Hew, i. 46; iii. 11; viii. 38, shape, not colour, in these passages. A.S. *hīw*, form, or aspect.

Hight, ii. 44; vii. 46; ix. 14; x. 7, &c., was called. Ger. *heissen* ("er heisst Wilhelm"); A.S. *hátan* (pret. *hatte*), to call, or to be called.

Hight, iv. 6, bidden, entrusted. A.S. *hátan* (pret. *het*), to promise (cp. Morris, p. 388); whence *hest* or *behest*.

Horrid, vii. 31, rough; bristling. Lat. *horridus*.

Hot, xi. 29, was called, from *hight*, which see.

Housling, xi. 37, connected with sacrifice. O. Engl. *hoseli, hosle, hoslon*, to administer the Eucharist; A.S. *husel*, an offering, the Eucharist. Derived from Goth. *hunsl*, a sacrifice, *hunsljan*, to offer sacrifice; and this possibly comes from Goth. *hintban*, to catch, *hunt* (cp. Ger. *hund*), the sacrifices being those of animals taken in *hunting*. Or it may possibly be connected with Lat. *hostia*, a victim, whence 'the *host*.' See Note on canto xii. 37.

Hove, ii. 31, to rise. Spenser, in other places, uses this verb as equivalent to our *hover*, as in Faery Queene, Bk. III. x. 20:

"Which *hoved* close under a forest side."

In this place of hair standing on end, 'up his heare did *hove*.' A.S. *hebban*, pret. *hóf*. See **Heft**.

Humblesse, ii. 21; iii. 26; xii. 8, humbleness, humility. (So *richesse* is the older form of the sing. *riches*.)

Humor, i. 36, moisture. Lat. *humor*.

Hurtle, iv. 26; iv. 40; viii. 17, to clash, to rush violently with noise. Some editions read *hurlen*. The words are the same. Fr. *heurter*.

Husher, iv. 13, usher. O. Fr. *huis*, Fr. *huissier*, It. *usciere*, from *uscio*, a door, whence perhaps our *issue;* Lat. *ostiarius*, *ostium*, which again from *os*. Baron Breton says that the O. Fr. *huis* is the same word as the Germ. *haus*, a house.

I.

Impe, Introd. 3; i. 26; ix. 6; x. 60; xi. 5, literally a graft, or shoot; thence a child; always used by Spenser in a good sense. But Shakespeare uses it only in jocular passages, shewing that the word was becoming degraded. (Nares' Gloss.) A.S. *impan*, to engraft, plant; Ger. *impfen*. Used of shoots of trees by Chaucer and Langland; Newton's Herbal to the Bible, A.D. 1587, has a chapter on "shootes, slippes, young *imps*, sprays, and buds."

Imperceable, xi. 17, that cannot be pierced.

Imply, iv. 31; xi. 23, enfold, entangle, used in both places of the tail of a snake or dragon. Lat. *implicare*.

Improvided, xii. 34, unforeseen. Lat. *improvisus*.

In, i. 33, lodging, habitation; not hostelry. So in Gen. 42. 27. "The word had not acquired the vulgar idea which it bears in modern language." (Warton.) Old Scottish *inn*, lodging. Cp. *Inns* of Court. In this sense it chiefly occurs in the phrase here used by Spenser, "take up your in," or in the corresponding expression 'to take one's ease in one's inn" = to be at ease at home. See Nares' Gloss. under *Inn*, and *Take one's ease*, &c.

Incenst, vi. 47, hath kindled, roused. Lat. *incendo;* or perhaps = hath taught, or instigated.

Incontinent, ix. 19, forthwith, without holding oneself in.

Infest, xi. 6, to make fierce or hostile. Lat. *infestare*, *infestus*.

Influence, viii. 42, the power of stars. Bacon (Nat. Hist. § 997) speaks of the celestial *influxies*. The word was generally used of the virtue of stars infused into or affecting lower beings. See Note on Bk. II. 2. 2.

Inly, ix. 24; x. 8, inwardly.

Intend, xi. 38, to stretch, or shoot out (of the dragon's sting), Lat. *intendere*.

Intendiment, xii. 31, attention, consideration (*animi intentio*).

Intermedle, (Letter to Sir W. Raleigh), intermix.

J.

Jolly, i. 1; ii. 11, good-looking, handsome. Fr. *joli*. Also used in sense of 'true.'

Jott, x. 26, speck, small piece. The letter *yod* (Gr. *ἰῶτα*) is the smallest letter in the Hebrew alphabet; it is therefore used for any very small quantity. So Matth. 5. 18, "one *jot* or one tittle."

Journall, xi. 31, diurnal, daily. Fr. *journalier*, *journée*, *jour*, Lat. *diurnus*, *dies*.

Joy, vi. 17, to rejoice, to be cheerful. Lat. *jocus*, *jocare*, whence It. *gioia*, Fr. *jouer*, *jeu*.

Joyaunce, iv. 37, gladness, merriment.

K.

Keepe, i. 40, heed, care; so Old Engl. *ne kepich*, 'nor *keep* I,' nor care I. See Morris, E. E. Specimens, p. 339, l. 110. A.S. *cépan*, to take, hold. So Chaucer, Prol. 398, "Of nyce conscience *took* he no *keep*."

Keeping, xi. 2, guard; "be at your *keeping*" = be on your guard.

Ken, xii. 1, know (still so used in north England). Most frequently used of knowledge by eyesight, as in Lylie's Euphues, "within a *ken* of Dover." A.S. *cunnan*, Ger. *kennen*; so our *con*, *cunning*.

Kest, xi. 31, cast.

Kindly, iii. 28; viii. 11; ix. 9; x. 47, according to kind or nature; so "the *kindly* fruits of the earth." So Milton, Hymn on the Nativity:

"The mighty Pan
Was *kindly* come to live with them below."

(Where *kindly* = after the *kind* or nature of man.) A.S. *gecynd*, nature, from *cyn*, *kin*, race.

Kirtle, iv. 31, a jacket or coat. The word is still in common use in N. England. Icel. *kyrtill*, A.S. *cyrtel*, Ger. *kittel*, Dan. *kjortel*, from *kort*, short; cp. Lat *curtus*, Fr. *court*.

Knee, ix. 34, projection of rocks; so *knee*-timber is crooked timber. A.S. *cneow*, the knee.

Knife, vi. 38, sword; ix. 52, dagger. E. Eng. *cníf*, Fr. *canif*, Ger. *kneif*.

L.

Lad, i. 4, led, pret. to lead. A.S. *lédan*, pret. *lædde*.

Large, viii. 10, plentiful. Lat. *largus*.

Launch, iii. 42; iv. 46, to lance, pierce with a lance. Fr. *lance*, Lat. *lancea*.

Lay-stall, v. 53, a dunghill, rubbish-heap. Skinner says "because they *lay* there what they take from the stalls or stables." Fabian. i. chap. 226, speaks of Smithfield as "a *laye stowe* of all order of fylth." *Lay* = vacant, is found in *lay*-land, a place where rubbish is thrown.

Lazar, iv. 3, leper; from *Lazarus* the beggar. It. *lazaretto*, L. Lat. *lazarii*, lepers. We still speak of *lazar*-houses.

Leach, v. 17; x. 23, physician. A.S. *læce*; *lácnian*, to heal; Icel. *lækna*.

Leasing, vi. 48, a lie, falsehood. A.S. *leasung*, from *leas*, false; from Goth. *laus*, fruitless, empty. Latimer speaks of *lease*-mongers. Ps. 4. 2, "seek after *leasing*." Gloss. II.

Leke, v. 35, leaky.

Leman, i. 6; vii. 14, lady. Fr. *l'aimant*. Gloss. II.

Let, viii. 13, hindrance; so in Deut. 15 (heading), "no *let* of lending." A.S. *lettan*, to hinder; Goth. *latjan*, to delay. Gloss. II.

Lever, ix. 32, rather. A.S. *leofre.*

Libbard, vi. 25, leopard. Chaucer spells it *libart.*

Liefe, iii. 28, dear; still used in East Anglia, 'I would as lief,' &c.; ix. 17, used substantively for a darling: so the A.S. *leof*, beloved one; *lufian*, to love.

Lignage, ix. 3 (also **lynage**, i. 5), lineage. Lat. *linea*, the line, or descent.

Lill, v. 34, to put out the tongue. We now use 'to *loll* out the tongue.'

Lin, i. 24; v. 35, to stop, cease. Scot. *blin.* A.S. *linnan*, to cease. Connected with it through A.S. *blinnan* (=*be-linnan*) is *blunt*, and possibly also *blind.*

List, ii. 22; vii. 35; x. 20; xi. 10, desire, like; used impersonally with a dat. of the pron., "him list"=it pleased him. So we still say 'if you like'=if it liketh, pleaseth, you. A.S. *lust*, desire, joy, pleasure; Ger. *lust*, Goth, *lustus*, desire; perhaps from *liusan*, to *lose*, *laus* (Ger. *los*), empty.

Lively, ii. 24; vii. 20, life-giving, or living, from the Italian use of *vivace.* Orl. Fur. 6, 30, "vivace mirto."

Loathly, i. 20, loathsome.

Loft, i. 41, height, (so Chaucer, Tr. and Cr. v. 259, "from heigh *of loft*"=aloft). Or more probably, in this place, the air or sky, usually in this sense written *lift.* Ger. *luft*, A.S. *lyft*, from *hlifian*, to arise. *Loft* is that which is *lifted* up, just as *heaven* is the up-*heaved.* So used of the floors of a building, Acts 20. 9, "the third *loft.*"

Long, iv. 48, to belong.

Lorne, iv. 2, lost, desolate. So *forlorn;* love-*lorn.*

Lout, i. 30; x. 44, to bow. A.S. *lutan*, to bow; Icel. *laut.* The word is still used in N. England. See Morris, E. E. Specimens, p. 380.

Lumpish, i. 43, heavy, dull. Ger. *lumpig.* In ed. 1590 spelt *lompish;* in that of 1596 as in the text. There is an old Engl. verb, to *lumpe*= to look sulky. Du. *lompe*, Dan. *lumpen.* *Lump* may be related to A.S. *lám*, *loam*, heavy clay; or perhaps more probably from the dull 'thump' of a heavy body falling.

Lustless, iv. 20, languid, *listless* (see **List** above), without desires or a will.

Lynage, i. 5, lineage. See **Lignage.**

M.

Make, vii. 7, 15, mate. To *make* is also to *match* or *mate.* So Lylie's Brother Barnabie, 3. 4:

> "There's no goose so grey in the lake
> That cannot find a gander to her *make.*"

And Chaucer, Knightes Tale, 1698, "sle his *make*," i. e. the knight pitted against him. A.S. *maca*, a husband; *gemacian*, to make. O.N. *make*, a spouse.

Mall, vii. 51, club. Fr. *mail*, It. *maglio*, Fr. *malleus* (so used in *Pall-Mall*, where the game of 'Ball and Club' was played). We still use *to maul*, to beat about; and *mallet*, a little club. Burton, Anat. of Mel. I. 2. 3, 15, says "Melancholy is a common *maul* unto them all."

Mart, Introd. 3, Mars.

Maske, Introd. 1; vii. 1, to conceal oneself as at a masquerade. Fr.

masquer, It. *mascherare*. From L. Lat. *masca*, *mascha*, a witch or hag, thence a hideous figure, and face, hence Ugutio (Leg. Lomb.) has "simulacrum quod terret, quod vulgo dicitur *Mascarel*, *quod opponitur faciei ad* terrendos parvos" (Du Cange, Gloss. M. et I. Lat.).

Mate, ix. 12, to stupefy, or perhaps, to overcome: of one conquered by love. See **Amate.**

Mayne, vii. 11; viii. 7, strength; so 'might and *main*,' and to do a thing 'by *main* force.' A.S. *mægen*, strength, *mágan*, to be able; whence our *may*, *might*, as auxiliary verbs. Ger. *macht* from *machen* leads on to our *might* (strength) and connects the two. Icel. *magni* has the same sense.

Maynly, vii. 12, strongly, mightily.

Mealthe, ix. 31, melteth.

Meed, x. 68, reward. A.S. *méd*.

Mell, i. 30, to meddle. Still used in N. England. Fr. *méler*, O. Fr. *mesler*, It. *mescolare*, Low Lat. *misculare*, dim. of *miscere*.

Menage, vii. 37, to guide, manage, a horse; from Fr. *manier*, *menager*; Lat. *manus*. So *maniable*, Bacon, Adv. of Learning, p. 21.

Mew, v. 20, prison, place of confinement; still survives in London *mews* or stables, also in 'to be *mewed* up.' The L. Lat. *muta* means (among other senses) a disease of birds, "accipitrum morbus, Gallis *la Muë*, Ger. *die Mause*; accipitres enim quotannis pennas *mutant*, ... quo tempore vehementer aegrotant." Thence it is used for the "domuncula in qua includuntur falcones cum plumas *mutant*." (Du Cange, Gloss. M. et I. Lat.) From the hawk's *moulting*-coop, the word came to mean any cage or coop (as in Chaucer, Prol. 349); thence, a prison.

Middest, iv. 15; vii. 5. midst; properly the superl. of *mid*.

Mirkesome, v. 28, dark. A.S. *mirc*, darkness, dark; *murky* is still used of atmosphere. Dan. *mörk*.

Miscreant, v. 13, unbeliever, or Saracen. Fr. *miscreant*, one who believes amiss; O. Fr. *mescreant*, It. *miscredente*, Lat. *minus credens*. Gloss. II.

Misdiet, iv. 23, bad, or excessive food (of gluttony).

Misfeign, iii. 40, to feign wrongfully.

Mishappen, iii. 20, happen amiss.

Misseeming, ix. 23, unseemly, *seeming amiss* in a knight.

Mister, ix. 23, manner of. It may perhaps come thus:—'mistery' (Fr. *métier*, It. *mestiero*, Lat. *mysterium*, Gr. *μυστήριον*, bearing witness to the secrecy of mediæval art) is the art or business by which a man supports himself; thence the phrase, "what mister wight," &c. may be what kind of artizan, or what wight of what craft or skill. Spenser also uses the phrase *mister maladie*, where the sense, what kind of—manner of—malady, will suit: or it may be, what leading, *masterful* malady. In that case it would correspond to the old word *maistrie*, from Lat. *magister*, *magisterium*, *magistralia*. The Lat. *ministerium* has also been suggested, but less probably. Again, Spenser uses a verb *to nister*, "As for my name, it *mistreth* not to tell," F. Q. III. vii. 51, where it seems = it matters not, it 'skilleth' not. In the Shepheards Cal. we have "sike mister men," such manner of men; and again, Ecl. ix. 103, "suche myster saying," such a manner of speech. Chaucer has the phrase, Kn. Tale, 852, "what *mester* men ye been," said of the knights in armour.

Moe, v. 50; ix. 44 (also written *mo*), more; "and thousands *moe*." A.S. *mycel*, much (N. Eng. *mickle*, *muckle*): comp. *mára* (more) or *má*, *mæ*, *moe*. Said by some to be derived from *máwan*, to *mow*, or gather into a heap; as we speak of a barley-*mow*. If this were so, *mycel* would be a dimin. of *mo*, and *moe* ought to be used as a positive. Horne Tooke says wrongly, "*Mo* (*mowe*, acervus, heap), which was constantly used by all our old English authors, has with the moderns given place to *much*." But there is, so far as I know, no instance of *mo* (in the sense of *much*) used as a positive. The old A.S. positive was *mæra*, great; comp. *mára*, *má*; super. *mæst*. (These are usually given as comp. and super. of *mycel*.) *Má* in A.S. was never a positive. The word is connected with *mágan*, to be able (I *may*, *might*), and the Goth. *magan*, and not with *máwan*, to mow. The Gothic *mikils*, which reappears in early Teut. dialects, is the parent of *mickle*, *muckle*. The Goth. roots *mik*, and *mag*, are connected with the Lat. and Gr. *mag*-nus, *maj*-or, *μέγ-as*, *μείζων* [i.e. *μέγ-σων*].

Moralize, Introd. 1, to cause to be *moral*, give a *moral* character to, i.e. turn it into a 'morality,' or allegorical representation of high virtues and opposite vices. This Spenser looks on as a great contrast to the lowly muse of his former poem, the Shepheards Calender.

Mortality, x. 1, the estate of mortal man; not death.

Mortall, i. 15, death-dealing. Lat. *mortalis*.

Mote, iii. 29; ix. 27, might (also, may). A.S. *mot*, may, can.

Mould, iv. 5; vii. 26, shape, form. Fr. *mouler*, *modeller*, It. *modello*, Lat. *modus*, *modulus*. Used of the form and outward appearance of trees; "treen *mould*." In iv. 5, used of a well-formed building.

Muchell, iv, 46; vi. 20, much, great. See **Moe**.

Muse, xii. 26 (subst.), absorbing thought.

N.

Nathemore, ix. 25, none the more; so too **natheless**, none the less.

Needlesse, i. 11, useless, unavailing.

Needments, i. 6, necessary baggage, necessities for travelling.

Nephewes, v. 22, grandchildren, or their children, not in our sense of 'nephews.' Latin *nepos*.

Nill, ix. 15, ne will, will not. Comes direct from the A.S. *nyllan* = ne willan. (Cp. Lat. *nolle* = ne (non) velle.) It is also analogous to the Greek *νημερτὴς*, *νήνεμος*, also to the Fr. elision of the negative *n'avoir*, &c. This contracted form is very common in A.S. Thus they wrote *nabban* for *ne habban*, *næs* for *ne wæs*, &c. The usage can be traced throughout E. E. writers. Spenser uses it as an archaism.

Noblesse, viii. 26, nobleness. Fr. *noblesse*.

Note, xii. 17, ne wote, ne wot, know not. A.S. *ne witan*.

Nould, vi. 17, ne would, would not. A.S. *nolde*, pret. of *nyllan*.

Noyance, i. 23, annoyance. Lat. *nocere*. **Noyed**, x. 24; xi. 45, annoyed.

Noyous, v. 45; viii. 40; xi. 50, annoying. So Chaucer, House of Fame, 66.

O.

Ofspring, vi. 30, origin. Cp. Book II. ix. 60, and Gloss. II.

Origane, ii. 40, bastard marjoram. Lat. *origanum.*

Ought, iv. 39, owned, possessed; old pret. of *to owe.* Originally to *owe* and to *own* were the same word. So Macbeth, i. 4, "To throw away the dearest thing he *owed.*" Sidney, Arcadia, ii., "Tell the lady that *owes* (i. e. *owns*) it." From A.S. *agan*, pret. *ahte.* O. English *aute*, *aughte.*

Outfind, ii. 43, to find out.

Outrage, xi. 40, outcry, outburst. Fr. *outré*, Lat. *ultra.* Gloss. II.

Outwell, i. 21, to pour forth, well out.

Overcraw, ix. 50, to crow over, insult. So spelt for the rhyme.

Owch, ii. 13; x. 31, socket of gold to hold precious stones; same word as *nouch*, *notch*, *niche*, which are examples of the well-known tendency to attach the article to the noun (*an ouch*, *a nouch*).

P.

Pace, iv. 3, step; from It. *passo*, Lat. *passus.* We still speak of a horse's *paces.*

Paine, ii. 39; iv. 15; x. 68; xii. 34, trouble. Fr. *peine*, Ger. *pein*, A.S. *pin*, *pinung*, whence **Pine,** which see.

Paire, vii. 41, to make worse or less; cp. to *impair.* Fr. *pire*, Lat. *pejor.*

Paled, v. 5, fenced off. Fr. *pal*, Lat. *palus;* we speak of 'the *pale* of society;' *palings*, *impaled.*

Palfrey, iii. 40, usually a led horse, ridden by a lady; but here it is the ass on which Una rides. Du Meril suggests O. Fr. *vair* (Ger. *pferd*), whence L. Lat. *veredus*, *para-veredus*, also written *palafredus*, *palafrenus*, O. Fr. *palefroy*, It. *palafreno.* There does not seem to be any ground for the tempting derivation *per frenum*, bridle-led. The L. Lat. *para-veredi*, "*equi agminales*," were horses employed (says Du Cange) on cross-roads, or military roads; as distinguished from the *veredi*, which were post-horses on the public ways or high-roads. Not, originally, a lady's led horse.

Parbreake, i. 20, vomit, that which breaks or bursts forth.

Pardale, vi. 26, leopard. It. *pardo*, Lat. *pardalis.*

Part, iii. 22, depart. Fr. *parter.* Sidney, Arcadia, ii., "Let the messenger *part;*" and Shakespeare, Merch. of Ven. 2. 7, and Coriol. 5. 6, "when I *parted* hence."

Pas, (I) iv. 10; x. 24, to surpass, exceed; (II) xi. 15, to pace. step.

Passionate, xii. 16, to declare passionately, to express passion, complain. So Tit. Andr. 3. 2:

> "Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
> And cannot *passionate* our tenfold grief
> With folded arms."

Or it may mean to fill with passion or emotion.

Peece, x. 59, building, or castle, often so used in Spenser, a *piece* being a construction; as in a *piece* of music, painting, art.

Penne, xi. 10, quill. Lat. *penna.*

Perceable, i. 7, penetrable, that can be pierced.

Perdie, vi. 42, *par Dieu;* Piers Ploughman, *pardy*, and Chaucer, *pardé*.

Persaunt, x. 47, piercing; the old form of the participle. Fr. *percer*.

Persen, vii. 33, to pierce.

Perveyaunce, xii. 13, provision, to *purvey* or provide food. Lat. *providere*.

Pight, ii. 42; viii. 37; ix. 33; xi. 25, 43; xii. 25, fixed, pierced; p.p. of to *pitch*, as we '*pitch* a tent.'

Pine, ix. 35. (subst.) wasting away, sorrow, suffering. **Pyne**, (I) (verb) iv. 21 = to waste away. (II) x. 48 = to make to waste, or, to inflict pain on. A.S. *pinian*, to torment. In viii. 40, **pined** = worn away, full of pain. *Pine* and *pain* are the same word. A.S. *pin*.

Plaine, vi. 20, simple, honest; so Gen. 25. 27, "Jacob was a *plain* man."

Platane, i. 9, plane-tree. Lat. *platanus*.

Point, ix. 41, to appoint.

Point, ii. 12, a whit, "Cared not for God or man a *point*," not a scrap or whit. In the same stanza, and rhyming with this word, is *point*, used of armour, "armed to point." See note on canto i. 16. L. Lat. *punctum* was used in psalmody, for a syllable, or a musical note: thence for anything very small, like the use of *jot*.

Pollicie, iv. 12, statecraft (in a bad sense, as opposed to law).

Portesse, iv. 9, breviary, small book of prayers; in Chaucer *portos*. O. Fr. *porte-hors*, a little breviary that could be carried out-of-doors; hence the spelling *porthose;* the word is the translation of L. Latin *portiforium*, "quod *foras* facile *portari* potest."

Pouldred, vii. 12, turned to *powder*. Fr. *poudre*, Lat. *pulvis*, *pulverem*.

Pounce, xi. 19, claw, talon, of a hawk. Lat. *pungere*.

Poynant, vii. 19, piercing, of a spear; now written *poignant* and used only of grief. Fr. *poignant*, Lat. *pungere*. Gloss. II.

Poyse, xi. 54, weight, sway; (? reading *noyse*). Fr. *poids*, *poise*, balance, and *peser*; L. Lat. *pensa*, a weight; *pesare*, to weigh (Fr. *penser*, L. Lat. *pensare*, to think, is really, to *weigh*, measure with thoughtfulness), Lat. *pendere*, *pensitare*.

Practicke, xii. 34, tricky; so in Bk. II. iii. we have "*practicke* knavery." In the Elizabethan writers, to *practise*, *practick*, &c. were used with a bad sense; so still 'to *practise* on.' Cp. Sidney, Arcadia, ii., "he sought to have that by *practice* which he could not by prayer." Gloss. II.

Prancke, iv. 14, to trim, set off, deck, to display ostentatiously. Ger. *prangen*, Du. *pronken*. Hence to *prance*.

Praunce, vii. 11, to rush, as a horse does.

Pray, ix. 20, to prey upon, 'to *pray* her realm.'

Preace, (I) (subst.) iii. 3, press or crowd. (II) (verb) xi. 19, to press.

Presage, x. 61, to tell, or point out before with the hand.

Price, ix. 37, to pay the price of.

Prick, i. 1, to spur, to ride quickly. A.S. *priccian*, to *prick* or sting.

Priefe, viii. 43; ix. 17; x. 24, proof; "prowes *priefe*," proof of bravery; "passing *priefe*." surpassing proof, or excellence. We have the same form in *reprieve*. Gloss. II.

Prime, ii. 40; iv. 17; vi. 13, spring-tide of the year. A.S. *prím*, Lat. *primus*. It also means morning, but probably not so in Spenser, Bk. I. Its proper sense is, of course, the first part of anything—of life, youth; of

day, morning; of the year, spring-tide. But more particularly, as still in French, the first canonical hour of the day.

Prowest, iv. 41; v. 14, bravest; old adj. *prow*, brave. Fr. *preux*, It. *prode*, Lat. *probus*, *approved* in battle. "Miles animo valens," says Du Cange, s. v. *Probus*.

Purchas, iii. 16, robbery. Fr. *pourchasser*, It. *procacciare*, to hunt after, *chase;* thence to *catch* (the same word, save that *chase* is from Fr. *chasser*, and *catch* from It. *cacciare*), to seize, rob; thence, to obtain; thence, to buy. Edmond About, in one of his satires on modern society (describing an imaginary language, the Chôtâ tongue), has unawares hit off this word 'purchase.' He says, "Ce peuple innocent n'a qu'un seul mot pour dire acheter, gagner, recevoir, trouver, prendre et voler." Shakespeare, Henry V, iii. 2, gives the transition when he writes, "They will steal anything, and call it—*purchase*." Connected with Lat. *capio*, *capto*.

Purfled, ii. 13, embroidered with a needle (usually with gold thread). Fr. *pourfiler*. Chaucer, Prol. 193, writes it *purfiled*. Gloss. II.

Purposes, ii. 30, conversation. Fr. *propos*. So Chaucer, Tr. and Cr., v. 176, "Criseyde unto that *purpos* lite answerde."

Q.

Quaile, ix. 49, (Quayd, viii. 14,) to be quelled, subdued. A. S. *cwellan*, to *quell*, *kill;* *cwalu*, death, whence *cwealm*, pestilence, our *qualm;* Ger. *qualen*, to afflict. Now used only in the sense of shrinking, flinching before danger.

Quell, xi. 24, to daunt, in an active sense. Gloss. II.

Quight, viii. 10, to free; so we still speak of *quittance*, *acquit*. It is the same word as to **Quite.**

Quit, vi. 6, to release.

Quite, i. 30; viii. 26, 27; x. 15, 37, 65, to *requite*, to return a salute, to repay; from L. Lat. *quietare*, to still or satisfy a debtor; hence to repay, also to free. See **Quight.** The adv. *quite* (Fr. *quitte*, freely, absolutely, wholly. So **Quitt,** vi. 10; safe, free, saved. Our modern *quits* means that accounts are balanced.

Quoth, i. 12, 13, &c., said; from pret. of A. S. *cweðan*, pret. *cwæd;* Icel. *kvað;* Goth. *qiþan*, to say; cp. Lat. in-*quit*. In Old Eng. the usual form is *quath*. It survives in our verb to *quote*.

R.

Rablement, vi. 8; xii. 9, rabble.

Raile, vi. 43, to flow like a *rill*. Lat. *rivulus*.

Rain, v. 40, to reign.

Ramping, iii. 5; v. 28; viii. 12; xi. 37, rushing on the prey. Fr. *ramper* = to climb, but It. *rampare* is to strike with the paw (*rampa*, a claw); this attitude is depicted in heraldry, in which a *rampant* lion, &c. is reared up on its hind legs, with one paw extended to strike, whence the slang *rampageous*. Spenser speaks of a '*ramping* lion' in this sense. Connected with Lat. *rapere*, to seize. See Wright's Bible Word-Book, *Ramping*.

Rapt, iv. 9, carried off: Lat. *raptus*, p. p. of *rapio*, to snatch off. So we use 'rapt' = inspired, and 'rapture.'

Raught, vi. 29; vii. 18; ix. 51, reached. So Chaucer, Prol. 136. Pret. of Old Eng. to *recche*. Gloss. II.

Ravine, v. 8; xi. 12, prey. Connected with to *reave* (see below).

Read, i. 13, x. 17 (also spelt **reed** and **areed**, which see), to advise.

Reave, i. 24; iii. 36; vi. 39; ix. 31; x. 65; xi. 41; xii. 39, to snatch away, p. p. *raft*; so to *bereave*, p. p. *bereft*. Dan. *rive*, to tear, to *rive*. Connected with *ramp* (see above), with *rive*, *ravine*, and *raven* (the ravenous bird). A. S. *reafian*, to *rob*; *hræfen*, the raven; Dan. *ravn*.

Rebut, ii. 15 (used intransitively), to recoil.

Recourse, (Letter to Sir W. Raleigh), to recur. Lat. *recursare*.

Recoyle, x. 17, to retreat. F. *reculer*, Lat. *reculare* (? connected with L. Lat. *reculcare*, *re*, *calx*, to tread again, on one's backward course).

Recreaunt, iv. 41, coward, one who yields to his foe in single combat. It. *ricredente*, from *recredere*, used in L. Lat. of those slaves who, after attempting to gain their freedom in the law courts, on failing were replaced in their lord's power: "*recredere se* domino," to return to their master; hence of one who yields himself, one degraded, disgraced.

Recure, v. 44; ix. 2; x. 24, 52; xi. 30, to recover. Lat. *recurare*.

Red, (I) vi. 36, pret. of 'to *read*,' to learn by seeing, sight; "which mine eies have *red*" (thus forming the link between the old usage of the word and the new). (II) vii. 46, 67; xi. 46, p. p. of *read*, to call, declare; (III) x. 48, to count.

Redoubted, iv. 40, doughty; so *redoubtable*; literally, feared. Fr. *redouter*, to fear (Lat. *dubitare*). Cp. *redoubt*; Fr. *redute*, a little fort, from *reduire*, a place to which to withdraw for safety.

Redound, vi. 30, overflow. Lat. *redundare*.

Redress, v. 36, remake. Fr. *redresser*. L. Lat. *redressare*, *redrecare*, *redirigere*, to correct a fault.

Reele, v. 35, to roll.

Relive, ix. 52, to live again, come to life again.

Rencounter, iv. 39; xi. 53, to meet in battle. Fr. *rencontrer*; so our *encounter*; It. *rincontrare*, Lat. *re*, *in*, *contra*, (or L. Lat. *recontendere*?).

Renversed, iv. 41, upside down, overturned. Fr. *renversé*.

Repine, ii. 17, failing (of courage); from the proper sense of to *pine*.

Repriefe, ix. 29, reproof.

Retire, x. 68; xi. 53, to withdraw. Fr. *retirer*, *se retirer*; It. *retirarsi*.

Reverse, ix. 48, to make to return, or, to pass in review; not 'to return,' as Hughes' Gloss. makes it.

Revoke, vi. 28, recall. Fr. *revoquer*, Lat. *revocare*.

Richesse, iv. 7, riches; the Fr. form of this n. singular.

Rid, i. 36, to bring out, to remove. A. S. *breddan*, to rid, deliver. (Ger. *retten*, Dan. *redde*.)

Rife, ix. 52 (adv.), very much, plentifully. A. S. *ryf*, prevalent.

Rift, ii. 30, wound of a bough broken off.

Riotise, iv. 20, riot; the Fr. form of the word.

Rode, xii. 42, anchorage (for ships). So Yarmouth *Roads*.

Rove, Introd. 3, to shoot to a distance "with an elevation, not point-

blank." (Nares' Gloss.) Richardson, Dict. says, "There is a phrase 'to shoot *at rovers*,' i. e. without aim." But Richardson is wrong. The real phrase is "to shoot *with* rovers," i. e. with heavy strong arrows suitable for long flights; "these," says Mr. Gifford, "were the all-dreaded weapons of the English."

Rowel, vii. 37, the ring of a bit, any small hoop or ring which is moveable in its place. Fr. *rouelle*, a little *roue*, wheel; Lat. *rota*.

Ruffin, iv. 34, disordered, *rough*, of raiment; or perhaps *ruffianly;* or it may be 'reddish,' from Lat. *rufus*.

Rusty, v. 32, rust-coloured. Lat. *rusus*, *rufus*; our *russet*. In old writers *rusty* carried some sense of the terrible and red, (not our notion of rust-eaten). So Chaucer, Tr. and Cr., calls Mars' sword *rusty*. In the Prologue (l. 618) the Reeve, the best appointed man of the party, wore "a *rusty* blade." On the other hand, in F. Q. Bk. II. 9. 13, we have "rusty knives," apparently in the usual sense of the word.

Ruth, v. 9, pity, sorrow; subst. of verb to *rue;* so *ruthless*. A. S. *hreówian*, Ger. *reuen*, *reue*. Sidney, Arcadia, uses it of a sheep-dog, "whose *ruth* and valiant might" (i. e. his pity for and defence of the sheep).

S.

Sacred, viii. 35, accursed. Lat. *sacer*.

Sad, i. 2; v. 20; x. 7; xii. 5, *set*, *settled*, firmly fixed, heavy; then sober, dark-coloured; then mournful. Properly the p. p. of the verb *settan*, to set, settle.

Sake, v. 12, cause; 'for my sake,' in my cause. A. S. *sac*, jurisdiction in law-suits; *sécan*, to inquire, Ger. *sache*, *sachen*, Dan. *sak*.

Salvage, iii. 5, wild, or woodland; almost = sylvan; so the Fr. *sauvage*, 'des fleurs *sauvages*,' wild-flowers. When used of men the word first signifies wood-men, the half-mythical dwellers in woods; thence uncivilized; thence fierce and barbarous, its present use.

Sam, x. 57, together. A. S. prefix *sam*, together; *samnian*, to gather, assemble; Ger. *sammeln*, *sammt;* Goth. *sama*. So our *same* is that which has unity of qualities, things going together. In the Shepheards Calender we find "what concord have light and darke *sam?*"

Say, iv. 31, a stuff used to make cloaks. Fr. *saye*, *soie;* L. Lat. *sagum;* so Spenser, Faery Queene, III. xii., "His garment neither was of *silk* nor *say*."

Scath, iv. 35; xii. 34, harm, damage. A. S. *sceaðian*, to steal, spoil, hurt; *sceaþa*, a thief, a wretch. Cp. Ger. *schaden*, Goth *skathjan;* the root probably lingers in the Gr. *ἀ-σκηθ-ής*, unharmed. *Scathing* is still used of lightning, and *scatheless*, unharmed. Gloss. II.

Scryne, Introd. 2, writing-desk. O. Fr. *escrin*, Lat. *scrinium;* *shrine* is the same word: connected with *scribo*.

Sease, xi. 38, to fasten; *seize* is the same word.

Seely, vi. 10, simple. See **Silly**.

Semblaunt, ii. 12, semblance, likeness.

Sent, i. 43, *scent*, perception, sensation. Lat. *sensus*, *sentio*.

Shamefast, x. 15, (now) *shamefaced.* A.S. *sceamfæst;* it has no connexion at all with the *face;* cp. *stedfast,* fast in its place.

Share, ii. 18, portion, piece. A.S. *scéran,* to *shear, share,* to divide; so *shears,* plough-*share, shard, scar, shred, sheer.*

Shew, iii. 10, sign or track (as of passers by).

Shine, x. 67, bright light, *sheen;* so Ps. 97. 4, "His lightnings gave *shine* unto the world," and Milton, Ode xxii., "girt with taper's holy *shine.*" Gloss. II. *Sheen.*

Shrilling, v. 6, pres. part. of to *shrill,* to sound loud and sharp. Gloss. II.

Shroud, i. 6, to take shelter (from a storm).

Sign, x. 61, watchword. We still speak of the counter*sign.*

Silly, i. 30; ii. 21, harmless, simple; thence foolish. A.S. *sæl,* time, luck, happiness; adj. *sæl,* prosperous, good, *ge-sælig,* happy; Ger. *selig.*

Sink, i. 22, hoard, deposit, first of treasure, afterwards of anything, fair or foul. A.S. *sinc,* gathered treasure.

Sithens, iv. 51; ix. 8, since (so also **sith,** vii. 22); A.S. *síð,* lately; and subs. *síð,* path, journey, thence *time;* so in Scotland still *syne,* time, "auld lang syne." All the forms of this word had originally both the illative and the temporal signification; but in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, *si'h* came to be used specially as the illative, and *sithence, since,* as the temporal conj. Spenser, however, here uses both *sithens* and *sith* as causal only. See Marsh on the English Language, Lect. xxvi.

Slight, vii. 30; viii. 23, trick, device; so '*sleight* of hand.'

Snaggy, vii. 10, covered with *snags,* or knots (of a club; a word now wrongly deemed an 'Americanism.'

Snub, viii. 7, knob, of a knotty club.

Solemnize, x. 4, solemn rite (a subst.).

Sooth, iii. 29, truth; so *sooth*sayer. A.S. *sóð.*

Souce, v. 8, to dash violently, the same word as **souse.**

Souse, iii. 31, to immerse; especially in salt water; Fr. *sous,* Lat. *sub;* or from Lat. *salsum,* Dut. *soute.*

Sowne, i. 41, sound; also written *soun, soune.* Fr. *son,* It. *suono,* Lat. *sonus.* So Chaucer spells it, Boke of the Duchesse, 162, "That made a dedely slepynge *soune.*"

Sperse, i. 39; iv. 48, *disperse.* Lat. *spargere, sparsus.*

Spill, iii. 43, to ravage. To *spill* and to *spoil* are not the same word: *spill* is from A. S. *spillan,* to waste, destroy, cp. Ger. *verspillen; spoil,* from Lat. *spoliare,* to take away the dress or armour, to strip. Chaucer, Clerkes Tale, iii. 55, has "that ye may save or spille."

Spoused, x. 4, betrothed.

Spread, xii. 11, to spread himself over, cover.

Spy, ii. 17, espial, keen looking and espying.

Stadle, vi. 14, staff, prop, (wherewith to stay his feet); from A. S. *staðol,* foundation, *stede-dæl.* Richardson, Dict., v. *staddle,* says, "Anything that remains *standing,* as young trees left uncut, and (as in Spenser) a staff cut from such trees."

Starke, i. 44, stiffened. Ger. *stark,* strong.

Stayre, iv. 13, step.

Stead, iv. 2; viii. 17; ix. 41; xi. 46, place; so "in my stead" is still used.

A. S. *stede*, place, as in home-*stead*, bed-*stead*, *sted*fast, *steady*. Though the Danish *sted*fader, *sted*broder &c. are connected with this word, the Engl. *step*father, &c. comes from another source.

Stew, xi. 44, hot, steaming place. Fr. to *estuver*, to *stew*, or bathe; *estuve*, *stove*. Again A. S. *stofa*, bath or stove; Ger. *stube*, whence comes the L. Lat. *stuba*.

Stint, ix. 29, to put an end to, used of strife. So *stunted* is used of trees whose growth is stopped. A. S. *stintan*, to be blunt, dull, faint.

Stole, i. 4; xii. 22, a long robe; not the strip of black silk familiar to the English clergy. Gr. *στόλος*.

Stound, vii. 25; viii. 12, 25, 38; xi. 36, a minute, or portion of time. A. S. *stund*, a short space of time, from the verb *standan;* Ger. *stund*, an hour.

Stoup, xi. 18, *swoop*, or *stoop;* used particularly in falconry, of a hawk swooping down upon a bird. So Ben Jonson, Alchemist, v. 3, has "Here stands my dove: *stoop* at her, if you dare." Connected with *stoop*, *steep*.

Stowre, ii. 7; iii. 30; iv. 46; v. 51; vii. 12; viii. 5; x. 40, disturbance, *stir* as of battle. A. S. *styrian*, to *stir*, move; O. N. *stúror*, sorrow, disturbance; Scottish *stour*, din of battle.

Stub, ix. 34. stock of tree; so our verb 'to *stub* up,' of roots, and *stubble*.

Stye, xi. 25, to mount, ascend. A.S. *stig*, a path; *stígan*, to ascend. Connected with this are our words *stage*, *stalk*, *stile* (*stigel*), *stair*, *stirrup* (=*sty-rope*). In Yorkshire, *stee* is used for a ladder. Horne Tooke adds *stag* to this list, by reason of his lofty head. Ger. *steigen*, Dan. *stige*. *Sty* in the eye is a swelling or rising. Spenser himself, in his View of the State of Ireland, says, "The *stirrup* was so called, in scorn, as it were a *stay* to get up; being derived from the Old Engl. word *sty*, which is to get up or mount;" which shews that Spenser clearly regarded the verb as obsolete.

Suffised, ii. 43, satisfied.

Sup, iv. 22, drink. A. S. *sipan*, to sip. A word formed from the sound.

Suspect, vi. 13, suspicion,

Swayne, viii. 13, youth, properly a labourer; from A. S. *swán*, a herdsman, servant, connected with *swincan*, to labour, to *swink;* Dan. *svend*, youth, servant, journeyman; so in boat*swain*, cox*swain*.

Swelt, vii. 6, swelled, or sweltered. A. S. *swélan*, to be hot, burn, to *sweal* (of a candle).

Swinge, xi. 26, to singe, Or it may here mean to strike, from A. S. *swingan*, to beat, strike.

T.

Table, ix. 49, picture. Fr. *tableau*, Lat. *tabula;* so in the phrase "the *table* of Apelles;" it was "a pictured *table*, representing on one side the beauty of sobriety, on the other the deformity of drunkenness."—Bailey's Dict., *Table*. So Spinelly (1515) writes of a "*table* for an awter, made by the best master in the land." The L. Lat. *tabula* was the embossed or painted frontal of an altar; made often of precious metals. It would be a proper gift to a shrine. So Britomart (F. Q. III. iv. 10) vows to Neptune "a *table*," if she is saved.

Tackles, xii. 42, tackling, rigging. We still talk of a fisherman's *tackle*.

Talaunts, xi. 41, talons. Fr. *talon.*

Teade, xii. 37, torch. Lat. *taeda.*

Teene (or *tyne*), ix. 34; xii. 18, trouble, sorrow; so Shepheards Calender, Ecl. xi. 41, "my wofull *teene*:" from A.S. *teona*, injury, *teonan*, *tynan*, to vex, anger. (Connected with A. S. *tyndan*, to kindle, Dut. *teenen*, Dan. *tænde*, Ger. *zunden*; hence also *tinder*, and to *tine* or *tind* a candle.)

Tell, iv. 27, count; so we speak of '*telling* beads,' 'the *tale* of sheep,' a *tally*, House of Commons *tellers*. A. S. *tellan*, to count.

Then, x. 10, than.

Thenforth, ii. 40, thenceforth; but the reading is doubtful.

Thewes, ix. 3; x. 4, qualities, manners. So Chaucer, Marchaundes Tale, 298. A. S. *þeáw*, that which distinguishes or perfects one's habits, behaviour: in the pl., manners, morals. When used in the sense of strength, or muscle (as always by Shakespeare), it is perhaps connected with A. S. *þeoh*, a thigh; or the phrase 'thewes and sinews' may have originally signified 'skill and strength,' and the words have come to be used indifferently.

Tho, i 18; v. 11; xi. 42, then. Old Engl. *ðo*, *ða*, *ðag*; A. S. *þonne.*

Thorough, i. 32; x 1, through. A. S. *þurh*, or *þorh*, Ger. *durch.* Connected with A. S. *duru*, or *þuru*, a *door*, Ger. *thür.* In Dutch, *door* is both *door* (subst.) and *through* (prepos.) In Old Engl. *thorrucke* is used for *door.* Chaucer, Person's Tale, has "Ydlenesse is the *thorrucke* of all wycked thoughtes;" whence the word *thorough* (through) comes directly. The adj. *thorough* has the same stem-meaning.

Thrall, ii. 22; v. 45; vii. 44; viii. 1, 32, 37, slave, prisoner. A.S. *þræl*, bondman; so *thraldom.* Probably connected with A.S. *þirel*, a hole. *drill*; *þirlian*, to pierce, *thrill*, *drill*, whence also *thurh*, *through.* It may refer to the notion of stringing things together by drilling holes through them.

Thrill, iii. 42; x. 19, **thrillant** (part.), xi. 21, to pierce; so *nostril* is *nose-thrill* (Chaucer spells it *nose-thurles*), the hole pierced through the nose. See **Thrall.**

Thristy, v. 15, thirsty (by metathesis).

Throw, x. 41, throe, pang. A.S. *þreá*, *þreag*, pain.

Tide, ii. 29, time, while. A S. *tid*, time, whence *tidan*, to *betide*; Ger. *zeit*; so Shepheards Cal., Ecl. x. 117, "troublous *tydes.*" It comes to signify sea *tides*, from the times, or set seasons, of their recurrence.

Timely, i. 21; iv. 4, in their time: 'the timely houfs,' the hours as they duly passed.

Tire, (I) iv. 35, *tier*, a rank or row. Fr. *tirer*, to draw. (II) viii. 46; x. 31, 39, *attire*, dress; generally, though not always, applied to head-dress; cp. *tiara.* A.S. *tyr*, a Persian head-dress. So 2 Kings 9. 30, Jezebel "*tired* her head;" and Levit. 16 4, "with the linen mitre shall he be *attired*" Possibly connected with Ger. *zieren.* *Attire* in O Fr. is *atour*, *attour*, a woman's hood or head-dress. L. Lat. *atorna*, 'mundus muliebris.'

Top, vii. 29, head. (Cp. *cop*, a head.)

Tort, xii. 4, wrong. Fr. *tort*; used in law. L. Lat. *tortum*, an injustice.

Toy, vi. 28, pastime. Richardson thinks from A. S. *tawian*, to till, prepare (of hides, so Dan. *touge*); Dut. *toyen*, *touwen*, to dress, ornament. But

the word is really derived from the Ger. *zeug*, Low Ger. *tüg*, Sw. *tyg*, Dan. *toï*. It is used for the compound *spiel-zeug*, which answers to our *play-toy*, or *plaything*. See Wedgwood's Dictionary.

Trace, viii. 31, walk, follow on the track. So in America 'to make tracks,' to walk off.

Tract, i. 11; iii. 10, trace, the footing of man or beast. Fr. *trait*, Lat. *tractus*, *trabo*.

Traine, (I) iii. 24; ix. 31, train, anything drawn out in length; whence (II) i. 18; viii. 17; xi. 37, tail. Fr. *trainer*. (III) i. 18; iii. 24, trap, or snare. We speak of 'laying a *train* to catch a person.' Lat. *trahere*.

Transmew, vii. 35, transmute. Fr. *transmuer*, Lat. *transmutare*. See **Mew**.

Treachour, iv. 41; ix. 32, traitor. Fr. *triche*, *tricherie*, to cheat, cheating, *trick*, *treachery*. Gloss. II.

Treen, ii. 39; vii. 26 (adj.), of, or belonging to, trees. So 'ashen,' 'eughen,' made of the ash, the yew. It is not probable that Spenser meant to revive the old gen. pl. of the subst. 'tree,' or 'tre.'

Trenchand, i. 17; xi. 24, sharp-cutting; now written *trenchant*, after the more modern Fr. part. pres. of *trancher*. Our word *trench* (*tranché*) is from the same; perhaps from Lat. *truncus*, cut off.

Trinall, xii. 39, belonging to the number *three*, threefold. Fr. *trin*, Lat. *trinalis*, *trinus*.

Triplicity, xii. 39, quality of being threefold. Fr. *triplicité*, Lat. *triplicitas*, *tres* and *plicare*. It here refers to the harmonies of angelic song, the angels being marshalled in threes. See note on xii. 39.

> "And how the signs in their *triplicities*,
> By sympathizing in their *trine* consents," &c.
> Drayton's Man in the Moon.

The word *treble*, used of the last or highest part in music, is also from *triple*.

Truncked, viii. 10, *truncated*, having had its top or limbs lopped off; so a 'truncated cone' is one from the top of which a slice has been cut off. Lat. *truncus*, maimed.

Tway, vii. 27, twain, as in the phrase 'in twain.'

Twyfold, v. 28, twofold; used of a team of horses driven two and two.

Tyne, ix. 15 (see **Teene**), anxiety, toil, pain.

Tyrannesse, v. 46, a female tyrant.

U.

Ugly, ix. 48, horrible, fearful (of crime).

Unacquainted, v. 21, unusual, with which one is not acquainted.

Unbid, ix. 54, without a prayer. A.S. *un-* and *ge-béd*, a prayer.

Uncouth, i. 15; xi. 20, unusual, properly *unknown;* used in this sense by Spenser, Shepheards Calender, Ecl. ix. 60: "In hope of better that was uncouth." A.S. *uncuð*, from *cyþan*. *gecyðan*, to know; so E. Eng. *selcouth*, seldom known, rarely known, uncommon. The later sense of awkwardness is a natural deduction.

Undight, iii. 4 (see **Dight**), to unfasten, take off, a dress or ornament.

Uneasy, v. 36, without ease, disturbed, thence restless.

Uneath, ix. 38; x. 31; xi. 4, scarcely, with difficulty, not with ease.

A.S. *un-eaðe*, uneasy; O. Eng. *une-eðes*, with difficulty; Icel. *auðr*, easy, and *unodi*, uneasy; and in Scottish *audie* is an easy-going fellow. There is some doubt as to the usage of the word in xi. 4, "and seemed *uneath* to shake the stedfast ground," where some commentators suppose that it is a contraction for *underneath*. See Note on xi. 4.

Unhable, iv. 23, incapable. Lat. *inhabilis*.

Unhastie, iii. 4, slow.

Unkindly, i. 26, unnatural, unlike their kind. See **Kindly**.

Unlich, v. 28, unlike.

Unthrifty, iv. 35, wicked, or 'unthrifty scath' may be 'ruin that wastes without care or stint.'

Untill, xi. 4, unto, to; so *til* for *to* in N. Eng., "to gang *til* Carlisle." Chaucer, Kn. Tale, 2106, has "Hom *til* Athenes." So also Dan. *til*, to, of place. Ger. *ziel*, limit, aim; A.S. *til* = an end, station, towards which one tends in a journey; and *tilean*, to *till* the ground, comes from the A.S. adj. *til*, fit, suitable, leading to its object or end; whence *tillage* is the preparation of the ground towards its proper end, harvest.

Unwary, xii. 25, unexpected, whereof they were not aware.

Unweeting, ii. 45; vii. 6; x. 65; xi. 29, not knowing, unconscious, unaware. A.S. *witan*, to *wot*, *weet*, know. See **Weet**.

Upstart, i. 16, *started up*.

Upwound, i. 15, knotted together, *wound up*.

V.

Venger, iii. 20, avenger.

Vew, ix. 20, appearance. Fr. *vue*, Lat. *videre*.

Vild, heading to c. iii.; ix. 46, vile; **vildly**, i. 20; iii. 43, vilely.

Vital, iv. 49; v. 19, having, or giving life. Lat. *vitalis*; '*vital* paines,' '*vital* spright.'

Voyage, ix. 18, journey; as the Fr. *voyage*, It. *viaggio*.

W.

Wade, i. 12, to walk, or go. Spenser also uses the form to *vade*, Bk. III. ix. 20. The verb *to wade*, A.S. *wádan*, did not at first necessarily signify walking through water, though A.S. *wád* is a ford. Connected with Lat. *vadere*, *vadum*, where also the verb is used more generally, and the subst. signifies a ford. L. Lat. *vadare*, to cross a ford, is in its turn derived from *vadum*.

Wage, iv. 39, *gage*, or pledge; so '*wager* of battle;' 'to lay *a wager*,' is to lay down a pledge for the correctness of an opinion. Also 'to *wage* war,' 'to *engage* in fight.' Fr. *gage*. Gloss. II.

Warrayd, v. 48, laid waste; the same word as *worry*, and perhaps as *harry* (of an army). Connected with *to wear*, and *war*. Fairfax, i. 6, has "The Christen Lords warraid the eastern land." (A.S. *werig*, *weary*?). To *worow*, in O. Eng. = to strangle; as dogs *worry* a sheep, seizing it by the neck (Ger. *wurgen*); but this is not the original sense.

Waste, i. 42, wasted, squandered.

Wastfull, i. 32; iii. 3; viii. 50, wild. Fr. *gâter*; O. Fr. *gaster*, It. *guastare*, Lat. *vastare*, to spoil, devastate.

Wastnes, iii. 3, wilderness.

Wax, iv. 34, to grow; p.p. *woxen*. A.S. *weaxan*, Ger. *wachsen*.

Wayting, x. 36, watching.

Weare, i. 31, spend, pass (of time). Cp. Lat. phrase *terere tempus;* usually in a bad sense.

Weeds, Introd. 1; ix. 28, clothes. A.S. *ge-wǽd*, a garment. Still used in the phrase 'widow's *weeds*.'

Ween, i. 10; iii. 41; x. 58, to think. A.S. *wénan*, to hope, expect; *wén*, hope, expectation.

Weet, iii. 6; vi. 14; viii. 37; xii. 3, to know, perceive. A.S. *witan*, to know; Ger. *wissen;* akin to *wise* and *wit; wote* and *wot* are the present tense of this verb, as in i. 13; ix. 31; xii. 31.

Welke, i. 24, to fade, grow dim (of the sun in the west); cp. Ger. *welken*, to be *welked* or *wrinkled:* so Chaucer (Pardoneres Tale, 277), "full pale and *welkid* is my face."

Welkin, iv. 9, sky, the rolling sky. A.S. *wealcan*, to roll, revolve. The "welked Phœbus" (i. 23) may be 'the sun when he has run his race.' Ger. *wolken*, clouds, comes from the rolling masses in the sky. The shell-fish *whelk* has a convoluted shell; to *walk* is to roll along. See Horne Tooke, Div. of Purley, ii. 4, word *welkin*.

Well, ii. 43, well-being, weal. A.S. *wela*.

Well, vii. 4, to flow down, as from a fountain. See Gloss. II.

Wend, i. 28; x. 15, 56, to go. A.S. *wendan*, Goth. *vandjan*, Ger. *wenden*, to turn or *wind*. From it comes our past tense *went*.

Wex, xi. 1, to grow. See **Wax**.

Whenas, ii. 32; iv. 44; v. 52; vi. 34; vii. 34, 38; ix. 37, when, as soon as.

Whereas, vi. 40, where.

While, Introd. 4, time, space of time. A.S. *hwil*, probably a revolution of time, connected with *wheel* and *welkin; awylian*, to roll away. To *while* away time, means to make it revolve or pass. The adv. *a-while* is only the subst. and art. (In the passage in Spenser it is written as two words in both the original editions.) See **Welkin.**

Whot, x. 26, hot.

Whyleare, ix. 28, a while before. A.S. *hwíl*, time, *ǽr*, *ære*, before. Now written *erewhile*.

Whylome, Introd. 1; iv. 15; v. 23; vii. 36; ix. 7; xi. 29; xii. 41, formerly, still, continuously. A.S. *hwilon*, *hwilun*, awhile, for a time.

Wight, ix. 23, 33; x. 15, a being, person. Gloss. II.

Wimple (I) (verb), i. 4, to plait or fold; (II) (subst.), xii. 22, neck-kerchief or covering for the neck; so distinguished from the veil. A.S. *winpel*, O. Fr. *guimple*, Du. *wimpelen*, perhaps Ger. *wimpel*, a pennon, flag; L. Lat. *guimpa*. In the dress of nuns it is the white linen plaited or folded cloth around their necks. When Spenser speaks of the "vele that *wimpled* was full low," he must mean that it fell low in folds like a *wimple*. So Chaucer writes of the Prioress, Prol. 47:

> "Upon an amblere esely sche sat,
> *Wymplid* ful wel, and on hire hed a hat."

In O. Fr. *guimple* is a hood. It has been derived from *vinculum*, "parce qu'on en lie la teste."

Wis, v. 27, to know, A. S. *witan*, pret. *wiste*, to wot, know.

Wisard, iv. 12, a wise man, a magician, here used in a bad sense. Gloss. II.

Wise (wize), iii. 19; x. 12; xii. 17, 18, manner, way, *guise*. A.S. *wise*, Fr. *guise*, Ger. *weise*. We still have the word in our like*wise*, other*wise*. So Spenser uses *guize*, xii. 14. Similarly, the word *disguise* means to dissemble in dress or manner, to strip off the usual guise or dress, and to wear another.

Wonne, vi. 39 (**wone**), to dwell. A. S. *wunian*, to dwell; O. Eng. *woning*, dwelling; Ger. *wohnen*. From this comes (as a p. p.) the subst. *wont*, that which is usual, customary; whence again a p. p. *wonted*. There are also a subst. *wonne*, a dwelling, and the verb neut. he *wonts* = is accustomed.

Wood, iv. 34; v. 20, mad, furious; frequent in Chaucer. A. S. *wód*, Goth. *wods*, Ger. *wuth*. The A.S. deity, *Woden*, god of war, is so named from his fury.

Worshippe, i. 3, honour, reverence. Cp. "with my body I thee *worship*." Now used properly of God alone. A. S. *weorð-scipe*.

Wot (wote), i. 13; **ix. 31**; **xii. 31**. See **Weet**.

Woxen, iv. 34; x. 2; xi. 52, p. p. of to *wax*. See **Wax**.

Wreake, viii. 43; xii. 16, vengeance. A. S. *wrecan*, to afflict, punish, *wreak; wræc*, vindictive punishment. Goth. *vrikan*, Ger. *rache*, our *rack*. From this word we perhaps get the origin of the "jaws of hell" so common in early painters. The Ger. *rachen* is *throat*, maw, jaws; and the phrase '*Rachen* der Hölle' expresses both the yawning jaws of hell, and the vengeance there inflicted. From *wræc* comes our *wretch*, *wretched*.

Wreck, xi. 21, mischief, damage, destruction; from the same root (A. S. *wrecan*) as *wreak*. Ship-*wreck* is but one use of the word. Akin to it is the *reckling* or little *wretch* of a litter of pigs; so also the phrase '*rack* and ruin.' O. Eng. *rak*, crash. See **Wreak**.

Y.

Ycladd, i. 1, 7; (**ycled**, iv. 38), clad. The *y-* is the old sign of the p. p., and answers to the O. Eng. and A. S. *ge-*, as also in Ger. *ge-kleidet*. It perhaps survives in the words *a-go*, *a-gone*. Church, in his Glossary, tells us that the "letter *y* is frequently put before a word, without adding anything to its signification, and only to lengthen it a syllable"! Gloss. II.

Ydle, v. 8, empty-handed.

Ydrad, i. 2, dreaded, p. p. of to *dread*. In Bk. II. iv. 42 the p. p. is *drad*. Cp. A.S. *adrédan*, pret *adred*, to dread, fear; O. Eng. *adrad*. Cp. Sidney's Arcadia, ii., "to make all men *adread*."

Yede, xi. 5, to go, spelt also *yead;* pret. *yode*. Richardson, Dict., v. *Yede*, says, "i. e. *go-ed, gode*." In which he is wrong, as the hard *g* would not be commuted to *y;* though the word is properly a pret., not an infinitive. In this place Spenser uses it incorrectly as an infinitive. The root is *î*

(as seen in Goth. *iddja* (Lat. *ivi*), A. S. *eó-de*). This is found in the Sanskr. *i*, *ya*, and descends down different lines to Gr. εἶ-μι, and to Lat. *i-re*. [From Notes and Queries.]

Yeld, xi. 37, to yell.

Yfere, xi. 1, in company, together. Chaucer, Tr. and Cr. ii. 1037. A. S. *ge-fera*, a companion; from *feran*, to go. See **Fere.**

Ygoe, ii. 18, ago; also written *agone*, or *ygone*, shewing that it is the p. p. of the verb to *go*. A. S. and Ger. *gegangen*.

Ymp. See **Impe.**

Ynd, vi. 2, India.

Yod, x. 53, pret. of *yede*, which see.

Youngling, x. 57, offspring, young of man or beast; here, of lambs. A. S. *geonglic*, Ger. *jüngling*. Milton has it, Areopagitica, "That vertue therefore which is but a *youngling* in the contemplation of Evil." Drummond of Hawthornden, speaking of our Lord's infancy, calls Him "that heaven-sent *youngling*."

Ypight, ix. 33. See **Pight.**

Yplast, iv. 28, placed; p. p. of to *place*.

Yrksome, ii. 6, weary; iii. 4, tiresome. A. S. *earg*, slothful, timid; Scot. *ergh*, to feel reluctant.

Yts, vii. 39, it is.

LIBRARY OF
SALEM ACADEMY & COLLEGE

October, 1873.

BOOKS

PRINTED AT

THE CLARENDON PRESS, OXFORD,

AND PUBLISHED FOR THE UNIVERSITY BY

MACMILLAN AND CO.,

29 & 30, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.

LEXICONS, GRAMMARS, &c.

A Greek-English Lexicon, by Henry George Liddell, D.D., and Robert Scott, D.D. *Sixth Edition, Revised and Augmented.* 1870. 4to. *cloth*, 1*l.* 16*s.*

A Greek-English Lexicon, abridged from the above, chiefly for the use of Schools. *Fourteenth Edition, carefully revised throughout*, 1871. square 12mo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

A copious Greek-English Vocabulary, compiled from the best authorities. 1850. 24mo. *bound*, 3*s.*

Graecae Grammaticae Rudimenta in usum Scholarum. Auctore Carolo Wordsworth, D.C.L. *Seventeenth Edition*, 1870. 12mo. *bound*, 4*s.*

A Practical Introduction to Greek Accentuation, by H. W. Chandler, M.A. 1862. 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Scheller's Lexicon of the Latin Tongue, with the German explanations translated into English by J. E. Riddle, M.A. 1835. fol. *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

A Practical Grammar of the Sanskrit Language, arranged with reference to the Classical Languages of Europe, for the use of English Students, by Monier Williams, M.A. *Third Edition*, 1864. 8vo. *cloth*, 15*s.*

A Sanskrit English Dictionary, Etymologically and Philologically arranged, with special reference to Greek, Latin, German, Anglo-Saxon, English, and other cognate Indo-European Languages. By Monier Williams, M.A., Boden Professor of Sanskrit. 1872. 4to. *cloth*, 4*l.* 14*s.* 6*d.*

An Icelandic-English Dictionary. By the late R. Cleasby. Enlarged and completed by G. Vigfusson. Parts I. and II. 1869—1871. 4to. each 1*l.* 1*s.*

Part III. 4to. 1*l.* 1*s.* *Just ready. This Part completes the Work.*

GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS.

Aeschylus: Tragoedíae et Fragmenta, ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. *Second Edition*, 1851. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s.* 6*d.*

Sophocles: Tragoedíae et Fragmenta, ex recensione et cum commentariis Guil. Dindorfii. *Third Edition*, 2 vols. 1860. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Each Play separately, *limp*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Text alone, printed on writing paper, with large margin, royal 16mo. *cloth*, 8*s.*

The Text alone, square 16mo. ***cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.***

Each Play separately, *limp*, 6*d.*

Sophocles: Tragoedíae et Fragmenta cum Annotatt. Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi II. 1849. 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.*

The Text, Vol. I. 5*s.* 6*d.* The Notes, Vol. II. 4*s.* 6*d.*

Euripides: Tragoedíae et Fragmenta, ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi II. 1834. 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.*

Aristophanes: Comoedíae et Fragmenta, ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi II. 1835. 8vo. *cloth*, 11*s.*

Aristoteles; ex recensione Immanuelis Bekkeri. Accedunt Indices Sylburgiani. Tomi XI. 1837. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*l.* 10*s.*

Each volume separately, 5*s.* 6*d.*

Catulli Veronensis Liber. Recognovit, apparatum criticum prolegomena appendices addidit, Robinson Ellis, A.M. 1867. 8vo. *cloth*, 16*s.*

Catulli Veronensis Carmina Selecta, secundum recognitionem Robinson Ellis, A.M. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Demosthenes: ex recensione Guil. Dindorfii. Tomi IV. 1846. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Homerus: Ilias, ex rec. Guil. Dindorfii. 1856. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s.* 6*d.*

Homerus: Odyssea, ex rec. Guil. Dindorfii. 1855. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s.* 6*d.*

Plato: The Apology, with a revised Text and English Notes, and a Digest of Platonic Idioms, by James Riddell, M.A. 1867. 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

Plato: Philebus, with a revised Text and English Notes, by Edward Poste, M.A. 1860. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Plato: Sophistes and Politicus, with a revised Text and English Notes, by L. Campbell, M.A. 1866. 8vo. *cloth*, 18*s.*

Plato: Theaetetus, with a revised Text and English Notes, by L. Campbell, M.A. 1861. 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s.*

Plato: The Dialogues, translated into English, with Analyses and Introductions. By B. Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, and Regius Professor of Greek. 4 vols. 1871. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*l.* 6*s.*

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

The Holy Bible in the Earliest English Versions, made from the Latin Vulgate by John Wycliffe and his followers: edited by the Rev. J. Forshall and Sir F. Madden. 4 vols. 1850. royal 4to. *cloth*, 3*l.* 3*s.*

The Holy Bible: an exact reprint, page for page, of the Authorized Version published in the year 1611. Demy 4to. *half bound*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Vetus Testamentum Graece secundum exemplar Vaticanum Romae editum. Accedit potior varietas Codicis Alexandrini. Tomi III. 1848. 18mo. *cloth*, 14*s.*

Novum Testamentum Graece. Edidit Carolus Lloyd, S.T.P.R., necnon Episcopus Oxoniensis. 1869. 18mo. *cloth*, 3*s.*

The same on writing paper, small 4to. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Novum Testamentum Graece juxta Exemplar Millianum. 1868. 18mo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The same on writing paper, small 4to. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Evangelia Sacra Graece. 1870. fcap. 8vo. *limp*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY, &c.

Baedae Historia Ecclesiastica. Edited, with English Notes, by G. H. Moberly, M.A. 1869. crown 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bingham's Antiquities of the Christian Church, and other Works. 10 vols. 1855. 8vo. *cloth*. *Price reduced from* 5*l.* 5*s.* *to* 3*l.* 3*s.*

Eusebius' Ecclesiastical History, according to the Text of Burton. With an Introduction by William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

The Orations of St. Athanasius against the Arians. With an Account of his Life. By William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s.*

Patrum Apostolicorum, S. Clementis Romani, S. Ignatii, S. Polycarpi, quae supersunt. Edidit Guil. Jacobson, S.T.P.R. Tomi II. *Fourth Edition*, 1863. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

ENGLISH THEOLOGY.

Butler's Works, with an Index to the Analogy. 2 vols. 1849. 8vo. *cloth*, 11*s.*

Greswell's Harmonia Evangelica. *Fifth Edition*, 1856. 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s.* 6*d.*

Hooker's Works, with his Life by Walton, arranged by John Keble, M.A. *Fifth Edition*, 1865. 3 vols. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Hooker's Works; the text as arranged by John Keble, M.A. 2 vols. 1865. 8vo. *cloth*, 11*s.*

Pearson's Exposition of the Creed. Revised and corrected by E. Burton, D.D. *Fifth Edition*, 1864. 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Waterland's Review of the Doctrine of the Eucharist, with a Preface by the present Bishop of London. 1868. crown 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

ENGLISH HISTORY.

Clarendon's (Edw. Earl of) History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England. To which are subjoined the Notes of Bishop Warburton. 7 vols. 1849. medium 8vo. *cloth, 2l. 10s.*

Clarendon's (Edw. Earl of) History of the Rebellion and Civil Wars in England. 7 vols. 1839. 18mo. *cloth, 1l. 1s.*

Freeman's (E. A.) History of the Norman Conquest of England: its Causes and Results. Vols. I. and II. 8vo. *New Edition, with Index, 1l. 16s.*

Vol. III. The Reign of Harold and the Interregnum. 1869. 8vo. *cloth, 1l. 1s.*
Vol. IV. The Reign of William. 1871. 8vo. *cloth, 1l. 1s.*

Rogers's History of Agriculture and Prices in England, A.D. 1259—1400. 2 vols. 1866. 8vo. *cloth, 2l. 2s.*

MATHEMATICS, PHYSICAL SCIENCE, &c.

An Account of Vesuvius, by John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology, Oxford. 1869. Crown 8vo. *cloth, 10s. 6d.*

Treatise on Infinitesimal Calculus. By Bartholomew Price, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Oxford.

Vol. I. Differential Calculus. *Second Edition,* 1858. 8vo. *cloth, 14s. 6d.*

Vol. II. Integral Calculus, Calculus of Variations, and Differential Equations. *Second Edition,* 1865. 8vo. *cloth, 18s.*

Vol. III. Statics, including Attractions; Dynamics of a Material Particle. *Second Edition,* 1868. 8vo. *cloth, 16s.*

Vol. IV. Dynamics of Material Systems; together with a Chapter on Theoretical Dynamics, by W. F. Donkin, M.A., F.R.S. 1862. 8vo. *cloth, 16s.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Course of Lectures on Art, delivered before the University of Oxford. By John Ruskin, M.A., Slade Professor of Fine Art. 1870. 8vo. *cloth, 6s.*

A Critical Account of the Drawings by Michel Angelo and Raffaello in the University Galleries, Oxford. By J. C. Robinson, F.S.A. 1870. Crown 8vo. *cloth, 4s.*

Bacon's Novum Organum, edited, with English Notes, by G. W. Kitchin, M.A. 1855. 8vo. *cloth, 9s. 6d.*

Bacon's Novum Organum, translated by G. W. Kitchin, M.A. 1855. 8vo. *cloth, 9s. 6d.*

Smith's Wealth of Nations. A new Edition, with Notes, by J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. *cloth, 21s.*

The Student's Handbook to the University and Colleges of Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth, 2s. 6d.*

Clarendon Press Series.

The Delegates of the Clarendon Press having undertaken the publication of a series of works, chiefly educational, and entitled the Clarendon Press Series, have published, or have in preparation, the following.

Those to which prices are attached are already published; the others are in preparation.

I. GREEK AND LATIN CLASSICS, &c.

A Greek Primer, in English, for the use of beginners. By the Right Rev. Charles Wordsworth, D.C.L., Bishop of St. Andrews. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Greek Verbs, Irregular and Defective; their forms, meaning, and quantity; embracing all the Tenses used by Greek writers, with reference to the passages in which they are found. By W. Veitch. *New Edition.* Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Elements of Greek Accentuation (for Schools): abridged from his larger work by H. W. Chandler, M.A., Waynflete Professor of Moral and Metaphysical Philosophy, Oxford. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The Orations of Demosthenes and Aeschines on the Crown. With Introductory Essays and Notes. By G. A. Simcox, M.A., and W. H. Simcox, M.A. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 12*s.*

Aristotle's Politics. By W. L. Newman, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Balliol College, and Reader in Ancient History, Oxford.

Arrian. Selections (for Schools). With Notes. By J. S. Phillpotts, B.C.L., Assistant Master in Rugby School.

The Golden Treasury of Ancient Greek Poetry; being a Collection of the finest passages in the Greek Classic Poets, with Introductory Notices and Notes. By R. S. Wright, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Golden Treasury of Greek Prose; being a Collection of the finest passages in the principal Greek Prose Writers, with Introductory Notices and Notes. By R. S. Wright, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford; and J. E. L. Shadwell, M.A., Senior Student of Christ Church. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Homer. Iliad. By D. B. Monro, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Oriel College, Oxford.

Also a smaller edition for Schools.

Homer. Odyssey, Books I-XII (for Schools). By W. W. Merry, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, Oxford. *Third Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Homer. Odyssey, Books I–XII. By W. W. Merry, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Lincoln College, Oxford; and the late James Riddell, M.A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.

Homer. Odyssey, Books XIII–XXIV. By Robinson Ellis, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

Plato. Selections (for Schools). With Notes. By B. Jowett, M.A., Regius Professor of Greek; and J. Purves, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Balliol College, Oxford.

Sophocles. The Plays and Fragments. With English Notes and Introductions. By Lewis Campbell, M.A., Professor of Greek, St. Andrews, formerly Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

Vol. I. Oedipus Tyrannus. Oedipus Coloneus. Antigone. 8vo. *cloth*, 14*s.*

Sophocles. In Single Plays, with English Notes, &c. By Lewis Campbell, M.A., Professor of Greek, St. Andrews, and Evelyn Abbott, M.A., of Balliol College, Oxford.

Oedipus Rex. *Now ready.*

Sophocles. Oedipus Rex: Dindorf's Text, with Notes by the Ven. Archdeacon Basil Jones, M.A., formerly Fellow of University College, Oxford. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *limp cloth*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Theocritus (for Schools). With Notes. By H. Snow, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton College, formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Xenophon. Selections (for Schools). With Notes and Maps. By J. S. Phillpotts, B.C.L., Assistant Master in Rugby School, formerly Fellow of New College, Oxford.

Part I. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*
Part II. By the same Editor. *Preparing.*

Caesar. The Commentaries (for Schools). Part I. The Gallic War, with Notes and Maps, &c. By Charles E. Moberly, M.A., Assistant Master in Rugby School; formerly Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Part II. The Civil War. Book I. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.*

Cicero's Philippic Orations. With Notes. By J. R. King, M.A., formerly Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Cicero pro Cluentio. With Introduction and Notes. By W. Ramsay, M.A. Edited by G. G. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity, Glasgow. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Cicero. Selection of interesting and descriptive passages. With Notes. By Henry Walford, M.A., Wadham College, Oxford, Assistant Master at Haileybury College. In three Parts. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Each Part separately, in limp cloth, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Part I. Anecdotes from Grecian and Roman History. *Second Edition.*
Part II. Omens and Dreams: Beauties of Nature. *Second Edition.*
Part III. Rome's Rule of her Provinces.

Cicero. Select Letters. With English Introductions, Notes, and Appendices. By Albert Watson, M.A., Fellow and Lecturer of Brasenose College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 18*s*.

Cicero. Select Letters (for Schools). With Notes. By the late C. E. Prichard, M.A., formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and E. R. Bernard, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*.

Cicero de Oratore. With Introduction and Notes. By A. S. Wilkins, M.A., Professor of Latin, Owens College, Manchester.

Cornelius Nepos. With Notes, by Oscar Browning, M.A., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Master at Eton College. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

Horace. With Introductions and Notes. By Edward C. Wickham, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford. *In the Press.*

Also a small edition for Schools.

Livy, Books I–X. By J. R. Seeley, M.A., Fellow of Christ's College, and Regius Professor of Modern History, Cambridge. Book I. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s*.

Also a small edition for Schools.

Livy. Selections (for Schools). With Notes and Maps. By H. Lee Warner, M.A., Assistant Master at Rugby School. *In Parts.*

Part II. Hannibal's Campaign in Italy. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*s*. 6*d*.
Part I. The Caudine Forks. *Just ready.*

Ovid. Selections for the use of Schools. With Introductions and Notes, and an Appendix on the Roman Calendar. By W. Ramsay, M.A. Edited by G. G. Ramsay, M.A., Professor of Humanity, Glasgow. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s*. 6*d*.

Persius. The Satires. With a Translation and Commentary. By John Conington, M.A., late Corpus Professor of Latin in the University of Oxford. Edited by H. Nettleship, M.A. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Pliny. Select Letters (for Schools). With Notes. By the late C. E. Prichard, M.A., formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford, and E. R. Bernard, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*.

Fragments and Specimens of Early Latin. With Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. By John Wordsworth, M.A., Brasenose College, Oxford.

Selections from the less known Latin Poets. By North Pinder, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 15*s*.

Passages for Translation into Latin. For the use of Passmen and others. Selected by J. Y. Sargent, M.A., Tutor, formerly Fellow, of Magdalen College, Oxford. *Third Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

II. MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

The Elements of Deductive Logic, designed mainly for the use of Junior Students in the Universities. By T. Fowler, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford. *Fourth Edition*, with a Collection of Examples. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Elements of Inductive Logic, designed mainly for the use of Students in the Universities. By the same Author. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s.*

A Manual of Political Economy, for the use of Schools. By J. E. Thorold Rogers, M.A., formerly Professor of Political Economy, Oxford. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Principles of Morals. By J. M. Wilson, B.D., President of C.C.C., Oxford, and T. Fowler, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Lincoln College, Oxford. *Preparing.*

III. MATHEMATICS, &c.

Acoustics. By W. F. Donkin, M.A., F.R.S., Savilian Professor of Astronomy, Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

An Elementary Treatise on Quaternions. By P. G. Tait, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh; formerly Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 12*s.* 6*d.*

Book-keeping. By R. G. C. Hamilton, Accountant to the Board of Trade, and John Ball (of the Firm of Messrs. Quilter, Ball, & Co.), Examiners in Book-keeping for the Society of Arts' Examination. *Third Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *limp cloth*, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The Scholar's Arithmetic. By Lewis Hensley, M.A., formerly Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.* *Just Published.*

Figures made Easy: a first Arithmetic Book. (Introductory to 'The Scholar's Arithmetic.') By the same Author. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 6*d.*

Answers to the Examples in Figures made Easy, together with two thousand additional Examples formed from the Tables in the same, with answers. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 1*s.*

A Course of Lectures on Pure Geometry. By Henry J. Stephen Smith, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow of Balliol College, and Savilian Professor of Geometry in the University of Oxford.

A Treatise on Electricity and Magnetism. By J. Clerk Maxwell, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Experimental Physics in the University of Cambridge. In two vols. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

A Series of Elementary Works is being arranged, and will shortly be announced.

IV. HISTORY.

A Manual of Ancient History. By George Rawlinson, M.A., Camden Professor of Ancient History, formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 14*s.*

Select Charters and other Illustrations of English Constitutional History from the Earliest Times to the reign of Edward I. By W. Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Constitutional History of England. By W. Stubbs, M.A., Regius Professor of Modern History, Oxford. *In the Press.*

A History of France, down to the year 1453. With Maps and Plans. By G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.* *Just Published.*

A History of Germany and of the Empire, down to the close of the Middle Ages. By J. Bryce, D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law, Oxford.

A History of Germany, from the Reformation. By Adolphus W. Ward, M.A., Fellow of St. Peter's College, Cambridge, Professor of History, Owens College, Manchester.

A History of British India. By S. J. Owen, M.A., Reader in History, Christ Church, and Teacher of Indian Law and History in the University of Oxford.

A History of Greece. By E. A. Freeman, M.A., formerly Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.

V. LAW.

Gaii Institutionum Juris Civilis Commentarii Quatuor; or, Elements of Roman Law by Gaius. With a Translation and Commentary. By Edward Poste, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 8vo. *cloth*, 16*s.*

Elements of Law considered with reference to Principles of General Jurisprudence. By William Markby, M.A., Judge of the High Court of Judicature, Calcutta. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

The Elements of Jurisprudence. By Thomas Erskine Holland, B.C.L., Barrister-at-Law, and formerly Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford.

The Institutes of Justinian, edited as a Recension of the Institutes of Gaius. By the same Editor. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 5*s.*

Authorities Illustrative of the History of the English Law of Real Property. By Kenelm E. Digby, M.A., Vinerian Reader in Law, formerly Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

VI. PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

Natural Philosophy. In four volumes. By Sir W. Thomson, LL.D., D.C.L., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Glasgow; and P. G. Tait, M.A., Professor of Natural Philosophy, Edinburgh; formerly Fellows of St. Peter's College, Cambridge. Vol. I. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 5*s.*

Elements of Natural Philosophy. By the same Authors. Being a smaller Work on the same subject, and forming a complete Introduction to it, so far as it can be carried out with Elementary Geometry and Algebra. Part I. 8vo. *cloth*, 9*s.*

Descriptive Astronomy. A Handbook for the General Reader, and also for practical Observatory work. With 224 illustrations and numerous tables. By G. F. Chambers, F.R.A.S., Barrister-at-Law. Demy 8vo. 856 pp., *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Chemistry for Students. By A. W. Williamson, Phil. Doc., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry, University College, London. *A new Edition, with Solutions.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 8*s.* 6*d.*

A Treatise on Heat, with numerous Woodcuts and Diagrams. By Balfour Stewart, LL.D., F.R.S., Professor of Physics, Owens College, Manchester. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Forms of Animal Life. By G. Rolleston, M.D., F.R.S., Linacre Professor of Physiology, Oxford. Illustrated by Descriptions and Drawings of Dissections. Demy 8vo. *cloth*, 16*s.*

Exercises in Practical Chemistry. By A. G. Vernon Harcourt, M.A., F.R.S., Senior Student of Christ Church, and Lee's Reader in Chemistry; and H. G. Madan, M.A., Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford.

Series I. Qualitative Exercises. *Second Edition.* Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
Series II. Quantitative Exercises.

Geology of Oxford and the Valley of the Thames. By John Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology, Oxford. 8vo. *cloth*, 1*l.* 1*s.*

Geology. By J. Phillips, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Geology, Oxford.

Mechanics. By Bartholomew Price, M.A., F.R.S., Sedleian Professor of Natural Philosophy, Oxford.

Optics. By R. B. Clifton, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Experimental Philosophy, Oxford; formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge.

Electricity. By W. Esson, M.A., F.R.S., Fellow and Mathematical Lecturer of Merton College, Oxford.

Crystallography. By M. H. N. Story-Maskelyne, M.A., Professor of Mineralogy, Oxford; and Deputy Keeper in the Department of Minerals, British Museum.

Mineralogy. By the same Author.

Physiological Physics. By G. Griffith, M.A., Jesus College, Oxford, Assistant Secretary to the British Association, and Natural Science Master at Harrow School.

Magnetism.

VII. ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

A First Reading Book. By Marie Eichens of Berlin; and edited by Anne J. Clough. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 4*d.*

Oxford Reading Book, Part I. For Little Children. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 6*d.*

Oxford Reading Book, Part II. For Junior Classes. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 6*d.*

On the Principles of Grammar. By E. Thring, M.A., Head Master of Uppingham School. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Grammatical Analysis, designed to serve as an Exercise and Composition Book in the English Language. By E. Thring, M.A., Head Master of Uppingham School. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

An English Grammar and Reading Book, for Lower Forms in Classical Schools. By O. W. Tancock, M.A., Assistant Master of Sherborne School. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

Specimens of Early English. A New and Revised Edition. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By R. Morris, LL.D. and W. W. Skeat, M.A.

Part I. *In the Press.*

Part II. From Robert of Gloucester to Gower (A.D. 1298 to A.D. 1393). Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Specimens of English Literature, from the 'Ploughmans Crede' to the 'Shepheardes Calender' (A.D. 1394 to A.D. 1579). With Introduction, Notes, and Glossarial Index. By W. W. Skeat, M.A. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, by William Langland. Edited, with Notes, by W. W. Skeat, M.A., formerly Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Milton. The Areopagitica. With Notes. By J. W. Hales, M.A., late Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge.

The Philology of the English Tongue. By J. Earle, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel College, and Professor of Anglo-Saxon, Oxford. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s.* 6*d.*

Typical Selections from the best English Authors from the Sixteenth to the Nineteenth Century, (to serve as a higher Reading Book,) with Introductory Notices and Notes, being a Contribution towards a History of English Literature. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

Specimens of the Scottish Language; being a Series of Annotated Extracts illustrative of the Literature and Philology of the Lowland Tongue from the Fourteenth to the Nineteenth Century. With Introduction and Glossary. By A. H. Burgess, M.A.

See also XII. below for other English Classics.

VIII. FRENCH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Brachet's Historical Grammar of the French Language. Translated by G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church. *Second Edition, with a new Index.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

An Etymological Dictionary of the French Language, with a Preface on the Principles of French Etymology. By A. Brachet. Translated by G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 10*s.* 6*d.* *Just Published.*

Corneille's Cinna, and **Molière's** Les Femmes Savantes. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Gustave Masson. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Racine's Andromaque, and **Corneille's** Le Menteur. With Louis Racine's Life of his Father. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Molière's Les Fourberies de Scapin, and **Racine's** Athalie. With Voltaire's Life of Molière. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Selections from the Correspondence of **Madame de Sévigné** and her chief Contemporaries. Intended more especially for Girls' Schools. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.*

Voyage autour de ma Chambre, by **Xavier de Maistre**; Ourika by MADAME DE DURAS; La Dot de Suzette by FIEVÉE; Les Jumeaux de l'Hôtel Corneille, by EDMOND ABOUT; Mésaventures d'un Ecolier, by RODOLPHE TÖPFFER. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s*. 6*d*.

IX. GERMAN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

Goethe's Egmont. With a Life of Goethe, &c. By Dr. Buchheim, Professor of the German Language and Literature in King's College, London; and Examiner in German to the University of London. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*.

Schiller's Wilhelm Tell. With a Life of Schiller; an historical and critical Introduction, Arguments, and a complete Commentary. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Lessing's Minna von Barnhelm. A Comedy. With a Life of Lessing, Critical Commentary, &c. By the same Editor. Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

X. ART, &c.

A Handbook of Pictorial Art. By R. St. J. Tyrwhitt, M.A., formerly Student and Tutor of Christ Church, Oxford. With coloured Illustrations, Photographs, and a chapter on Perspective by A. Macdonald. 8vo. *half morocco*, 18*s*.

A Treatise on Harmony. By Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., M.A., Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Oxford. 4to. *cloth*, 10*s*.

A Treatise on Counterpoint, Canon, and Fugue, based upon that of Cherubini. By the same Author. 4to. *cloth*, 16*s*.

A Music Primer for Schools. By J. Troutbeck, M.A., and R. F. Dale, M.A., B. Mus. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s*. 6*d*. *Just Published.*

XI. MISCELLANEOUS.

Outlines of Textual Criticism applied to the New Testament. By C. E. Hammond, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

The Modern Greek Language in its relation to Ancient Greek. By E. M. Geldart, B.A., formerly Scholar of Balliol College, Oxford. Extr. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s*. 6*d*.

The Cultivation of the Speaking Voice. By John Hullah. Crown 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s*. 6*d*.

A System of Physical Education: Theoretical and Practical. By Archibald Maclaren, The Gymnasium, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 7*s*. 6*d*.

XII. A SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.

Designed to meet the wants of Students in English Literature: under the superintendence of the Rev. J. S. BREWER, M.A., *of Queen's College, Oxford, and Professor of English Literature at King's College, London.*

THERE are two dangers to which the student of English Literature is exposed at the outset of his task;—his reading is apt to be too narrow or too diffuse.

Out of the vast number of authors set before him in books professing to deal with this subject he knows not which to select: he thinks he must read a little of all; he soon abandons so hopeless an attempt; he ends by contenting himself with second-hand information; and professing to study English Literature, he fails to master a single English author. On the other hand, by confining his attention to one or two writers, or to one special period of English Literature, the student narrows his view of it; he fails to grasp the subject as a whole; and in so doing misses one of the chief objects of his study.

How may these errors be avoided? How may minute reading be combined with comprehensiveness of view?

In the hope of furnishing an answer to these questions the Delegates of the Press, acting upon the advice and experience of Professor Brewer, have determined to issue a series of small volumes, which shall embrace, in a convenient form and at a low price, the general extent of English Literature, as represented in its masterpieces at successive epochs. It is thought that the student, by confining himself, in the first instance, to those authors who are most worthy of his attention, will be saved from the dangers of hasty and indiscriminate reading. By adopting the course thus marked out for him, he will become familiar with the productions of the greatest minds in English Literature; and should he never be able to pursue the subject

beyond the limits here prescribed, he will have laid the foundation of accurate habits of thought and judgment, which cannot fail of being serviceable to him hereafter.

The authors and works selected are such as will best serve to illustrate English Literature in its *historical* aspect. As 'the eye of history,' without which history cannot be understood, the literature of a nation is the clearest and most intelligible record of its life. Its thoughts and its emotions, its graver and its less serious modes, its progress, or its degeneracy, are told by its best authors in their best words. This view of the subject will suggest the safest rules for the study of it.

With one exception all writers before the Reformation are excluded from the Series. However great may be the value of literature before that epoch, it is not completely national. For it had no common organ of language; it addressed itself to special classes; it dealt mainly with special subjects. Again; of writers who flourished after the Reformation, who were popular in their day, and reflected the manners and sentiments of their age, the larger part by far must be excluded from our list. Common sense tells us that if young persons, who have but a limited time at their disposal, read Marlowe or Greene, Burton, Hakewill or Du Bartas, Shakespeare, Bacon, and Milton will be comparatively neglected.

Keeping, then, to the best authors in each epoch—and here popular estimation is a safe guide—the student will find the following list of writers amply sufficient for his purpose: Chaucer, Spenser, Hooker, Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, Dryden, Bunyan, Pope, Johnson, Burke, and Cowper. In other words, Chaucer is the exponent of the Middle Ages in England; Spenser of the Reformation and the Tudors; Hooker of the latter years of Elizabeth; Shakespeare and Bacon of the transition from Tudor to Stuart; Milton of Charles I and the Commonwealth; Dryden and Bunyan of the Restoration; Pope of Anne and the House

of Hanover; Johnson, Burke, and Cowper of the reign of George III to the close of the last century.

The list could be easily enlarged; the names of Jeremy Taylor, Clarendon, Hobbes, Locke, Swift, Addison, Goldsmith, and others are omitted. But in so wide a field, the difficulty is to keep the series from becoming unwieldy, without diminishing its comprehensiveness. Hereafter, should the plan prove to be useful, some of the masterpieces of the authors just mentioned may be added to the list.

The task of selection is not yet finished. For purposes of education, it would neither be possible, nor, if possible, desirable, to place in the hands of students the whole of the works of the authors we have chosen. We must set before them only the masterpieces of literature, and their studies must be directed, not only to the greatest minds, but to their choicest productions. These are to be read again and again, separately and in combination. Their purport, form, language, bearing on the times, must be minutely studied, till the student begins to recognise the full value of each work both in itself and in its relations to those that go before and those that follow it.

It is especially hoped that this Series may prove useful to Ladies' Schools and Middle Class Schools; in which English Literature must always be a leading subject of instruction.

A General Introduction to the Series. By Professor Brewer, M.A.

1. **Chaucer.** The Prologue to the Canterbury Tales; The Knightes Tale; The Nonne Prestes Tale. Edited by R. Morris Editor for the Early English Text Society, &c., &c. *Third Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

2. **Spenser's Faery Queene.** Books I and II. Designed chiefly for the use of Schools. With Introduction, Notes, and Glossary. By G. W. Kitchin, M.A., formerly Censor of Christ Church.
   Book I. *Fifth Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*
   Book II. *Second Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.* 6*d.*

3. **Hooker.** Ecclesiastical Polity, Book I. Edited by R. W. Church, M.A., formerly Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 2*s.*

4. **Shakespeare.** Select Plays. Edited by W. G. Clark, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and W. Aldis Wright, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

I. The Merchant of Venice. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.*
II. Richard the Second. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.* 6*d.*
III. Macbeth. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.* 6*d.*
IV. Hamlet. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 2*s.*

5. **Bacon.** Advancement of Learning. Edited by W. Aldis Wright, M.A. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 4*s.* 6*d.*

6. **Milton.** Poems. Edited by R. C. Browne, M.A., and Associate of King's College, London. 2 vols. *Second Edition.* Ext. fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 6*s.* 6*d.*

Sold separately, Vol. I. 4*s.*, Vol. II. 3*s.*

7. **Dryden.** Stanzas on the Death of Oliver Cromwell; Astraea Redux; Annus Mirabilis; Absalom and Achitophel; Religio Laici; The Hind and the Panther. Edited by W. D. Christie, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. Extra fcap. 8vo. *cloth*, 3*s.* 6*d.*

8. **Bunyan.** Grace Abounding; The Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by E. Venables, M.A., Canon of Lincoln.

9. **Pope.** With Introduction and Notes. By Mark Pattison, B.D., Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.

I. Essay on Man. *Second Edition.* Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 1*s.* 6*d.*
II. Satires and Epistles. Extra fcap. 8vo. *stiff covers*, 2*s.*

10. **Johnson.** Rasselas; Lives of Pope and Dryden. Edited by C. H. O. Daniel, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, Oxford.

11. **Burke.** Thoughts on the Present Discontents; the Two Speeches on America; Reflections on the French Revolution. By E. J. Payne, B.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. *In the Press.*

12. **Cowper.** The Task, and some of his minor Poems. Edited by H. T. Griffith, M.A., Pembroke College, Oxford. *In the Press.*

Published for the University by

MACMILLAN AND CO., LONDON.

The DELEGATES OF THE PRESS *invite suggestions and advice from all persons interested in education; and will be thankful for hints, &c., addressed to either the* Rev. G. W. KITCHIN, *St. Giles's Road East, Oxford, or the* SECRETARY TO THE DELEGATES, *Clarendon Press, Oxford.*

SALEM ACADEMY & COLLEGE
0 2960 0038425 1

PR
2358
A4/K6/187
AUTHOR
Spense
TITLE
T
PR
2358
A4
K6
1873
Ac.3629
WITHDRAWN

CLARENDON PRESS OXFORD